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JOURNAL
OF A TOUR IN
EGYPT, PALESTINE,
SYRIA, AND GREECE:

WITH NOTES,
AND AN
Appendix on Ecclesiastical Subjects.

BY
JAMES LAIRD PATTERSON, M.

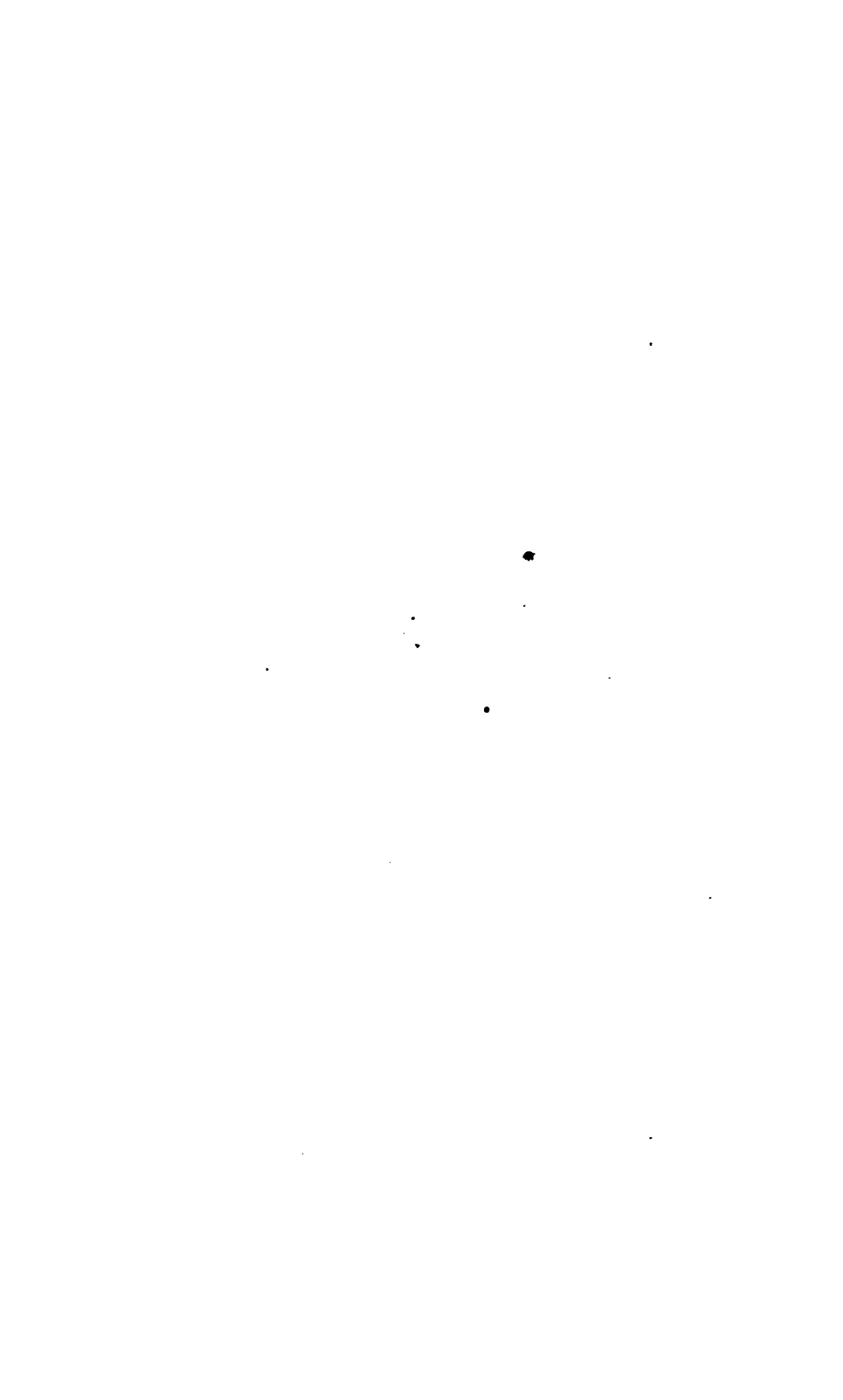
"Letatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi: in domum Domini ibimus.
Stantes erant pedes nostri: in atriis tuis, Jerusalem.
Jerusalem, quæ edificatur ut civitas: cujus participatio ejus in idipsum."
PSALMUS CXXI.

LONDON:
C. DOLMAN, 61, NEW BOND STREET:
AND 22, PATERNOSTER ROW.
M.DCCC.LII.



DEDICATION.

TO MY MOTHER.



P R E F A C E.

ANOTHER tour in the East, published by an unknown author, when the subject has been so often and so successfully handled by several writers of eminence, seems to demand a sort of apology for its appearance. The desire of doing some good in my generation will perhaps hardly excuse, now-a-days, such a "rushing into print"; yet in truth I am actuated I believe, mainly, if not solely, by that motive. The visitors to the East, who have recently put forth ingenious and brilliant accounts of their travels, have been mostly such as thought they were doing a service to society, by throwing a certain air of intelligent contempt over the sacred places of Palestine. It is pretty nearly agreed among such writers and their numerous readers, that the less they say about those sites which owe their

celebrity to a dogma tacitly withdrawn from the creed of modern "philosophical" Protestants, the better service will they render to the advance of intellect, and the more quietly will mankind drop a belief now so nearly exploded among them as is that in the Incarnation. With the honourable exception of some recent works in French and German, modern literature hardly presents the record of a tour to the East which was undertaken, not in the spirit of scepticism, but in that of faith. When, indeed, I began the journey I have here recorded, I was a Protestant, but one of the school called "Puseyites", whose characteristic it is to maintain Catholic belief, on ultra-Protestant principles. I had been brought up to think most Catholic dogmas false, but the pressing needs of human nature, and the deductions of reason, equally induced me to throw off a system which recognized both, but satisfied neither. The profound necessities of the human spirit compel assent to the august mystery of the Incarnation, and the laws of thought forbid those who think at all to allow it to lie as a mere historic fact, unapplied and inapplicable to these necessities. Yet such a fact has it become (where it is held at all) among Protestants!

It was, then, to escape from so *impossible* a state of spirit and mind as that through which, in one direction or another, the thinking Christianity of England is now working its way; to *draw near* to this great infructuous truth, and haply to vivify a chilled and frozen being in the rays of a far-off sun, that I set out for Jerusalem. The universal Church of God was indeed ever present at the very doors; but I knew it not. An inexorable national tradition, and the teaching of men better and wiser than myself, veiled and disguised the sacred entrance, and so I fled from Her accents whose invitation I was in truth seeking. My hope, in the then state of my belief, was, that I should find support for the "high-Church" views in the religious state of the East. Never was there a more signal mistake. The attitude of the Anglican Establishment towards the Church is indeed paralleled to a certain extent by the schismatic bodies of the East; but, while they for the most part utterly reject the Anglican claims, they themselves afford the best examples of those sins for which she remains cut off from the Catholic Church. In the mirror thus held up, I saw, what birth and education had disguised to me in my own communion—

the essentially abnormal and maimed condition of local and national Christianity.

Thus, at length, at the birthplace of Christianity, and the cradle of its Lord, I discovered that for which I was seeking ; for the maze of diverse roads leads but to one true centre. My journal, therefore, is, as it were, an Ariadne's thread ; perchance it may lead some one at least a part of the entangled way. But further, Catholics may wish to read a Catholic's account of the holy places, and of the state of the Church in the East, and for them I offer my slender contribution to the torrent of modern literature.

In spite of many drawbacks, both are topics of consolation. The sects have, indeed, wrested many sacred sites from the dearly-bought protection which for centuries the Catholic Church extended to them, and the state of the Eastern Catholics is often not all that we could desire : but yet there is room for hope, and sanguine expectation, on both heads. The Turkish government is now truly liberal in its toleration of Catholics, and we are recovering our rights at Jerusalem and elsewhere ; while the anxious care of the Holy See, in maintaining and superintending

the venerable rites of the East, as it ever has done, yearly draws into the one fold, hundreds and thousands of those so long estranged from it in belief and discipline.

It is painful to an Englishman to have to record what he sees of the influence of his country in the East ; but I console myself with the reflection, that the policy which produces such evil results is not that of my country at large, but of one who, however able he may be as a minister, has not really the confidence of the nation.

I profess no indifference to criticism ; but, at the same time, I have stated enough to shew that I do not look earnestly for applause. If some few reap benefit from the brief history of a mind's not aimless contact with the wonderful and strange eastern lands, my end is gained, and I shall be content.

In what follows, the reader will find, for the most part, the record of my own observations ; but in the Appendix I have further used other authorities. In so doing, I have been careful to weigh and balance testimonies ; and, as a rule, I have not made statements concerning any parties or bodies merely on their own testimony. My ac-

counts of the various sects have been compiled (so far as they are not the result of personal knowledge) from the notices of others, beside their own writers. It would be tedious to enumerate the authors thus used, and I therefore, once for all, make the acknowledgment of having used many, and that largely.

This work may appear too slight to call for the usual formal statement; yet, as it contains opinions on religious matters, I am unwilling that it should go forth without an intimation that every word of it, and every thought conveyed in it, is submitted without reservation to the authority of the Church.

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ERRATA.

- P. 171, insert at the end of note, "Vide app. IV, F."
 — 212, first line of note, for *Argyll*, read "Argyle."
 — 253, line 20, for *Pastor peregrinus*, read "Peregrinus Apostolicus."
 — 306, — 29, — *Pocock*, read "Pococke."
 — 401, — 29, — *Straughelo*, read "Stranghelo."

JOURNAL OF A TOUR.

CHAPTER I.

GERMANY, STYRIA, AND THE ADRIATIC.

COLOGNE—DRESDEN: ITS CHURCH AND GALLERY—THE CHURCH IN AUSTRIA—NEISSE—PIUS VEBEIN, OR CHURCH UNION—REVERENTIAL DEMEANOUR AT HOME AND ABROAD—AUSTRIAN SILESIA—VIENNA—TRIESTE—THE ADRIATIC—COASTING VESSEL IN DISTRESS—POLA—ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AND TEMPLES—CORSOLO AND MELIDA—CONVERSATION ON THE STATE OF THE GREEK CHURCH—CORFU—CHURCH OF S. SPIRIDION—ITHACA—CANDIA.

DRESDEN. *Sunday, October 21, 1849.* Here I write the first lines of what I purpose to be the journal of a year's wanderings. Perhaps there is a certain fitness in here beginning an account of what I am half afraid to dub a "pilgrimage"; where a long track (of some twelve years) in the momentous journey of life, is summoned to review by the sight of scenes at the beginning of that time as familiar to me as are now the venerable courts and stately fanes of my own university, but since become like the faces of absent friends in the hurried portraiture of a dream. One has scarcely time in the bustle of departure to "realize his position". The many minutiae of preparation,

and the modes of travelling now-a-days, render it difficult to feel as one can imagine the pilgrims to the Holy Land did of old. Yet, perhaps, with staff in hand, and pilgrim's shells on hat and gown, in approved mediæval fashion, they had less of *sentiment* than we; and I am fain to hope that Jerusalem may cure one of that tendency among other and graver faults. Not that I expect to be *désillusionné*, as some have been, by the present meannesses and degradations of the Holy Land; but that there, if any where, should be learnt the lesson of quiet and every-day duty, ungilded by over-enthusiasm and untarnished by the impatience of its necessary reaction.

The usual amount of steam by day and night, by sea and land, brought us hither last night. Ostend looked as lively as usual, the old Belgian cities as picturesque and clean; but Cologne received us no longer with its far-visible crane, mounted on the stunted tower of the great Dom. Since two years ago the dingy crane has disappeared, and the works have made great progress. We went to the capitular mass at nine, and were ushered by the good-natured, shabby beadle into the choir. The singers were few, and the organ too loud and too showily played. The *tone* of Cologne cathedral is disagreeable to me. It has become a great show place for non-Catholics, and one is beset by impertinent valets-de-place. The beadle said he could do nothing with them single-handed, and the chapter cannot afford him assistants. Then the works seem done in a national and archæological

way. The nave is almost as bare and unreligious as that of an English cathedral, and the worshippers seem out of place among the hurrying groups of Protestant gazers. All this is hardly made up for by the glories of the structure, which begin to reveal themselves now that the nave and transept are (temporarily) roofed in, and the walls of the clerestories, etc., rise apace. S. Mary Capitoli, S. Andreas, and the Holy Apostles' churches fully occupied the rest of our day till nightfall. Of these S. Gereon is the most interesting; but S. Martin, so dirty with the constant crowd of worshippers, mostly of low degree, was a delight after the stately dilettante air of the cathedral. At S. Gereon rest the bones of that saint, of his companion, S. Gregorius, and many other martyrs. Besides the wholesome thoughts which such relics naturally breed, the thrilling knowledge that their resurrection to eternal life is *certain*, and that the souls which animated them are now with the Saints before God, seems to put heaven so tangibly before one.

This morning (Sunday) we went to high mass at the Hof Kirche, where all remains as I remember it of old. The king and royal family looked out of their tribune, the choir sang Mozart, and the Protestant public came in to see and hear and stroll about, just as they did twelve years ago: the only change was in myself, and I felt inclined to regard the mass as one for my defunct individuality of 1839, and so, as Wordsworth says, "follow still" the "funeral" of my boyhood. In the afternoon we drove to the beautiful Plauensche Grund, and

then went to vespers. The congregation is large and devout, but there seems a certain rigidity about Catholics, in countries where they are mixed or surrounded (as here) with Protestants, which is unedifying. For instance, there is too much precision in changes of posture by all at once, and in coming and going.

Monday. We have had a long morning in the gallery. A few pictures, and only a few, I remembered. Rather a lesson as to being anxious to see many fine things, for I passed day after day here once. I think the Madonna of San Sisto is the finest of Raffaele's conceptions. The B. Virgin, a face to cast down one's eyes before,—our Lord, less *lofty* than we English dream of perhaps, but so full of love and thought, and the *Ahnung* of suffering to come—like those noble Vandycks of King Charles, of which there is one here: Raffaele was no saint, but he had faith, and some love too, or he could not have painted as he did. One of the most gratuitous of popular assumptions among "the religious world" *chez nous*, seems to me to be, that faith cannot exist without consistent action. Scripture, the doctrine of the Catholic Church, and human daily experience, contradict it. How strangely vulgar tradition interferes with man's development and appreciation of truth and beauty: even in art Protestantism enslaves and binds the soul and intellect. In its horror of "superstition", it cuts off the spirit from the power of entertaining the loftiest and most poetical of ideals. If a Protestant soars, it is in *spite of* his religion; if Raffaele

falls short in anything, it is because he does not act up to his faith. What might not that pencil have achieved, had he not filtered his ideal through the channel of his vices! Had he united with his technical skill the holiness of Fra Angelico, he might have opened heaven to our eyes.

G——. *Nov. 6th.* We have been here twelve days. We left Dresden the 23rd of October, took the railroad to Breslau, and then posted hither on a visit to ——. On All Saints I went to mass here, and was much struck with the crowds of people who thronged the church all the morning. All this part of Silesia is reputed religious, and the appearance certainly bears this out. We are here just within the Austrian frontier, and the habits of the people have been uninterruptedly Catholic. Every turn in the road, and hill top, and village place or street, is hallowed by a cross or crucifix, and the custom is to salute them. The greeting to one another too is, "Praised be Jesus Christ": to which the answer is, "For ever and ever. Amen".

B—— called the other day and proposed we should go to-morrow to a sort of gathering of the clergy, at Neisse, the Prussian fortified frontier town, which I hope to do. We talked about variations of Catholic ritual, *à propos* of those in the French dioceses, which they are about to relinquish in 1850. He regretted this in an antiquarian point of view, which made me suggest that the old ritual might still be used on some days,—such as the patron saints' of the diocese, etc., which I understand has been thought of. Certainly, to Catholics

travelling, variations are very inconvenient. To-day our German master, an Augustinian priest from Styria, gave me some account of Church matters in Austria *à propos* of the Neisse Church meeting to which we go to-morrow. He said there were still among the bishops and higher clergy some favourers of Joseph II's "Church and State" views and laws, a system similar to that established with such disastrous consequences in France by Louis XIV, in 1680. It remains in force still, though evidently about to be done away with.* He said one great evil of this system was, that the bishops were chiefly nominated from among those who had made themselves useful in the semi-political capacity of ecclesiastical jurists. Though the Pope has an absolute veto on all such nominations, the persons thus appointed are usually not such as can be rejected for any definite fault or defect; yet they are often

* Since this was written, the event here anticipated has taken place. The emperor, by edict of May 1850, has annulled the Josephine laws, and relinquished the concordat, wrung by that sovereign from the Supreme Pontiff (Pius VI), on which they depended. It remains for Sardinia, the only so-called liberal state in Italy, to endeavour in 1851, by imprisonment and exile, to coerce the heads of the Church in her dominions, and erect a tyranny over conscience, which despotic Austria has willingly relinquished, and which republican France has, to her honour, I trust for ever abrogated. A speech on the subject of the relation between Church and State, delivered by an illustrious member of the Sardinian senate (Field Marshal Count De la Tour) in May last, in defence of the threatened liberty of conscience, seems to me so much to the point, that I venture to reproduce an abstract of it in the Appendix. It has not hitherto been published.

quite unfit, in one or more particulars, for that office. Lately, however, the veto has been used in the instance of the bishop of Satmar, who was nominated for the primacy of Hungary by Louis Batthyany, and in other cases. In the case of the bishop of Satmar, the objection was purely on political grounds, I believe. The bishop of Fünfkirchen was appointed in his stead. The recent political events promise the emancipation of the Church from state control, and lately the bishops assembled to concert measures for this end, without the formal sanction of the emperor stipulated in the Josephine concordat. The Government, however, heard of it in time to send them *invitations*, so as to save the precedent. Joseph II, and each of his successors, have been desirous to give up a system so injurious to the cause of religion as, with the example of France before their eyes, they could not but see it was; but the voice of their convictions was only heard on the death bed, where sovereigns too often hear and realize truth for the first time,—Joseph, and Leopold, and Francis, each besought his successor in vain to remedy the evils they had created or sanctioned. The curse of state religion is indifferentism, one which neither imperial edicts nor acts of Parliament can medicate.

Nov. 7. We started at six for Neisse in an open carriage, and got there by half-past ten. After breakfast, etc., we went to call on B——'s friend, Herr S—, priest, and director of the gymnasium. We found him entertaining a party of members of

the assembly we were come to attend, at dinner. Herr S—— (a kindly-mannered and merry person, reminding one of dear P. L——) made us sit down and drink some very innocent Rhine wine with his guests. One of these was Dr. W—— of Breslau, who is evidently the mainspring of this association. He told B—— (in Latin, as B—— does not speak German) all about the object and constitution of this, and its kindred Societies or Vereins; but a good Alsatian doctor, next to whom I was sitting (who was even more puzzled than I was myself by the tractarian theory of Church unity which I was expounding and defending to him) would not allow me to hear the whole of what he said. I gathered, however, from him and Herr S—— that these Pius Vereins, or Church Unions, have since last year spread throughout Germany. They began in the Prussian Rhine provinces last year, and the first general annual meeting was held at Mayence. The object of these associations is agitation, in all lawful and Christian ways, for the emancipation of the Roman Catholic Church from state usurpations in Germany. They have mapped out the country in provinces, according to its civil divisions, placing in the chief city of each the seat of a president, secretaries, etc., for a *central* union: these meet yearly, either in their city, or in some other place within the province where a Kreiss (departmental) Union is established. These departments again, have similar but more frequent meetings. The present was the annual meeting of the Provincial Verein of Prussian Silesia, under

the presidency of Dr. W——, and the vice-presidency of Herr S——, president of the local Kreiss Union. At it, therefore, were present deputies from all the other departmental unions of the whole province, and also those forming the local union and representing the villages and towns within its department or kreiss. The new Prussian constitution allows these assemblies, and their objects and means being obvious and definite, I think one may hope real advantage from them; which is more than I can say I do from similar attempts among us.

We went first to the hall of assembly, and heard some discussion on the machinery of the Vereins, whence I gathered part of what I have written above. There appeared to be about two hundred and fifty deputies present. The president kept them in great order, and spoke several times with great force and eloquence. The general tendency of his remarks was to check over organization (the national tendency here), and leave things as much as possible to the discretion of leaders. I thought, if they were all like himself, the result would doubtless be admirable. He seemed, though young, to be a learned man, and swayed the assembly almost as one man. In the evening we attended the meeting of the Neisse Kreiss Verein, to which, with the deputies of the province, we were invited. It was held in a large hall, highly and appropriately decorated, and fitted with a platform for the speakers, presidential chair, etc. There seemed to be in the densely crowded room at least two thou-

sand people (clergy and laity) of all classes, and the galleries were filled with the "softer sex". The proceedings commenced with a hymn, sung very well, in parts, by a choir of thirty or forty. The president then called on Herr S——, as president of the Neisse Verein, to open the proceedings with a speech, which he accordingly did. He began with a neat allusion to the military fame and strong fortifications of Neisse, likening to them that zeal and fervour in religion and devotion to the Holy See, the rock and foundation of the Church, which had gained for it the title of the "Silesian Rome". "Nor," he added, "was its loyalty less unimpeachable than its religion." During the last year this had been put to a severe test, and they had passed unscathed through the ordeal of a revolutionary crisis. He read an extract from a newspaper, in which three common charges had been advanced against their association; but he maintained that neither were the Vereins revolutionary or political combinations, nor were they intended to organize fanaticism; nor, lastly, were they erected without, or in opposition to, ordinary episcopal authority, for they were assembled with the full sanction and countenance of their diocesans. The object of the Vereins was simply and solely the vindication of rights, which in this country had been quite recently constitutionally secured to the Church, especially that right which was at the present moment bestowed on, and used by all classes and denominations, except the Catholic Church—the freedom of meeting and discussion for bonâ fide Church

matters, and, above all, unshackled freedom of conscience. He then called on the assembly to avouch the refutation he had given of the charges made against them, by giving three hearty cheers for the king and the prince bishop of Breslau. In conclusion, he alluded to our presence as strangers from distant lands, which was warmly acknowledged.

The president, Dr. W——, followed in an eloquent and impassioned speech; in which he alluded again to the suspicions cast upon them from without, and explained at length how ungrounded these were. He stated that an unworthy attempt had been made to fasten on them the stigma of political agitation, by surreptitiously introducing false members, who should give a colour for future accusations. He laid down the principle which ought to guide their conduct, and declared that political changes ought not to engage their attention in their corporate capacity, since this was merely assumed by them as Christians, seeking to secure the untrammelled exercise of their religion by all means constitutionally permitted to them. Fanatic hatred of others, or desire of persecution, ought to be impossible to them, whose mightiest, nay, only weapon of constraint was (and ever might it so remain!) *love itself*; while the very name of *Pius Verein*, and the whole tenor of their association and efforts, should be a guarantee that they desired not merely to respect the existing rights of their spiritual fathers, but to extend them to their due and perfect extent. He concluded by calling on the assembly to give three “Lebehochs” for the holy father, the father of

Christendom and witness to the independence of the Catholic Church ; which were given with emphatic vehemence.

The next speaker was a young theologian from the university of Breslau, who gave some account of the recent movement in that university, by which an attempt was being successfully made to raise the standard of theological study to a par with the secular learning of the place. The classics and general literature had been pursued at the expense of more solid studies ; and it had been the case, that theological students were found at the end of their residence better informed in mythology than in theology, and better able to give a biography of Bucephalus or Alcibiades' dog, than a history of the creed or vicissitudes of the Church. Attempts had been made to discourage these efforts, and especially to impede their acquirement of the Polish language, the importance of which as a means of ministerial usefulness was not to be overrated. The whole of Polish Silesia cleaves to that language so pertinaciously, that while German is used in church and school, there can be no access to the ear or heart of an unwilling people. Hence it was that religion and education had fallen to the lowest ebb in that country ; nor could it be otherwise, while the futile attempt to crush a language endeared to every Polish heart was continued.

Herr Pfarrer K——, a strikingly intelligent-looking priest, followed. He made some shrewd remarks on the importance of the objects they had in view, and proceeded to say, that after all it was

in these very objects, and not in skilful organization or any human contrivances, that their strength lay. The cause itself was all-powerful; it was that of civilization, of human advancement, of the truth itself. He alluded to the mistaken views which had influenced the bureaucratic element of the state in its opposition to the emancipation of the Church, and likened the struggle on which they had entered to David's combat with Goliath: still, he said, there was a difference, but it was all in their favour. Goliath was vulnerable in one point only, but their opponent was vulnerable in many; they had therefore only boldly to sling their pebble, and they were sure of hitting him somewhere. Here the speaker facetiously alluded to the discomfiture of a *German Catholic* emissary, who had, with much parade of his means, threatened to convert the town of Neisse some months before, but was ignominiously expelled without success. He wound up with some doggrels, which were much applauded, on the comparison he had made, ending with the explanation of his parable, in which he said that the minister of public worship was typified by the great Philistine—

“ Wer ist denn der grosse Phillister?
Das ist ja der Cultus Minister !”

Another hymn, or choral, was sung, during which we attempted to escape, owing to the great heat and the fear of being called upon to address the meeting; but we were arrested near the door by another speech, made by a worthy captain of cavalry, whom we had met at dinner. He took

occasion to remind his audience, that in an association like theirs, having a distinctly religious object and no other, it was all important that each member should render himself worthy of his cause by practical piety and holiness of life. He briefly sketched the trials and privileges of the Christian's warfare, his entire dependance on divine assistance, and the absolute necessity of his cooperation to the extreme of his ability, likening it to the temporal strife and strict discipline of his own military career. He wound up by reminding them of the absolute certainty they had that abundant grace would be afforded them for their warfare, since the merits which obtained it for them were those of God Himself made man; and the patronage to which He had, when dying, commended them, was no less than that of her of whom he took our nature.

Thursday, Nov. 8. This morning F—— and I went to mass at the Frauen kirche at seven. It was the octave of All Saints, and there was a procession with the holy sacrament. The church was crowded with men as well as women, and I rarely have seen more fervent devotion. How strange—almost miraculous this seems! Search Protestant countries through, and no such phenomenon is visible as a whole class of the busy, money-getting shopkeepers, and the poor hardworking labourers, thus worshipping morning by morning. Whatever conclusion is to be drawn, no fair observer but must confess, that “God is with these of a truth.”

After breakfast, B—— and I went to the hospital

of the sisters of S. Charles Borromeo. The mother superioress, and mother of the novices (to whom B—— was known), received us most kindly, and shewed us the whole hospital, which is in beautiful order. The mother told me she had been a year at Nancy, at the *Mutter Haus*, to learn her duties. She and three sisters came here about a year ago to undertake this charge, and they have now twenty sisters and about fourteen novices. “Thus,” she said, “does the work of God increase and prosper.” They are a sister order to the sisters of S. Vincent of Paul (who are most known as the sisters of charity in France), but their rule is stricter, and their vows (which, of course, do not include that of cloister) are for life; whereas those of the sisters of S. Vincent are renewed every year for that year only. Hence the novitiate of these sisters is longer, being three years instead of one, and the requirements for vocation greater.

They have now a house at Coblenz, and one at Prague, which is to become the mother house for Bohemia; and hope ere long to have one at Berlin, as they have been sent for by government there. These sisters struck me very much, the expression of their faces was so perfectly charitable and cheerful, and their conversation like a book of religious exercises, yet without a shade of affectation or primness. This hospital, like the old foundations so called in England, has a ward for the old and infirm men and women, who would, *chez nous*, be in the workhouse; and the affection shewn to the sisters by these poor creatures was quite touching.

Equally so was their gentle and religious tending of the sick, and little children. When I told them I was going to Jerusalem, they asked me to remember them at the holy places, and to bring them some memento from thence. In their little chapel, they had a very fine Giottesque Madonna and Child, and a modern daub of S. Charles, in which the artist, an amateur, who presented it to them, had certainly given the dear saint his full proportion of the Borromean nose. But the sisters said, smiling, that he was too good a friend for them to reject any portrait, however deficient, of him.

Apropos to the extremely reverent behaviour of these sisters in church, I asked B— what he thought of the general behaviour of the clergy and religious in church, which is often complained of by non-Catholics as irreverent; and he confirmed me in an opinion which frequent observation during much continental travel had originated. I had thought that much which English travellers notice as irreverence in foreigners—especially of the southern countries—arises from that habitual and unceasing realization of the spiritual world, and of God's presence *everywhere*, which characterizes the complete Christian. With those who live in and for the world, and only come to church once or twice at the utmost in a week, it is absolutely necessary to make a great effort of mind, and exhibit a decided change of demeanour, when they enter a church. Otherwise they feel it impossible to attempt, at set times, to realize that Presence which the usual tenor of their days ignores. I say "*attempt* to realize", because

to do so by such fits and starts, and not as a daily, hourly habit, is next to impossible. Hence the constrained, demure, and almost *grim* manner which most English people adopt in church ; and which they deem appropriate, because it is totally unlike their natural and ordinary manner. A perfect Christian,—by which I mean a Catholic, habitually acting as one in all his relations,—on the other hand, has no such vast interval between his daily converse with mankind and that which he entertains with his God. Of course, he discerns a great and most blessed difference between the manner of God's presence in church and elsewhere ; but, being accustomed to realize that presence in its several kinds everywhere, he does not find it necessary to mark by a formal and set demeanour a transition, which is to him familiar, from the less to the more near presence of God. To him the world is full of God, after its power of being so, and the church is yet more full, after its more intimate and more intense power ordained for this end by Him. The tendency of Catholicism is to realise the incarnation as a *perpetual fact*, hallowing this earth by an abiding presence which pervades all human things: the tendency of Protestantism seems a return to the old heathen feeling, that the gods are too far away to care for human things. Hence the cold psychism of Protestant worship, and hence, I think, the vast gulph which they think it necessary and right to place between the act of worship and any other human action. May it not also be an indication of that spirit, that many persons tell

one it is a mistake to perform acts of worship in churches save on Sunday, because to do so is to level the distinction between that day, set apart especially for such acts, and ordinary days? The tendency of the Church's practice is to raise up all days to a higher level, not to keep them at a lower one in order to exalt one single day. This Protestant practice seems a return to that which is blamed among the Jews, who thought to hallow one day by scrupulous observances, and so buy off God's claims on all our days.

B—— said he entertained the same opinion, though he confessed that *all* Catholics were not reverent, any more than they are all holy or wise. He said he thought the desire to see children unchildlike in church, was both absurd and irreverent: they, if any, have a right to feel at home in the house of God, and he liked to see them almost playing on the steps of the altar. I mentioned how pleased we were at Beauvais last summer, by seeing a poor woman teaching her little child to walk first in the house of God. The fact that, with all their preciseness of demeanour, reverence among clergy and laity is almost a thing unknown in England, seems to show that it is not possible to make a very great difference between ordinary demeanour and that in church, without risking unreality or the loss of real reverence altogether. Irreverence is painful; but the ignoring that there is such a thing as reverence, is to me much more painful than occasional inconsistencies or levities, such as we see in other countries.

But I have wandered from Neisse and the last act of our Verein meeting, which consisted in a public dinner. We sat down to dinner at one o'clock, in number about three hundred. I was placed on the president's right hand, and the rest of our party on either side. This honour, I fancy, was paid to my distinguished official dignity; for I was duly, or rather unduly, dubbed "the Herr Professor from Oxford", by the courtesy of our hosts. The dinner, interspersed with numerous speeches, lasted till five. The chief toasts were the Pope and prince bishop of Breslau, the king and royal family, and "the two English and two Scottish gentlemen who have honoured us with their company and sympathy on the present occasion"; to which B—— made an appropriate reply. They sang the "*Lebehoch!*" or honours, to our toast, and then nearly half the room came up to jingle glasses (*more Germanico*) with us, and to *kiss us* in a solemn and affectionate manner; which I hope we received as it was intended, as a mark of charity and good will. The speeches were much like those of yesterday, with somewhat more facetiæ; but the funniest part of a scene not wanting in that element, was the burning of some red fire—like the finale of a pantomime or melodrama—when our healths were drunk, a *coup* which elicited great applause. The clergy seemed very worthy and intelligent, and some (including the president) evidently were learned men.

In the evening I walked with B——. We talked of modern miracles, and I mentioned those of the

Addolorata and Estatica, to which Allies and W—— and P—— bear witness in his (Allies') journal. B—— told me a connexion of his had begged the addolorata to pray for her with reference to her approaching accouchement, as she had suffered dreadfully and with danger of her life on similar occasions. The addolorata prayed that she might bear the pains of childbirth for her friend, and though separated by a long distance (the lady being, I think, at Milan), she passed the hours of the lady's accouchement in visible agony of body, while her friend was confined at the same time without the slightest pain. B—— said this was a fact, to his certain knowledge. We parted the next morning, B—— and F—— going on to Cracow, while B——r and I returned to G——.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER SCHILD, OFF POLA, IN ISTRIA, *Tuesday, November 27*. I like this date, it savours of something more than a mere ordinary continental tour—olim meminisse juvabit. The last three weeks glided away very swiftly at G——. My visit was marked by various pleasant things; by none more so than the friendship formed with my mother's friend C—— ———. We *fraternized* purely on religious grounds. She adds to the most real and active piety great shrewdness and knowledge of the world, and took so much interest in the *avenir* of Anglicanism, that we soon became friends. "Après demain," she said often, "vous serez avec nous." Utinam! but I see no way at present. I told her what we (high churchmen) believe, and that we believe it as *the* belief of the

Church universal, and *therefore* of our own Church: but she evidently could hardly take this in (query, do I myself?), and said: “vous autres, vous croyez cela: mais c’est *en amateur*. Vos évêques ne croient pas ainsi.” I confess that word “*en amateur*”, came home not a little. However much I desired to vouch for the orthodoxy of our authorities, truth compelled silence on their score. L—— and I talked also on the same subject with our little friend Herr G——.

One day we went with him to see a marriage, and I told him that our service was just the same. Unluckily he discovered, however, that I, a deacon, had performed it, which completely altered his impression, and determines me, if I live to return home, not to do so again; indeed, I had always felt awkward about it. I had great pleasure in becoming acquainted with the T—— family here. Like most of the Austrians of the best society whom I have ever seen, they are very estimable and excellent, as well as most agreeable. They are zealous Catholics; but I had no opportunity of talking on that subject with them. Count T—— is an English peer also; I believe a singular instance, though several of our nobility are counts of the empire, and bear that title when abroad.

We left G—— on the 23rd, and arrived at Vienna, after a cold and slow railway and diligence journey, next day. Here we found W——, my travelling companion, as I hope, for the next year to come. The day passed in making a few purchases, and driving about the city. We went to mass at S.

Stephen's, certainly a beautiful church, but small, compared with other metropolitan churches of like importance. The air of the church and people reminded me more of Italy than other German towns; but the city itself has a great savour of orientalism, which is noticeable in the west of Germany, especially where the Slavonic race prevails. Though their Christianity and moral culture came from the west, I fancy Byzantium and its emperors gave the types of material advancement and civilization to these nations and their German neighbours. We left L—— here, and had a tedious railroad journey through beautiful Styria (now smothered in snow) to Laybach, and thence by post to Trieste, the least interesting of Italy's sea-ports.

This morning was bright but cold, when we went on board the Austrian Lloyd's good ship *Schild*. The bright and busy harbour and city, the bustle of embarkation, and, as we cleared the port, the majestic outline of the snow-clad Julian Alps, hardly availed to divert us from the rather hysterical condition to which the commencement of an enterprise like ours, long looked forward to, and on which much depends, naturally disposes people who are weak enough to have feelings. We find our fellow-passengers consist of a young couple bound for India; two agreeable and gentlemanly Germans from Leipzig, about to make the same journey as ourselves; and two English ladies, also bound for Jerusalem. A lap-dog, a footman, and a soda-water manufactory, do not, however, indicate that theirs is that kind of object (the "penetration

of the Asian mystery") in undertaking the journey, which has weighed with us.

Our day has been marked by a little incident of more moment to others than to ourselves. We were ploughing the main with the happy independence of a steamer, when, about two o'clock, we neared a small two-masted vessel lying to, and making signals of distress. We soon made out that she had lost a mast by the board, and that she only held on by one anchor against a wind which, had she drifted, would have run her in an hour on the harbourless rocks of the Istrian coast. The crew, consisting only of a white-haired veteran and two other men, held up their caps suppliantly, and, as we paddled rapidly past, shouted with the energy of despair for help, in the name of God and the Madonna. For a moment they thought we were leaving them to their fate, and wrung their hands, and called out "Periamo! periamo!" most piteously; but the captain put up his helm instantly, and after some trouble, from the high sea that was running, we got a hawser on board of her, and took her in tow. They had lost their mast yesterday morning, and two anchors in the course of the day; their provisions were exhausted, and starvation or shipwreck seemed before them, when our passage saved them. Our captain and crew behaved very kindly to these poor men, and were duly rewarded by their thankfulness. The sea was so rough by the time we were off this land-locked harbour of Pola, that the captain determined to run in for the night, so as to pass the mouths of Cattaro by day. The Austrians have

transferred the naval arsenal of Venice to this port since the capture of that city, and here they will keep the stores, etc., for the present. But what interested us more was the amphitheatre and other Roman remains here, which we were thus enabled to visit.

We saw, first, the two temples of Augustus and Diana. Neither present features of great interest. They are simple cellas, with a portico in antis. That of Diana has been, by turns, a doge's pavilion, in the days of Venetian possession here, and a guard-house, so that it is much defaced. Near the amphitheatre is a double Roman gateway; and the remains of a house and bath with mosaic pavements, interested us more. Count Stadion, when in power, had some excavations made here; but the outbreaks of 1848 soon called the attention of government to less pleasant pursuits, and they remain incomplete. Our guide, Mr. W——, then conducted us to the amphitheatre, which is still very grand. The whole of the grades in the interior have been removed, I believe, to build the Venetian palaces of the proud mistress of these seas; but this, while it destroys the character of the building, gives an air of vastness to the remaining outer wall, which is very striking. This is divided into three tiers or arcades, of which the lower has round arched apertures, and the third, square ones. It must have been calculated to hold at least 20,000 spectators. As we came in by the half subterranean passage which led from the Vivaria, the thought that there Christian martyrs had

met the cruel and derisive gaze of that vast assembly of heathens (scarcely less fierce and cruel than the glare of the wild beasts, whose prey they were to become for our Lord's sake), made us halt, and pause before we regretted the Nemesis of proud nations whose unfailing retribution had despoiled the scene of such atrocious triumphs. The fortifications of Pola are partly constructed with the remains of an Olympic circus and other buildings whose existence is still to be traced.

S. Andrew's Day, Nov. 30. (In Corfu harbour.) Even the quiet waters of Pola harbour were invaded by the gale, which blew all the night we lay there; and we had a rough day of it passing the Bay of Quarnero, which runs up some thirty miles into the Illyrian coast. This passed, we glided quietly between S. Vincello and the islands of Corsola and Melida, with their fruitful shores and Venetian towns and villages. The modern wise will have it, that the Maltese tradition is at fault, and that this is the Melita of S. Paul's shipwreck. But its proximity to the mainland is a sufficient refutation of any such idea. The *à priori* probability of the result recorded in the Acts, supposing the circumstances there mentioned as preceding the shipwreck, struck us much in these seas. The fate of our poor mariners off Pola would have been precisely that of the apostle's ship, had we not passed, save that they would have drifted on the rocks of the mainland instead of on Malta. Whereas we read that, in our seas, the great effort of navigators is to give the coast a wide berth in bad

weather, unless they are making any known point, here the plan is to keep perpetually "sailing under" one lee island and coast after another, owing to the narrowness of the seas and the portless and rocky shores.

Yesterday we had a quiet run past Ragusa and other picturesque towns on this beautiful coast. Monte Maggiore, snow-clad, as were some of the lower range of mountains also, kept a stately watch, day and night, over us for many a mile. We entered into conversation with an intelligent Greek merchant, in a *lingua Franca* made up of three or four languages, living and dead. The subject we got him on was the religious tendency of the Greek revolution of '43; and he, quite unconsciously, conveyed the notion that it was a decentralizing and nationalizing one. He dwelt much on the corrupt influences by which the Greek patriarch of Constantinople's nomination is effected, and seemed to say that this was the reason why they (the Greeks of the kingdom) regarded him as merely the proedros of a synod,—a place which he conceded, moreover, to S. Peter's successor in a universal synod. By this he meant that chimerical assemblage of all episcopally-governed sects to which it is convenient to refer when one does not wish for a decision; for he went on to speak of the Patriarch of Constantinople as proedros, and nothing more, of an œcumenical council, to which, he said, questions of *dogma* must be referred in ultimate appeal. The appeal from episcopal decisions in Greece, in matters of *discipline*, is to the *national* synod; in dogma, it lies

to a Constantinopolitan synod; but he said the functions of such a synod are merely to apply and explain existing dogmas, not to declare new. When pressed as to the divine precedency of S. Peter's see, he explained it away, and represented it as analogous to the honorary deuteroprecedency of Constantinople. In accordance with these views, which, I believe, are the prevailing ones in young Greece, he used Holy Scripture in the Protestant way; and when asked who was to interpret it authoritatively, said that it would explain itself! This man's quiet, sensible, and reasonable Erastianism, and the unreality of his theory, struck us as ominous, if it is to be taken as a type of Greek churchism. *Mutatis mutandis*, it would do perfectly for an English high-church-and-state divine. If any branch of civil legislature were in the condition in which he represents ecclesiastical things, *chez lui*, a dead-lock, or a revolution, would very shortly ensue. Either he is incorrect, or this state of things will soon be altered.* Last night we sat on deck

* This anticipation seems to be already partially fulfilled by the recognition on the part of the patriarch of Constantinople of the national Greek establishment's independence. I was at Athens in September last, when this recognition took place. The document announced, that henceforth no appeal was to be carried further than the governing synod of national bishops presided by the primate (Bishop of Athens); and as the university whence the priesthood is supplied, is in the hands of government, on the French model, it is easy to see that church government in Greece will now become a very practical and ready state function, as pliable and conveniently adapted to national will and exigencies as the English establishment itself, or as that of Russia.

late, watching the moonlight on the mountains of Epirus, and its broad path on the ocean, and then tumbled about for the rest of the night across the mouth of Cattaro. Corfu and its harbour is beautiful, and we gladly availed ourselves of a few hours' halt to land and wander about with some of our fellow-passengers. The Germans and Mrs. G—— improve on acquaintance; the poor Indian couple are no longer seen, but alas! occasionally heard from the depths of their state cabin. It is remarkable that to-day, being S. Andrew's day, we are crossing the very line of sea which that apostle traversed from Cape S. Andrea to his martyrdom at Patras, now nearly eighteen hundred years ago.

Our first object in Corfu, through whose narrow streets, crowded with Greeks squatting about in the fashion of warm climates, we wandered for some time, was a visit to the church of S. Spiridion, where are the remains of that saint. As we walked slowly through the talking, jesting, swearing, quarrelling, and singing groups, we met several dignified-looking papas (Greek priests) in dark long cassocks and gowns, long beards, and high, round, brimless hats. The scene was of course striking to me (W—— had been here before); and not least to see the whole population living in the open air at this time of year, and to catch glimpses of roses and oranges in an occasional garden. We found the church small and dingy-looking; the doors were wide open, but only two or three poor people were there, begging of chance visitors like ourselves. The sides of the nave were lined by a

single row of wooden stalls, which were the only seats. About where the sanctuary would be in a western church, was a slightly-raised platform, divided off by a rail with three gates, which stood open. Beyond this was a high gilt screen with three doors; the middle one was closed, and that on the left also, but that on the right was open, and admitted us to the small chamber in which S. Spiridion's body lies. It is covered with a silver case, on which he is represented in episcopal robes, and which bears the inscription, in ancient Greek, Ἡ ΚΟΙΜΗΣΙΣ Του Ἁγίου ΣΠΙΡΙΔΙΟΝΟΣ. Over it many silver lamps, lighted, were hung; and at the back were pictures, which it was too dark for us to distinguish. The screen, or iconostasis, was richly painted, and on the panels between the doors hang icons of our Lord, our Lady, and other saints; the faces were of great beauty and propriety, the rest a case of embossed and gilt silver. On entering we missed the holy water stoup, and above all the altar. The Greeks, on entering church, go up to and kiss the bottom of the icons, and cross themselves. I believe the Holy Sacrament is sometimes reserved for the sick in Greek churches, but its presence is not indicated by any external sign, and there seem to be no practices of devotion with regard to it, though they hold the true doctrine concerning the real presence. From S. Spiridion we went to the Esplanade, where English shops, officers, soldiers, and children, were rife. We hoped to find our friend B——, the rector of the University, but he was out riding. We drove out

to the one-gun battery, and enjoyed the softness of the air and the beauty of the scenery very much; saw the bay and site of old Corcyra, and returned on board, satiated with the sweet scents and beautiful look of the oranges, roses, and magnificent olive gardens, through which we drove.

Twenty-four hours of rough weather brought us past Ithaca, and another revolution of the earth found us off Candia, in a very bad sea, which sufficed to influence my dreams very strangely. I dreamt that Oxford was translated into Egypt, and saw the warden of —, attired as a very large Arab, vainly attempting to scale the Great Pyramid, on the top of which was planted a phantom Ratcliffe library. The sunrise this morning (Dec. 3) was worthy of the noble outline of the Candian coast, crowned by the snow-clad Ida, whose heights it illumined. This is the last land, save the small rock of Candian Gozo, we shall see, till we hail the Egyptian sands at Iskenderia to-morrow. To-night, while we were watching the brilliant phosphorescence in our wake, W—— dropped over board his English bible and prayer-book. Is it an omen? Is it an evil or a good one? Shall we find it again—or another?

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL IN EGYPT.

ALEXANDRIA—EASTERN SIGHTS AND SOUNDS—TURKISH BATH—POMPEY'S PILLAR AND CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE—FRANCISCAN CONVENT—POLITICAL PARTIES IN EGYPT—CATACOMBS IN THE DESERT—ROMAN POTTERY—EGYPTIAN MUSIC—MAHMUDIE CANAL—THE NILE—GRAND CAIRO—NILE BOAT—STREETS OF CAIRO—MOSQUE—JOSEPH'S HOUSE—MEHEMET ALI'S PALACE—OLD CAIRO—THE PYRAMIDS—TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS—IBRAHIM PACHA'S TOMB—THE PETRIIFIED WOOD.

HOTEL D'ORIENT, ALEXANDRIA, *Dec. 4.* We were pleasantly awoke this morning by an announcement that our pilot was come on board, and shortly after found ourselves gliding in between Ottoman, Austrian, French, and English men of war and merchantmen in this fine harbour. A letter to the agent of the transit administration procured us a speedy and easy landing, and we were driven rapidly through the narrow and crowded half-oriental streets to this hotel in the great Frank Piazza. The tall camels, the thousandfold orientals on foot and donkeys, the veiled women, the cross-legged shopkeepers, the latticed houses and occasional minarets, quite gave one the "Arabian Night" feeling I had anticipated. But this came in fuller force at the

baths, whither of course we went as soon as we were established in our rooms. I will not rewrite the thousand-times-written ceremonies of the oriental bath ; suffice it to say that we were duly conducted from one room to another, scrubbed and shampooed, rubbed, patted, parboiled with hot water, cooled with cold water, attired in a variety of linen robes and turbans, and finally found ourselves, exhausted with the fatigues of bathing, and above all of laughing at each other, reclining on divans in an outer apartment, with long pipes in our hands, and silent attendants presenting small cups of coffee every other minute. In this condition we remained for some time, and then re-attiring ourselves in the unromantic broadcloth and strange head gear of the west, sallied forth again. After a short rest at home, we again went out on donkeys, attended by our little Nubian, Hassan, to make purchases in the bazaars. The European quarter of Alexandria is much like other sea-ports in the west ; but our shopping led us into the Turkish quarter, where we were duly edified by the sight of long narrow streets, the houses with overhanging windows of latticed wood-work painted and gilt, small shops, in which the wrangling of oriental bargains was vociferously carried on by merchant and purchaser, etc. The great wonder seemed, how on earth our donkeys, careering along at a fearful pace, managed to elude the long strings of camels and other obstacles which blocked the way. Precisely at the moment too when one trembled for his knee-pans, or expected the *monture* to tumble into a

deep hole in the road, the donkey-boy panting up from behind was sure to give a new impetus to our beasts, which appeared to ensure an immediate upset. We bought some red fezs and sashes, which are *de rigueur* for eastern travellers, and then threaded our way out of the city towards the old harbour, to see Pompey's Pillar (or, "Bombey's Billar", as the natives call it) and Cleopatra's Needles. The former is a truly noble monument,—a single granite shaft, with a lofty base and Corinthian capital; the whole being about ninety-five feet in height, and appearing even higher, from its elevated position. It is so firmly fixed, that when the Turks tried to pull it down some years ago, they found a whole regiment unable to stir it, though they had previously undermined it to a great extent. The *entourage* of this column is wretched; the ground is squalid and broken; and by way of giving a lesson in civilization to its semi-barbarous possessors, sundry European worthies have scrawled their names all over the base. The great Mr. Thompson, and the equally famous Mr. Button, have respectively inscribed their ample names on it, at an evident sacrifice of several bottles of Day and Martin;—a proceeding which leaves it next to an impossibility for posterity further to blacken those illustrious names. This pillar was, in fact erected by the Alexandrians, under the prefecture of one Publius, as a propitiatory offering to their conqueror, Diocletian (as an inscription, now nearly effaced by the noble enthusiasm of successive Thomps- sons and Buttons, testifies); and the sockets to

receive his statue, on the summit, still remain. I suppose its present popular name to be one of those which are owing to the common practice of ascribing any thing ancient in a particular locality to some great name connected with it.

Cleopatra's Needles are on the shore, at the east point of the old harbour. To arrive at them we passed close to a very handsome mosque, in which I saw many Mussulmans at their devotions, one of whom insulted us elaborately (as Christians); and we remarked that several people, especially women, either spat or muttered some words of contempt or malediction, as we went by.

It is very striking to see persons in the midst of occupations, at their shops, or on the house-tops, spread out their praying carpets, perform their ablutions (of face, arms, and legs), and then prostrate themselves towards Mecca, at the stated times of prayer. I understand, too, that they observe the fast of the Ramadan very strictly here; and I confess these public and ordinary recognitions of religion, however false it be, go far with me to excuse the exhibition by individuals of fanaticism and hatred towards Christians. But what a frightful and diabolical parody of Christian practices are these! The immorality and uncharitableness of these poor people are a striking sight, when coupled to, and the result of, their very religion. The sadness of seeing so many thousands held in the bonds of the devil, with many lawful things forbidden them, and many most unlawful permitted and enjoined, would be intolerable, were one not

to call to mind the Christian verity of the death of our Blessed Lord for all mankind, even for those who know Him not.

We got home late, and depressed by some such thoughts as these, with which it is fit Christians should first see a heathen land; but our thoughts were soon directed into a different channel, by the sight of the strange complexions, black, white, and every intermediate shade of brown and red, and stranger costumes, of the attendants at the *table-d'hôte*, and the sound of the Babel of tongues among them and the guests on whom they were waiting. Among the servants was a little Nubian of very prepossessing appearance (as I afterwards found most of his nation are), who was servant to a Turkish gentleman, one Achenken Bey, and had been in the service of an Austrian, Count Revedi. This gentleman had brought him from his parents, near the first cataract, some six or seven years before, and taken him to Italy, where he was instructed and baptized. The Nubians are reputed to be a well-natured people, and very amenable to kindness and instruction. I gave this little boy a crucifix, which he received with emotion and thankfulness, kissing it reverently.

Dec. 5th.—We find we must wait for the English steamer to go up the river, or else buy our Nile-boat here, which we feel little disposed to do, as the river is not interesting in the Delta, and it takes four or five days to sail and tow up to Cairo, instead of one by the steamer. This morning we went to the Franciscan convent which is close by.

They are building a fine, large, new church with a dome. We went to mass in the temporary church, which is merely a long room, with several altars inconveniently near each other. We spoke to a lay brother, who told us the church had been already twice nearly completed, but the Arabs build so badly that it has tumbled down again. On our asking whether there was any tradition concerning S. Athanasius or his church here, he said there was a mosque called after him, but the site of his church was uncertain. He also said that both the Copts* and Greeks† claim to possess the relics of S. Mark (which the traditions of the church prove to have been translated to Venice by the Venetians, who were allowed so to do for their valour in the holy war); but that the Church of Rome regards the place of their previous repose as very uncertain. There is another Latin church here, served by French clergy (I think Lazarists), and some sisters of mercy. We rode through the oriental part of the town to the citadel, which, they say, is now entirely impregnable from the side of the sea. It has been fortified by French engineers, many of whom are in the Pasha's service. Our German fellow-passengers have taken their Nile-boat, and go on tomorrow, and Lord N—— has done the same; but I think we are right in preferring to wait for the steamer.

Thursday 6th.—At mass at the Franciscans.‡ I

* Vide Appendix No. II, letter D.

† Vide Appendix No. II, letter A.

‡ Vide Appendix No. I, letter H.

noticed the striking contrast which the rich vestments and lace-edged alb of the celebrant presented to his own coarse dress, and bare, sandled feet. What nonsense is talked about the pride and luxury of monks, by those who have never seen them. It is a part of the national tradition, which English people follow more blindly than any I know.

After seeing our German friends off in their highly-decorated *dahabiéh*, we went with Mrs. — and Miss — (as usual, full gallop through the streets) to see the pasha's new palace. It is a sprawling white building, beautifully situated on the quay, and contains a very handsome semi-European suite of rooms, with magnificent inlaid *parquets*, like those of Austria. The whole structure, however, has that half-finished and ill-assorted look which characterizes most buildings here. The present pasha, Abbas, is actively retrograde in his policy, and, I fancy, does not like the half-European style of this palace (built by Mehemet Ali), which he has not yet visited since his accession.

The two parties which divide Egypt now, are said to be the national and progress party, which is for decentralizing from Constantinople and its religion; and that of the pasha, which may be called the Turkish conservative. Said Pasha, brother of Abbas, and his successor, is said to be for progress, which I suspect means material civilization and religious liberalism. We found a trifling illustration of the change in the policy of the government at the citadel. Mehemet Ali had issued a general order for all Europeans to be allowed to see it; on

the strength of this we entered the outer *enceinte*; but the sentry (who was sitting *à la Turque* in his sentry-box, mending his trowsers!) turned us out with ignominy, saying the order had been recently countermanded.

As we rode out to see some catacombs in the desert, we noticed several women dressed in the single blue garment—call it gown, shawl, or both—and veil; the latter has a horizontal slit over the eyes, and is held up over the face by a silver or brass sort of clasp: a very hideous costume. The ladies seem to wear a quantity of clothes, and over all a very large flowing robe of black silk. My European hat vindicated its claims to be tolerated, as we were crossing an iron drawbridge, whereon my donkey slipped up, and we both bit the dust very emphatically. My head was saved by the much-abused Lincoln and Bennett, which, however, I ungratefully discarded the next day for a more picturesque *sombrero*.

As we approached the catacombs, the sandy plain became encumbered, not only with the ruins of the sometime glories of Alexandria, but also with heaps of *débris* of fictile vases,—another instance of the curious phenomenon which puzzles antiquaries on almost every ancient site. The Turks have nearly destroyed, with gunpowder, the great entrance to the catacombs. As we descended by the excavations thus formed to the tombs, we stumbled on a great white marble sarcophagus of Roman workmanship, with richly-carved sides, representing sacrificial metopes and garlands, etc. The lid,

which is coped, lay a little further on, the Turks having deserted their work so soon as they found it involved a little more labour than they expected to get it on to the level of the ground. On one of the walls of a chamber, now laid open to the air, I noticed a rude fresco, representing a cross, with a garland and flowers springing from the limbs, flanked by two candlesticks. This is evidently an early Christian remain, and probably marks the former site of an altar over a martyr's resting-place. The chambers presented little of interest, being hewn out of the coarse tufo, and having a ceiling in the form of a flat segmental arch. The loculi for the mummies differed from most I saw in Egypt, in their width, which was nearly six feet ; so that several mummies could be laid in them side by side. I suppose some of the remains of vases may be accounted for by the embalming establishment, which, it seems, was usually near the catacombs ; and more may have been those used by the Romans in their urn-burial, for I suppose they used these catacombs as *columbaria*, to range the vases of ashes in ; but neither would account for the immense quantity found. The chief fragments, I noticed, seemed the points and handles of amphoræ.

In the evening, a young Sicilian, who had introduced himself to Mrs. — at dinner, offered to send for some native musicians whom we heard passing, and we were much amused by them. There were three : the chief, who was a funny old fellow, and seemed delighted with his own performance, played a kind of viol with two strings, which rested

on the chair on which he sat; the second was nearly blind (he must, I think, have been a Copt, from his very Egyptian look), and played a kind of harpsichord, with metal strings arranged like those of a piano; he used two plectrums, or quills, and seemed to weave a kind of variation on the more monotonous theme of the violist: the third performer kept up a perpetual tum-tum on a tambourine, in a sort of countertime, while the first gave directions with his voice, changed the tunes, etc. After this the tambourine man sang a song, which seemed to our western ears quite indescribable. It was a kind of humming on three or four notes, in a tone between suffering and enthusiasm. Mrs. — said it was very like the peasant songs in the south of Spain. *A-propos* of music, I noticed to-day that the Egyptian troops, who are dressed in blue frock coats, white trowsers, and the red fez, have the fife as well as drum,—an instrument which I had thought confined to the British and Hanoverian armies.

We got a peep at a very droll little *ménage* to-day,—that of a young Egyptian and her little brother, orphans. It was a small mud hut, in the outskirts of the town. A slightly-raised part of the mud floor was the bed; another, the fire-place or oven. In the wall was a little recess for a lamp, and this completed the furniture of the abode. The neighbours came crowding in to see Mrs. —, and seemed amused, but not displeased, at our curiosity. We gave them some five-para pieces, which they were thankful for; but when I gave the girl a

half-piastre, she was puzzled. I suppose she had never seen so large a sum as the half of two-pence halfpenny before, and wanted to return it as strange money.

Friday, 7th.—Our steamer has arrived. We went to a solemn mass of requiem this morning, which was largely and devoutly attended. The chaunting was very solemn and good; the organ very bad. The day was mainly passed in preparation, and in skirmishes with a host of disagreeable overland Indian passengers, who invaded our inn, and fought for a dinner, etc. In the afternoon we went to vespers and benediction, it being the vigil of the Conception. At benediction the litany of our Lady was sung, and then the priest gave short ejaculatory prayers in Italian, urging the privileges, merits, and glories of Mary, and beseeching her intercession. How strange it seems that Catholic devotion to the most blessed of creatures should be so misunderstood by Protestants! It seems always exercised with such distinct reference to her relation to Almighty God, as to-day, for instance, in the presence of the blessed sacrament. We did not get on board till eight P.M., and the pale, waning moon lighted up the Nile as we glided out of the Mahmúdie canal on to its broad silent bosom, which looked solemn, and worthy of its old mysterious fame. We were packed too close on board the wretched little steamer to permit of much appropriate meditation, and were transferred to another on the Nile; but this also was so small that we had but little rest that night.

Saturday, 8th.—At six I was on deck, to watch the sun-rise, which was beautiful. At seven the sun *popped up* from below the horizon in a flood of crimson light, and shewed us the long low banks and the silent gliding flood which accompany us to Cairo. The day was passed on the part of our company in a great deal of eating and drinking, and as much conversation on the quality of food, etc., and all the topics one hates to hear talked of, such as the *penchant* of Mr. Smith for Miss Tomkins, and the eccentricity of Miss somebody else's costume. At one in the morning we found ourselves at Boulak, the port of Cairo. The voyage is not interesting enough to make one wish to perform it slowly, and in spite of the discomforts I recommend the steamer, on the whole. The river is about as broad as the Rhine at Mayence, or the Thames at Gravesend, till one gets near Teraneh, where it widens considerably. The high mud banks, the occasional villages with their palm trees and slender minarets, hardly mark the voyage. There are very frequent shoals, and the current is so rapid, that the pilot has to be constantly on the alert. We passed Lord ——'s, and several other boats with their picturesque Arab crews and lateen sails. The soil looks quite unctuously rich in the Delta, and the profusion of animal life, from the multitude of swarthy boatmen and trackers, and the crowds of little naked savages at every village, down to the pigeons, snipe, herons, storks, vultures, and hawks, and even the musquitoes, etc., etc., who victimized us at night, gave one some idea of the rationale of

that worship of Osiris which held Lower Egypt under its sway in the olden time. About noon we passed the village of Sa-el-Hadjar (Sa of the rock), the site of ancient Saïs, which Herodotus mentions (*Euterpe*, ch. 62) as the chief seat of the Lychnochaia or feast of lights. Near Wardan, they say, one begins to see the pyramids, but the moonless night prevented us from doing so.

GREAT CAIRO, *Dec. 9th.* The Anglo-Indian crowd appear to have swept on to Suez in their desert omnibuses last night, and this morning finds us tranquilly established in the hôtel d'Orient. We received an early visit from my friend Mr. —, who has been here some days, and who gave us valuable hints as to our Nile boat. A friend of his was just returned from the upper country, and after seeing several boats, we determined on taking his, and thus avoiding the necessity of submerging the boat to drive out vermin, which would be necessary if we took one that had been lying unoccupied save by natives. Our boat resembles somewhat that which we used to call a house-boat at Oxford. It has a large and high poop, containing three cabins, one of which we use as an oratory, the second as a dressing-room, and the third as a sitting-room, and at night we had our beds made on the ample divans on either side. In front of this was an open porch, in which we breakfasted, and occasionally dined. Then came a quarter-deck, with a compact kitchen (such as sailors call a galley, I think) before the mast, and further forwards the rowers' benches, another mast, and a small deck in the bows, on

which the rais (captain) and servants dwelt. We have a crew of twelve men, a rais and steersman, and pay for the whole four cases and a half of piastres a month, viz., about £22. 10s. Then we engaged a dragoman (interpreter and courier, as we should say in Europe) one Mohammed Abd-elAttee, a hadji of considerable travelling experience, at £6 per month; a very funny and very able little *cordon-bleu*, of dark complexion, and the picturesque name of Ali, to whom we gave £2 a month; a boy, etc. We certainly did well in not encumbering ourselves with European goods or furniture. One can get all that is necessary (except tea, gunpowder, and brandy) at Cairo, and tolerably cheap.

11th.—We had an amusing *row* between two of our servants to-day, in which the oriental character came out; the rais, it appeared, had heard that the dragoman was a Tartar, and the latter set himself, by a series of persuasive blandishments, to remove that impression; the scene reminded one of some of Morier's clever pictures in his oriental novels. The way in which the rais was called "soul of my heart", "apple of my eye", "beloved of Allah", "son of the Prophet", etc., and was patted and pawed out of his wrath into a state of grim compliance, was very ludicrous. In the afternoon we rode through the bazaars to see the mosque of sultan Hassan. The streets of Cairo are admirably oriental; narrow, sinuous, with a hundred irregular projections, sometimes advancing over the street, and sometimes quite crossing it in covered bridges of every shape and size. Every variety of pointed,

round, and horse-shoed arch, is to be seen in portal and window, and most are enriched with mouldings, precisely similar to those we call "Romanesque" in the west,—cable, alternate, billet, etc. But the most frequent is the zig-zag, which appears in every size, from the minute decorations of a kind of inverted tabernacle-work which covers the doors and porches of houses, up to the minarets of the largest mosques, which sometimes appear like huge pillars, with zig-zags alternately horizontal and vertical, from top to bottom. I was much struck by the frequent occurrence of the common first pointed arch, as we should call it in England, which is as frequent as any other here. One great beauty of effect is owing to the profusion of richly carved, wooden latticed oriel windows, which produce the prettiest perspectives down the narrow streets. We approached the mosque through a sort of *quartier S. Germain*, in which the rich and noble families live in great houses with magnificent gateways: as the windows, however, usually look into the court-yard and garden, the effect is rather sombre. We were struck here especially, but also generally in the city, with the extreme cleanliness of the roads and streets (which are unpaved), and the decorum of public manners. We passed behind the lofty mosque we were about to visit, through the large place under the citadel, which was crowded with natives, buying, selling, singing and talking, and riding to and fro on a multitude of horses, camels, and donkeys, and came round to the front, or rather side of the mosque. Here we dis-

mounted, and approached the door by a lofty flight of steps from the street. The portal is a huge one, with a broad flat architrave, on projecting corbels, which give it the appearance of a trefoil-headed arch, and folding doors of wood, covered with rich bronze work, such as I doubt if we could more than match now. A curious feature was *tout bonnement* a *knocker*, placed so high up as to give occasion to Mohammed to remark that men were far taller in those days than they are now; a notion which answers to the Vincentian test of truth wonderfully well. “*Semper ubique et ab omnibus*,” one finds it repeated. From the οἱοὶ νῦν βρότοὶ εἶσι of ancient times, and Thucydides’ ἐγγυτέρω θεοῖς, down to the big stones hurled by giants in all countries “from Perth to Pondicherry”, and this high knocker of our mosque, mankind is ever iterating, “there were giants in those days.” I suppose it is part of the primeval tradition of a lost perfection, after which man is ever feeling in one way or another, “if haply he may” find it.* The entrance porch, so to speak, of this mosque, is a space, some thirty feet square perhaps, and sixty or seventy feet high, covered in by a dome, with a hole in the middle; from this we passed into a passage with several turns, at the end of which was a low wooden barrier, at which

* Authorities the most diverse attest the universality of this tradition,—S. Augustine, Pliny, and Plutarch, for instance. A curious instance is the Rabbinical tradition of a giant saving himself from the deluge by climbing on the top of the ark! They say this worthy was Og, the king of Basan, mentioned in the Book of Deuteronomy.

sat a man in charge of certain large slippers (which we put on over our boots) for those who cannot bear the chill of the marble floor to their feet. Stepping over this barrier, we found ourselves in a large square court with a central dome (open in the centre to the air), having on the four sides deep recessed transepts with semi-domes over them. This court, I should think, was about two hundred feet square. On the side opposite to that by which we entered, the recess is extended into a sort of chancel, about three times as deep as the others, which is raised a step or two higher than the floor of the court; in the centre of this space is raised a platform, or desk, from which the Koran is read on Fridays, and in front of it is the place where private prayer is made, and in which we saw two men thus engaged. In the (so to call it) east wall of this chancel, about where the altar in a Christian church would stand, is a semicircular niche, or recess, which gives the precise direction of Mecca. It is called the mecherab, and the public prayer is made in front of this by the Moollahs on Fridays. To the right of this (also against the wall) is the stone pulpit, approached by a long straight flight of steps; here they preach on Fridays during the public prayers. The order of the service seems this: 1. A prelection from the Koran from the desk or pulpit in front of the recess. 2. An exhortation from the pulpit. 3. Some kind of antiphonal invocations by the occupants of the pulpit and the desk, and 4. the prayers before the mecherab, which are of a set form. Behind the chancel is a

more richly decorated apartment, entered by a door to the right of the mecherab, in which is the shrine of the santon in whose honour the mosque is built. The body is in a raised tomb, fenced round with wooden *grilles*, and over the head is placed a very richly illuminated Koran, which we were not allowed to touch, but Mohammed entered the septum, and brought it to the lattice for us to see. In the centre of the court is a dome-covered marble basin for ablution, in which the Mussulman washes head, arms, and feet three times before making prayer. Near it is a second basin for the use of the Hhánafée* Mussulmans, who use running water for their ablutions.

The materials employed in this building are stone and marble beautifully worked, and decorated with painting, gilding, and inlaid work. Its magnificence must have been great; but now it presents, like every other mosque I have seen, a type of the religion to which it is dedicated. It is fast falling to ruin; and the mats and other appointments, which depend for renewal on the present generation, are squalid in the extreme. It is easy to see that the main features of the mosque are borrowed from the early Christian churches of the east; and it is curious to remark that such modifications as exist in them, are referable to the rejection of the one dogma on which Christianity is founded, viz. the Incarnation. The resemblance to Protestant

* The Moslems are divided into four sects, or, more properly, four opinions, the Hhánafees, Shafáees, Málikees, and Hhánbellees, who differ on certain points of discipline.

places of worship is both striking and instructive in this point of view. I remarked in this and every other mosque, that there was sometimes an appearance of devotion and prayer in the worshippers, but not a vestige of reverence for the place ; which seems an idea of purely Christian growth, including under that name the preparatory dispensation which enjoins directly the reverence to holy places. To all but the seer of old and the Catholic now, reverence for places or things is necessarily unmeaning ; for to such, God is not here but in heaven.

From the mosque we rode up to the citadel, and visited first Joussouf's house, as it is called. The remains consist of six or eight porphyry pillars of majestic size and beauty, some standing and entire, others prostrate and broken ; they seem to me to be Ionic, and probably are of the latest Ptolemaic period. The Mussulmans tell one this is the site of Joseph the patriarch's house, which is possible ; but their anxiety to honour the patriarch has made them forget their more recent hero, Joussouf Sala e'-deen (the Saladin of our orthography), who probably dwelt here. Potipherah, Joseph's father-in-law, was priest of On (Heliopolis, now Matarieh) about three miles from here ; so the patriarch may well have lived here too, in his day.

We walked to the walls of the citadel overlooking the city, and thence enjoyed the most beautiful view of it. Below us lay Cairo, stretched out, for two or three miles right and left, between us and the river, with its hundreds of mosques, its frequent palm groves, and thronged streets and places, send-

ing up the hum of hundreds of thousands. Beyond the Nile lay the soft but most brilliant verdure of the meadows and rice fields, yearly inundated by the river, and then beyond these again the undulating sand hills of the Libyan desert, on which the pyramids seem to rest. Herodotus hits off the character of these hills admirably: "On the Libyan side of Egypt", he says, "the hills on which the pyramids stand, are rocky and heaped up with sand"; and equally well he describes the southward range of the eye from this point and for four or five days' sail up the river, which he says, "is a region of Egypt which one may call narrow." The fertilising influence of the Nile, which below spreads out into the ample Delta, here seems narrowed in by the desert sands, which appear to combat the encroachments of the yearly inundation, and place so abrupt a margin to its fertilising influence, that you step at one pace from the green field to the desert, as arid and sterile as it is midway between Cairo and Gaza. From the gorgeous sunset on the battlements we hastened to see the palace and new mosque of Mehemet Ali; the former is not interesting, being chiefly remarkable for barbaric splendour of upholstery; and the mosque (which has been already twenty-one years building, and is still far from complete) is hardly more so. The outer court, about the same size as that of the British Museum, is surrounded by open cloisters, the whole cased with Egyptian alabaster. Then we entered the mosque, through lofty and handsome bronze gates; the interior is vast, especially in

height, and richly decorated with marbles and colour, but the style is a spurious Palladian, mixed with Turkish details, which will go far to neutralize the effect of the general proportions, which are the same as those of S. Sophia at Constantinople. We watched the last rays of the sun off the minarets of the city and the far-off pyramids, and then descended through the crowded streets homeward. It appeared a perfect miracle that we did not damage ourselves or others as we careered along, but with the donkey boys' continual cries of Oha! oha! sche malak! sche minak! (take care! keep to your right, keep to your left) we threaded the maze of men and beasts, and arrived unscathed.

11th Dec. W—— returned home from a visit to the consul-general to-day, and found me entertaining a merchant of various oriental goods in due style with coffee and pipes, while we sat amicably on the floor, and made bargains for silk caftans, tarbooshes, Persian carpets, and the like. This process was repeated, sometimes at home and sometimes in the shops, often two or three times before we could come to terms, and when this was happily achieved, we returned home in great state with our purchases laden on sumpter donkeys, and “conducted” (as the *Court Circular* says) by Mohammed and Ali. In the afternoon we rode out through the cactus-hedged ways towards Old Cairo, which lies on the river, about a mile south of the new city. *En route* we saw a violent quarrel going on between a vendor of oranges and two soldiers, while his wife lent him the powerful aid of her tongue,

occasionally turning round to assuage the vociferous grief of half a dozen children, who sat among her goods, by pelting them with oranges. Mohammed interfered, and found that a hard Turkish creditor (who was standing by with a vile scowl on his brow) was having the poor man arrested for a debt which he promised to pay next day, and of which he had already paid two-thirds; the creditor pleaded that he was himself in debt. The scene struck us as an enacting of the parable of the king who took account of his servants, in the gospel. We had the matter arranged most orientally, by a good many blows, and a few piastres, duly applied in different quarters by Mohammed, who seems to have a taste that way.

We dined with Mr. —, where we met Dr. —, an English physician, who seems to have adopted the Turkish costume and manners entirely. This phenomenon, and the hope expressed by some of the party that we should have “a nice, large Christmas party” at Thebes, rather took away my appetite. We inwardly determined to avoid such a consummation, even though we should do so at the expense of running aground on a mud bank, and spending our festival with the autochthonic “allegories” of such localities. We went to mass this morning at the Franciscan convent, where I was much edified by seeing a large number of young natives, for whom some prayers and litanies were said in Arabic.

Dec. 12th. What a day this has been! We made our first excursion to the pyramids, and I feel disposed to say nothing about it, for my pen is not

strong enough for the subject. Still I suppose I must try to write something, *ad futuram rei memoriam*, though I despair of putting down on paper the deep impression which these wonderful monuments produce. Mrs. and Miss —— accompanied us, and we were in the saddle (of our donkeys) by eight o'clock, Mohammed and two other attendants bringing up the rear. We cantered down to Old Cairo, and there crossed the river. The busy ferry, the brisk air, and rising sun, made a cheerful scene; we landed at Gizeh, and scrambled off the ferry in the best way we could, amidst a crowd of grunting camels and squealing animals and men. As we looked back, the great city opposite, the verdure on Rhode island, the peopled stream, and merchants' villas on the banks, presented a beautiful scene. We pushed forward through the village of Gizeh, eliciting from the youth a sort of serenade and dance, accompanied by the tum-tum, and loud cries for backsheesh, and soon emerged into the rich meadows and palm groves which form the campagna of Egypt. Three or four miles of this brought us to another village, in which was a clear fountain, with children playing and women washing in it, in the most picturesque and oriental manner. The palm trees here are stripped of their lower branches, which takes from the beauty of their appearance, the branches being used at funerals and other religious ceremonies. Beyond this village the scene opened before us, and the pyramids began to grow large and distinct upon our view; and from this time they seemed to exercise a sort

of fascination, so that it became difficult to take our eyes off them. The road now lay through a wide uninterrupted field of the richest and most tender verdure; the only want, to an English eye, was turf, for the inundated land of Egypt is too precious to be put to any but arable uses. We came occasionally to standing pools of water, left by the retreat of the river to its bed; these we had to be carried over (a disagreeable process for the ladies) by two Arabs on their shoulders. Our servants managed the *trajet* pretty well for us, but some other people we saw terribly annoyed by two parties of semi, or rather quarter-clad Arabs fighting for the privilege of carrying them. This mode of conveyance is necessary, not on account of the depth, but the sliminess of the pools, which renders it difficult for donkeys or mules to carry one safely, especially as they are shod with flat iron plates covering the whole hoof.

About half-past ten we stepped at once from the fertile alluvial soil to the arid sand of the Libyan desert, and after ploughing through it for half an hour, began to ascend the low mounds on which stand the pyramids of Gizeh. These mounds form a sort of platform advanced from the range of hills (Herodotus' Libyan range) which back them. This platform, now irregular and *smothered* in sand, still bears marks, in my opinion, of having been almost entirely artificial. Herodotus says of it, that it was excavated into subterranean chambers, which Rhampsinitus made for treasure houses, bringing in the Nile by a canal so as to isolate them. This work was not merely one of exca-

vation, I think, but also partly built with masonry, traces of which abound, to face and secure the rocky unequal surface heaped up with sand, on which the pyramids repose. I think this makes the description of the whole method of building the pyramids, in the second book, (chapter 125), much clearer. Herodotus there says the whole work was finished off (*ἐξεπολήθη*) from above downwards; first the top (*ἀνωτάτα*) then the next parts, *i.e.*, the sides or slopes (*τα ἐπομένα*); then the bases, which appear to rest on the sandy platform (*τα ἐπίγαια*); and last, *τα κάτωτάτω*, those beneath its surface, excavated in some parts, and built in others, which he calls *ἐικημάτα ὑπο γῆν*, subterranean chambers, and which rest on the rocky level of the plain, rather below that formed by the gradual accretion of the alluvium of the Nile, and so accessible to water thence brought in by a canal. The second pyramid shows near the top the old "finishing off" of finely polished stone, which has been robbed by successive caliphs, from the others, for the buildings of Cairo. Opposite the third pyramid (which stands further back than the others) are traces of the broad raised causeway of large stones, twenty cubits wide and eight high, which Herodotus represents as almost as great a work as the pyramids themselves. By this the huge stones were brought to the spot, after being floated down the Nile, probably from the quarries near Memphis and in Upper Egypt.

We ascended the hill at the north east angle of the Great Pyramid, and passed along its east side where are the three small pyramids, of which the centre

one was shown to Herodotus as that erected by the daughter of Cheops. On reaching the north-east angle our party halted to rest, but I ran forward up the heap of rubbish which encumbers the north face of the pyramid, and turned, on the top of it, to look up at the towering mass above me. Here I could have stood for hours, as it were gasping to take in the vastness of a work whose size grew on one at every moment. In the middle of this side, and about half way up from its original base level, is the present entrance of the pyramid. At the irregular and broken mouth stood a group of travellers and eager Arabs, while here and there one or two might be seen, scrambling up from step to step, looking like insects on the face of the mighty pyramid.

After some delay we began to ascend. The ladies had three Arabs each to assist them, and they wished us to have the same, one to each hand and one to assist from behind: but though the ascent is tiring, it is less so I think if one goes alone at his own pace than when dragged along up many steep places which a deviation would avoid. The way most chosen lies up the north-east angle, and half way up there is a large resting place, which, though some sixteen feet square, looks from below merely like a chip taken out of the angle of the pyramid. I did not time our ascent, but, with a ten minutes' rest, I think we were scarcely half an hour. We found the top nearly levelled, except a few stones to sit on in the middle. A host of names, to which we did not add our own, were scribbled here in every character and size. We

measured the levelled part and found it about thirty-five feet square. In mounting I counted 190 courses of stone. The courses of steps varied in height so much (from two feet six inches to thirteen or fourteen inches) that it seems very evident these *κρῶσαι* or *βωμίδαι*, as Herodotus calls them, were only the substructure of a smooth granite casing, as he seems to say, part of which remains on the second pyramid. The size of the stones is from three to six feet in length by two to five in depth, which is sadly short of the "thirty feet in measure" assigned as the least size of any of them by the father of history.* I can only suppose he meant human feet, which are still used in familiar parlance in Egypt, and that he means the measure to be in circumference: certainly an odd way of speaking. In the interior, however, the stones are much larger. I paced one in the passage to the queen's chamber, which was nearly thirty feet long. We found by our compass that the great pyramid faces exactly north, south, east, and west: I mean the *real* north, which here diverges slightly to the east of the magnetic meridian.

We remained about an hour on the top, and then descended as we came. W—— and I rejected the assistance of our Arabs, however, and found we got on much better without them. After a little rest we entered the pyramid, first making an arrangement with the sheikh to assign us two guides and forbid the interference of others. On first entering, the passage is very low and descends abruptly,

* οὐδεὶς τῶν λίθων τριηκοντα ποδῶν ἐλάσσων.

so that we stumbled along uncomfortably enough, in dust and heat, but we were amply repaid. It was not until we had descended fifty or sixty yards in the interior of the pyramid, then doubled on our steps and ascended again as many more in the same direction, then mounted on a narrow ledge and crept as far again into the king's chamber (as it is called), and then found we were not yet quite in the centre of the pyramid, that we began to realize the enormous labours of the builders of the great tomb. The king's chamber or tomb is about thirty feet long by fifteen, and the same in height. The roof is of flat stones, extending from side to side, and over it is a second low chamber, into which we did not penetrate, as it is approached by steps cut in the angle of the chamber, which one has to climb up like a chimney-sweep, and afterwards by a well-like shaft. This upper chamber appears made to keep off the extreme pressure from above. The queen's chamber is approached by a short horizontal shaft, leading from the ascending approach to this chamber: it is very similar to the other, save that there is no sarcophagus in it, while that of the king remains in his tomb. That sepulture was the main purpose of these marvellous structures I suppose is now universally admitted, but whether the polished surfaces of the inclined shafts through which we entered, their inclination (so great as to render it impossible to pass through them without the aid of steps now cut here and there in the floors), and the appearance of accurate contrivance which these passages possess, suggesting the idea that access was

practised by means of machinery, point to the concealment of treasure, the celebration of secret rites, or other uses besides, I suppose we shall never know. We emerged hot and dusty to find that the day had waned during our excursion into these mysterious recesses. The contrast, from their sombre silence to the glorious view without, was striking. A gorgeous evening sun showed us on the east the range of the Mokattam hills, broken by the towers of Cairo's citadel and the thousand minarets of its mosques; below us the silver Nile—for though its waters are charged with earth, it reflects too pure a sky to merit a less sounding epithet—rolling through its green and fertile broadway; on the west the low sand hills of the boundless desert; southward the band-like stretch of upper Egypt, dotted with a hundred villages and pyramids and temples; and to the north the steaming Delta, with its broad horizon fringed with a few light sea-born clouds. And above us was the indescribable beauty of an Egyptian sky: that large wide heaven, less fiercely and deeply blue than that of Europe's southern climates, but at once the source and the best specimen of the delicate and tender hues which all nature bears in this country. We scampered over the plain homeward, and just crossed the ferry—to the music of the ferrymen's wild songs—as the sun dropped suddenly behind the pyramids.

The speedy darkness of the south overtook us before we were out of old Cairo, and we were thus secured another picturesque effect: our dragoman had sundry bits of resinous wood split up and held

aloft in little iron cages by two or three men, who, using these as carriage-lamps, ran before us. Our cortège thus preceded, cantering through the streets of Cairo; the light flashing on group after group and building after building, each more picturesque than the other; now darting down a long narrow street, and peering into its latticed oriels, now blazing for an instant through some richly wrought portal into a quiet court-yard, or mosque dimly lit up by a feeble lamp or two. In one street we passed under a wide awning of rich stuffs, with a profusion of hanging lamps and flowers: a marriage was celebrating, and the population of the street was proportionably on the *qui vive*. So we reached home tired, but interested beyond measure with what we had seen, and hoping to revisit the pyramids some day.

15th. Our chief work was an excursion to the tombs of the caliphs, east of the city, behind the crest of the same hill on which, more to the south, the citadel is built. They are thus severed and protected from the busy hum of the city, and standing as they do on the verge of the desert, form a small "city of the dead" most appropriately situated. The noble proportions and dignified air of these tombs enhance my respect for the Saracen race, and convince me that to them the Turks owe all that is noble and elevated in their character. There is a solemn regard for the dead testified by these buildings, which speaks of a lofty tone of national mind. After five hundred years of existence, though neglected and squalid now and for

years past, they maintain their beauty unimpaired. The lofty piers, bearing up the pointed arches of their cloisters, the bold-springing domes over the silent, gorgeous chambers of death below, as if pointing heavenward, and the slender minarets from which the praises of a God whom they ignorantly worshipped have resounded five times daily for many a century, witness for them that they looked for a life beyond the grave. These poor dead heathens ! They write no "Ora pro nobis" on their graves ; yet their tombs seem to beg it of us, and our common nature bids us hear the call. Is it wrong to whisper, "May they rest in peace"? The sun set lovingly on the tombs, and we quitted them with regret to linger on the brow of the hill, and see its last rays climb from one tower and dome to another, and tip at last the distant pyramids with crimson light ; while the muezzin's cry rose above the hum of the busy city, calling on the name of the Most High. These tombs are the mausoleums of the Memlook kings of the Borgite (Circassian) dynasty, and exhibit a perfection of pointed architecture which the same period hardly produced in our western countries ; or at least did not sustain, for they date from the middle of the fourteenth to the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was a curious illustration of the English popular religion, that a lady who was with us, a person of birth, education, and talent, should allude to the evident belief of these Memlook sovereigns and of their successors, in the resurrection of the flesh, as an error ! Yet that dogma is an article of

the national creed. So much for creeds without a living authoritative exponent. On another occasion, the same lady said she had heard that doctrine broached, much to her surprise, by an English clergyman, as though it were quite a novelty to her.

14th. We visited Ibrahim Pasha's tomb, which is in a large cemetery to the south of the city. The building consists of five or six large rooms, carpeted, furnished and decorated like drawing-rooms, and surmounted with cupolas. As many as twenty or more raised marble tombs, highly gilt and painted, contain the remains of the late pasha and his family. The distinction between male and female is a red tarboosh over the head. It used to be the turban, till the use of that time-honoured head-gear was abolished by Mahmoud II. Near this tomb is that of the Imam el Sháffae, the one of the four doctors of Islam whose opinion is most popular in Cairo. We noticed near here a fountain surmounted by a new "Norman" arch. It is curious to find this style used popularly in Cairo at the present time; so that if you built a house the mason would build it in that way, unless you ordered a different style to be employed. As we left the cemetery we met a child's funeral; the body was wrapped or swathed in linen, not coffined; and I noticed that the attendance was exclusively of men, who chanted as they walked. This is precisely the reverse of the custom which prevails among the lower orders in England, where none but women usually attend a child's funeral.

Saturday, the 15th. We visited the petrified wood:

rather a sounding name for a number of fossil remains in the desert about ten miles off. I noticed in pudding-stone, a quantity of small sea shells, which I remember Herodotus remarks on various rising grounds, and mentions as a corroboration of his view, that the whole of Egypt once formed a gulf similar to the Red Sea, which the constant alluvial deposits of the Nile have gradually filled up. Modern *savants* notice the growth of the soil round ancient monuments, which confirms this view also. In the evening we had a visit from Signor D——, an intelligent Greek merchant, who offered to present us to the Greek patriarch, to-morrow. Yesterday we heard from Mrs. ——'s balcony the chant in a neighbouring mosque, which was really beautiful. They sang a kind of chorale, in parts, the choirs of voices taking each other up in what I think musicians would call a *fugue*, which went on and on for a long time with admirable effect. It was Friday, the Mahommedan weekly festival.

Sunday, 16th. After our own service at home we went to high mass at the Franciscan convent. One of the monks preached an admirable advent sermon in very Spanish Italian. I think I never was present at a Roman Catholic communion before. It struck me very much. There were some women in a latticed tribune who communicated before the mass. The priest's reverent manner, and the acolyte preceding him with a lighted taper, and a card covered with linen, to hold below the Holy Sacrament as it was delivered, struck me as so real. We called on Signor D——, and after being duly en-

tertained with pipes and coffee, he introduced us to the Greek archimandrite, an intelligent person, but unable to speak any language but his own, so we only hammered out a few sentences. Afterwards, we went to the patriarch's, but finding him out, only saw the church, which is a new one, chiefly built by the czar. *A-propos* of Russia, I asked what connexion now subsists between that country and the see of Constantinople? They said there was intercommunion, but perfect independence. The Russian Church is governed by a synod of bishops, under the emperor, and appeals are determined without reference to Constantinople. Still they called the patriarch of Constantinople "*œcumenical* patriarch", which shews that that title, however challenged by him, is not recognized as a really authoritative one by the Greeks. The church looked cold and indevout, though richly decorated. The patriarch's throne, flanked by two seats for the archimandrite and the Russian consul, and certain stalls, were the only seats in the nave. The iconostasis is very handsomely gilt, and the pictures, a present from a countess Orloff, very good. The altar looked more like a square table of masonry, with four candlesticks at the corners, and several books on it. The sanctuary within was bare and white-washed. It appears they say mass only on Sundays and a few other days; to-morrow is one, being the birthday of the czar; a fact which reminded me disagreeably of some holidays in our communion—the fifth of November, etc. They told us the present patriarch had been opposed by

the see of Constantinople, but Mehemet Ali had obtained his confirmation from the Porte, as he was the person chosen by the majority of Greeks here. I afterwards learnt that there is a formal schism, and that many of the Greeks consider him an intruder. He is, however, in possession, and so will remain. Here again Constantinople seems to go for very little.

Monday, 17th. We are very busy with our boat preparations. It poured in torrents to-day, and the streets are almost impassable. Mohammed came in very late this morning, having been twice upset into puddles two feet deep! The bazaars seem shut in many quarters.

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CHAPTER III.

THE NILE.

THE DAHABIEH, OR NILE-BOAT—YOUNG HIPPOPOTAMUS—
MARRIAGE PROCESSION—NAVIGATION OF THE NILE—ACCU-
RACY OF HERODOTUS—HILL OF THE BIRDS—CONVENT OF
SITTI MIRIAM-EL-ADRA—BRICK WALL OF SESOSTRIS—
THOUGHTS ON THE GREEK SCHISM—EGYPTIAN BREAD—
CROCODILES—SIOUT—EXCAVATED TOMBS—TEMPLE OF
ANYBIS—COPTIC BISHOP, CLERGY, AND CONVENT—ANECDOTE
OF CIRCASSIAN SLAVES—ACHMIM—GIRGEH—KASR-E-SYAD
—LOCAL SUPERSTITIONS—THEBES—TEMPLES OF GOONEH—
REMESEUM—AHMED PASHA—KARNAK AND LUXOR—PTOLE-
MAIC TEMPLE AT ESNEH—MODES OF IRRIGATION IN UPPER
AND LOWER EGYPT—ISLAND OF ELEPHANTINE—THE FIRST
CATARACT—PHILÆ—NUBIA—ZODIACAL LIGHT—THE IDOL-
ATRY OF THE ISRAELITES, AND THE RELIGION OF ANCIENT
EGYPT.

Dec. 18th. To-day we determined to go on board our boat in order to start to-morrow. We have called her the *Giglio* (the lily), and decorated her with a pennon, some thirty feet long, of light blue, with white lilies, and with a loyal union jack at the mizen. In the afternoon we went and looked at the consul-general's young hippopotamus, which he is going to send to England next summer. It is the oddest-looking creature I ever saw, not unlike the Regius Professor of — in the face. It follows

one about, and *dubs* its nose against one like a large puppy. It wallows in a muddy tank, but comes out to see any one who enters the yard. In the same place was a young giraffe, a very pretty creature, which looked down on the hippopotamus with a strange air of wonder and contempt. Mrs. — said very wittily that it looked like a very young lady *without a bustle*, owing to the fall in the back. As we splashed home through the pools of water we met a marriage procession. The musicians opened the way; then came the bride, covered from head to foot with shawls, and walking under a canopy supported by four men, and surrounded by women, who made the air resound with shrill, trilling cries (called *zuggharit*) of joy. Then came richly caparisoned horses, with attendants bearing on trays, dresses, sweetmeats, etc. By way of economizing, I suppose, two unhappy little children of the family, who were about to receive the rite of circumcision, were conducted as part of the pomp. They were mounted on horses, richly dressed, and preceded by the surgeon-barber with his sign, a sort of gilt frame paneled and adorned with looking glasses. The Mahommedan doctors distinguish between what is "*furd*", that is, of divine origin, and what is "*sooneh*", that is, a traditionary obligation; and, I believe, circumcision comes under the latter head. I think it is hardly regarded as a religious rite now.

To-night, spite of wind and rain, we went on board to sleep. The novelty of the situation, and the bobbling about all night, did not prevent our

repose, and we found our boat very comfortable. The wind continued so high and dead against us, however, that we did not leave our moorings till next day at noon. Mr. — came down in the afternoon, and we managed to work up, with the sweeps out, as far as Rhode island. Here we passed a pleasant hour, walking through the gardens which belong to the four sons of the late Ibrahim Pasha. They say that their mutual jealousies are fomented by Abbas, the reigning pasha, to keep them from state intrigues. This garden meanwhile lies desolate, as they cannot agree to keep it up. It is laid out in the European fashion, and is most beautiful. Abbas has one redeeming quality at least, he is merciful and kind to the poor, whom he has relieved from several taxes.

Friday, S. Thomas' Day. To-day we crept slowly up the river, tracking, as the wind was contrary. Rounding a point, the towing rope broke, and away we went across the stream till we stuck on a sand bank. This is precisely what Herodotus describes in his day. Indeed his descriptions are so exact, that our dragoman quite wonders to find us so *au fait* at the minutiae of customs, etc., as we are; he often inquires what "that gentleman who travelled so long ago" says on this or that point? The left bank of the Nile here seems quite fringed with the row of pyramids of Gizeh, Dashour, Sakhára, and Abousir; and this makes one look with a little more respect on the French theory that one use of them was to serve as a chain of defence against the encroachments of the desert sands.

22nd. A fine breeze brought us well on to-day, and our men gave us a song in consequence. The music is wild, and the cadences strange to our ears, but not at all unpleasing. One of the men, whom we call Rubini, from his partiality to *trillers* in a high falsetto voice, sings a solo, and the others come in chorus, with a tum-tum and reed pipes, which drone like a bagpipe. I believe the Arabs divide their scale much more minutely than we do, and they pitch on out-of-the-way notes, which renders it difficult to follow their tunes. Like all barbarous music, it delights in sharp keys. In tracking, pulling, or punting, the time is given musically by the *rais*, in a new word each time, to which the crew respond. It is often the ninety-nine names of God which they thus use, or some invocations of "the prophet" and his lieutenants. Our little cook Ali is our great admiration. The imperturbable and artistic zeal with which he sticks to his casseroles in the midst of any nautical emergency, is most amusing. He seems a great favourite with the crew (perhaps *pour cause*), and we hear his name on all sides and at all hours. His ordinary costume is what we should call a dressing-gown, of crimson satin, a white cap and apron, and a pair of black legs planted in turn-up-toed crimson slippers.

23rd. Our first Sunday on board was very quiet; we sailed tranquilly on to Beni Souef. At night an alarm of thirty thieves (a pity there were not the due Arabian Night number of forty) made us haul off shore, when we were anchored across the stream.

Christmas Day. A beautiful, warm day. Marked externally by a stupendous effort on the part of Ali, who sent up a regular English Christmas dinner. The burning plum-pludding excited the wonder of the crew audibly.

Sunday, 30th. We have been slowly advancing some two hundred miles during the last five days. The incidents were chiefly confined to shooting all sorts of strange creatures. Our friend, "that gentleman", is wonderfully accurate in his descriptions of nature, the character of the soil, the ways of the natives, their navigation, their way of clapping their hands in time to the music of others, their way of furling the sails; then again the birds and their habits, all testify to his truthfulness. The boatmen say it is a kind of crane which fights with serpents, as Herodotus says the ibis does. Then, again, they have the same story as his about the trochilus (which they call *zik zak*) picking the leeches out of the crocodile's mouth, and giving him notice of the approach of the enemy. This last fact I have heard perfectly attested by several friends also. We have been pursued very closely by several English boats, but happily not yet boarded, though we met one denizen of a dahabieh now close to us, clad in a suit of bright snuff-coloured shooting clothes, manifestly fresh from the ateliers of Doudney, or Moses and Co.

Yesterday we passed Gebel e' Tayr (the hill of the bird), a fine steep Ehrenbreitstein-looking rock, called so by the natives because they believe that an annual election takes place here among the fea-

thered tribe, of one bird, who is to remain as sentry for the upper country birds for that period. Near it is the convent of Sitti Miriam el Adra, and a Copt village, from which some people swam off to beg. They made the sign of the cross, which challenged some alms, and these were no sooner bestowed than a new cloud of them put off, but this time in vain. We shall stop here as we return. We saw here frequent traces of a crude brick wall, said to be that built by Sesostris to keep off the incursions of the desert tribes. The abrupt cliffs of the Arabian range of mountains here come close to the river, and the plain opposite is still very narrow. After passing Minyeh, a very picturesque town, we sailed too well to admit of landing to shoot. I read a little on the subject of the Greek Church. The acts of the council of Florence make me begin to clear my views on this point, which I am the more desirous of doing, as we shall soon be coming in contact with that communion. Since we so nearly had an interview with the patriarch at Cairo, we have cast about for data and principles to guide our conduct with regard to it.

We left England with letters commendatory, in Latin, addressed to "all orthodox and Catholic bishops", from the Scotch bishop of——, which we had a vague idea of presenting to *Oriental* bishops (knowing that those in communion with Rome would return but one answer); but, on inquiry, it does not appear to me that we are at liberty to make any overtures to such.

The history of the final separation of east and

west is about this. In the year 1438, Pope Eugenius IV invited the Greek bishops and their emperor to attend a general council at Ferrara: the object being to obtain the sense of the Church on the doctrine of the two-fold procession of the Holy Spirit, which was embodied in the words, “filioque”, used in the creed in many western churches for many years past: on the doctrine of purgatory: the papal supremacy: and on a point of discipline or usage,—the use of unleavened bread for the Holy Eucharist. The four Greek patriarchs, the emperor John Palæologus, and seven hundred prelates and doctors, and other ecclesiastics, came; so that the east was much more largely represented than the west,—at that time rent by the schism of the anti-pope Amedeus, and by wars and divisions among princes. Representatives, however, were present of Spain, France, England, Germany, and Italy. On the first and main question being mooted, the Greeks began by complaining that the “filioque” had been inserted in the creed, against the canons. It was answered, that the prior question was, whether the doctrine conveyed by the “filioque” was true; for if it was true, it would then be the office of that council to insert it, not as a new article, but as an explanation or unfolding of that which was already received concerning the Divine Nature, if it were untrue, to remove it. The Greeks still maintained that any insertion was forbidden by the canons (of Ephesus); but it was shewn them, by reasoning, and by the history of the Church since, that those canons were to hinder

private and unauthorized interpolations, not to forbid that which was the very office of the Church, viz., the declaration and unveiling of doctrines now first contravened or misstated, by adding new words to the creeds. This satisfied the Greeks, and the doctrine itself was then discussed. The majority of the Greeks, including their four patriarchs and the emperor, and the learned Besarion, after some discussion, acceded to the truth of the doctrine as stated by the Latins; but Mark, of Ephesus, and his party, maintained their opposition.

After all had been said, and this party still held out, the pope put forth a plain statement of the doctrine; and the whole council, including the three patriarchs, of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem, and all their clergy, except Mark of Ephesus and his followers, and the emperor, signed it. The patriarch of Constantinople, being old and infirm, had died at Ferrara in the interval; but the whole metropolitans of his patriarchate signed in his name. The other doctrines were then discussed, and the pope's definitions accepted. On the point of the supremacy, however, since it was uncontroverted by the Latins, it was thought right that the Greeks should themselves frame their statement of their acceptance of it. Accordingly they drew up their statement, in which they say that "they confess, with regard to the primacy of the pope, that he is the chief high-priest (*"summus pontifex"*), and the vicar of Jesus Christ, the pastor and the teacher of all the Christians, who governs the church of God, saving the privileges and rights of

the patriarchs of the east." The pope then declared the council ended, and dismissed the Greeks with the kiss of peace.

The council had already been transferred from Ferrara to Florence, in 1439, and it was now again transferred to Rome. The Greeks took exception at this when they heard of it. Mark of Ephesus renewed his efforts, and prevailed on many to revoke their assent.

It would be useless to pursue the subject further ; for here we have an undoubted general council asserting certain doctrines, and then a *part of it* trying to revoke their assent afterwards. There may have been pretexts for this ; but this principle is indefensible, and the side to blame, beyond all doubt, is the minority. I, for one, can imagine no plainer case. Now the Anglican Church, when it separated from the Roman patriarch three hundred years ago, certainly was not backward to reject "distinctively Roman doctrines". One of the doctrines mooted at this council for instance, (purgatory), she regarded as such, and rejected it ; but yet we not only find she retained the "filioque" and its doctrine, in opposition to the Greeks, but she holds them to this day, in spite of that opposition. Now the nature of the case involves that we esteem the authority on which that article of our creed rests, sufficient ; but no authority is sufficient for such an insertion, except that of the Catholic Church ; therefore the authority of the Council of Florence is that of the Catholic Church in the estimation of our communion, and consequently we

are not at liberty to regard the Greek Church as other than schismatic, since she notoriously rejects the Roman Church from communion on the score of that council. Furthermore, what can we think of a Church which claims exclusive catholicity against Rome and ourselves, as the Greek does? At Florence she admitted, and stated in forcible terms, that primacy, which, if it does not exist at Rome, exists no more at Constantinople than it does at Canterbury or anywhere else; yet now the patriarch of that see claims œcumenical jurisdiction in terms. On these grounds, I cannot dream of seeking communion with the Greeks. It is enough to bear our own sins.

Then comes the question of these Oriental sees being filled up by Rome, as though unoccupied. I had thought that, if I admitted the right of this intrusion, I must, in consistency, admit the right in our own English dioceses. Yet there is a distinction; for while we claim our bishops to be orthodox, we need not (I think now we *cannot*) claim the Greek, and much less other eastern bishops, to be so. It is manifestly an untenable position, that the real and actual tenure of sees by uninterrupted apostolic succession, constitutes a rightful occupancy of them. Heresy and schism must, *ipso facto*, vacate sees; for otherwise the heretics of the east, the Jacobites, Nestorians, etc., having an undoubted succession, are the Catholic churches of the sees which they occupy: and so the Catholic Church teaches contradictory and contrary doctrines, which is absurd. If heresy and truth are not the same thing (as some say), it

is not only allowable, but the bounden duty of the Church, to place new and Catholic bishops instead of the old heretical ones; and it is one thing to reject the exercise of that duty towards us, on the ground that our bishops are orthodox, and another to fight the same battle for others whom our own creeds forbid us to regard as such. Further, we may raise a question, whether Rome is the authority on whom it is incumbent to fill up heretically-occupied sees? Some say it belongs to no one patriarch, but to the Church in general council assembled. But this is unsatisfactory, and does not meet the difficulty; for those who refer to that authority, always take it for granted that they (the parties concerned) ought to form part of that council, and so be judges in their own cause. If they are really members of that council, then *cadet questio*. It becomes a vicious circle: their orthodoxy proves their right to be there; and their right to be there proves their orthodoxy.

Nor, again, does this view square with the history of the Church, least of all with the history of the Council of Florence, in which all the eastern sects were unrepresented, being tacitly disqualified by heresy. Indeed, it is manifest, that, if it were pursued, the Church would cease to exist; and so the declaration of the Greeks at Florence seems to witness, when it states the pope to have precisely the necessary authority for these exigencies. How this agrees with the Anglican position is difficult to see. I allude especially to that oath by which, as a clergyman, I am bound, and in which all Roman

authority seems objected to *in limine*, and not merely its exercise, as undue, in our regard, against whom the charge of heresy is, as we think, not proven ; for I cannot imagine an honest reader of Bible or Church history denying all authority to Rome. That that oath is a tyrannous one, imposed, formerly by the sovereign, and now by the people, on a corrupted and enfeebled branch of the Church ; and that, regarding her, as I do, as still Catholic, in spite of her “sickness unto death”, I receive that oath as a necessary condition of an inevitable position,—is the best apology I can frame for subscribing it.*

The high and picturesque banks of the Nile just here, between Benihassan and Siout, afford a pleasing diversion from these sombre subjects, pressing

* Catholic readers will understand the possibility of a person seeing so much of the truth as is witnessed by these thoughts and reflections, and yet not perceiving their whole force ; for they will remember that faith is a divine gift, which may have its way prepared for it by reflections such as these, but which comes when and how its Giver wills, and is hindered by no impediment save that (unconscious or conscious) afforded by man's own will. To non-Catholics, if any such should chance to see this passage, I would say that I was perfectly aware when I wrote it, as I am now, that theories on the seat and exercise of supreme authority in the Church, different from her own, may be devised, or, at any rate, that this may be plausibly attacked ; but the question to be answered by any such persons (who, being external to the Church, believe still they have a claim to be in her pale because they approve some one or more of her dogmas), is not, whether they can devise a theory different from hers, but whether their theories ever *worked*, or ever can work, as her system has worked and is working.

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I have been noticing the way they knead the bread here : they tread the dough with their feet, and make cakes just like the Scottish *scones*. On the other hand they work clay, for bricks or pottery, with their hands. This precisely agrees with what our friend Herodotus says was the case in his time. He also mentions that the men had two garments, and the women but one, which is exactly the case now, allowing for the veil, which is of course of Mahommedan introduction. People say the second book of Herodotus' history is unworthy the dignity of a great historian : but bringing it in, as he does, as a sort of long *foot note* (then I presume not invented) containing the cream of his own "journal in Egypt," I think he should be spared that criticism, and be reckoned as the *first tourist*, as well as the "Father of history." Sir G. Wilkinson is very severe upon him, and calls him the father of errors: but for one error you may find a hundred truths in him, and the errors are those consequent on misinformation, for which he usually gives his authority with his qualificatory remarks thereon. I confess, if I was confined to one hand-book for Egypt, I would take our old friend in preference to Sir G. Wilkinson or Murray. The philosophy of history seems to me often more advanced by the record of some domestic or trifling social trait in the character of a people, than by heaps of dry data which

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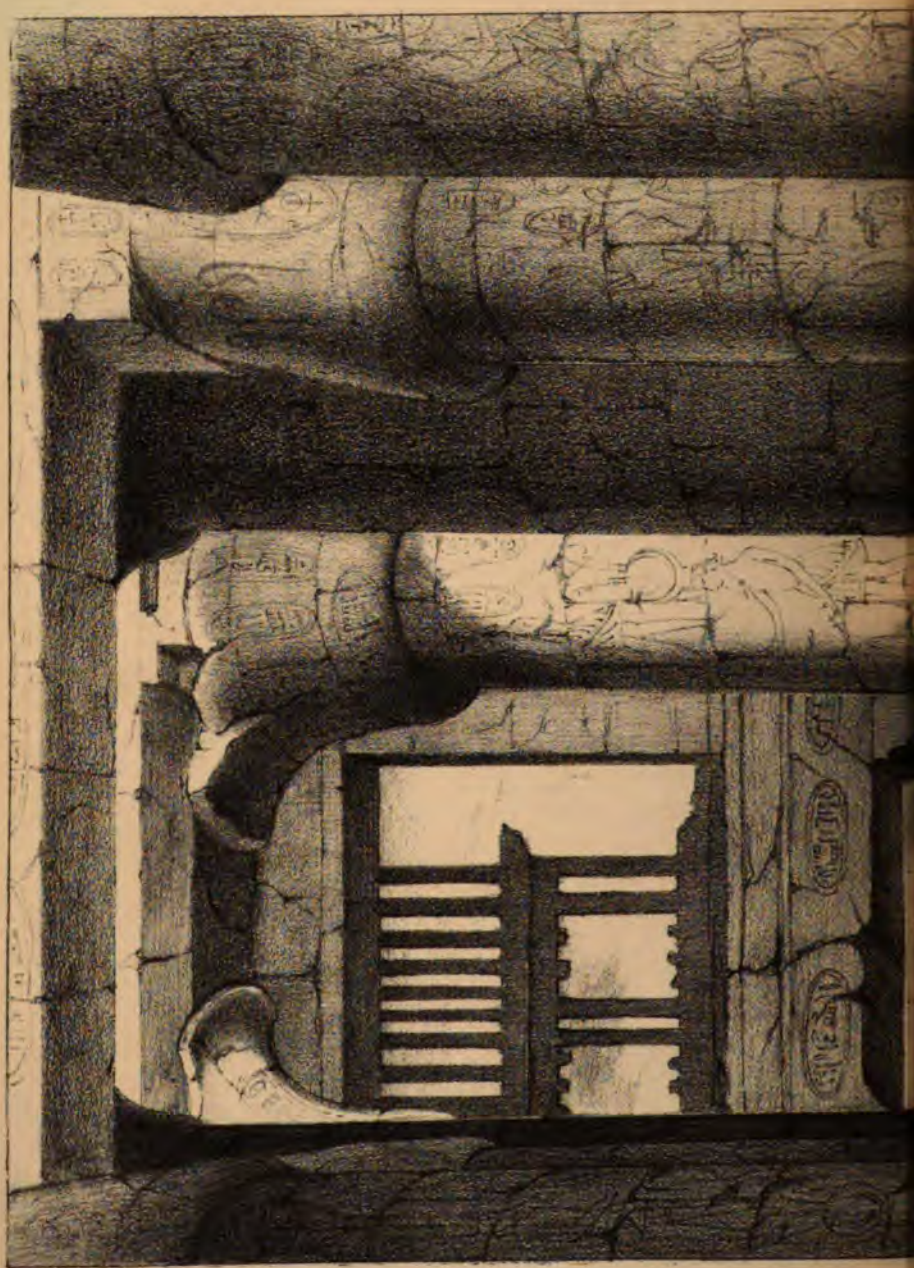
New Year's Day, 1850. We saw our first crocodile to-day, under the tall cliffs of Aboufayda. These rocks are striking; they rise perpendicularly from the river's edge, and show against their face the water level of the yearly inundations. They seem to rise about twenty feet above the present surface of the water, which I believe sinks further about ten feet in the course of the year. On a ledge close to the water we saw three crocodiles* lying on their sides, and basking in the sun. They looked like huge lizards. We got within thirty yards, and were aiming at them from the bows of our boat, when they all three gave a sudden wriggle and darted into the water. W——, I think, hit one just as he submerged. We landed, and walked from reach to reach of the river, and admired the noble sweep of the Arabian hills, which form an abrupt wall-like amphitheatre here, and open out towards the Thebaid. The soft warm air, the beauty

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of the light, and gentle approach of evening as we awaited the Giglio, after a day's shooting, rendered it almost impossible to realize that it was the first of January. An English boat took some letters down stream for us to-day, and another one, overtaking us, gave additional zeal to our crew, who are jealous of the Giglio's sailing reputation.

Wednesday, Jan. 2. A fresh breeze brought us to Siout (or rather to El Hamra, its port), the capital of Upper Egypt, to-night. We went on shore, and shot pigeons towards the town, but it was too dark to see more than its picturesque outline, backed by a white projecting elbow of the Libyan range of hills, here excavated into tombs, temples, and catacombs, in which the prevalence of wolf mummies indicates that this was the burial-place of the Lycopolite nome. Lycopolis occupied this site.

3rd. Early to-day we were off on donkeys to visit the excavated tombs. They are not very remarkable, being simple mummy pits for the most part. One temple was rather curious, and being the first we saw in Upper Egypt, I shall describe it. A lofty and narrow pylon or portal, the front and sides decorated with hieroglyphics, led into the first ante-chamber (pro-naos), an oblong transept supported on rows of square piers. Next was a passage or small chamber, leading to the naos—the nave or hall of assembly for the worshippers; and beyond this is the shrine, or adytum, containing the idol; often there is a triple adytum, where triads of deities were worshipped. The chief idols





Section of Great Hall, Karnak, as the Author

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TRANSVERSE VIEW IN THE
GREAT HALL, KARNAK,
SHOWING THE CLERESTORY ARRANGEMENT.

are usually sitting in their adyta, but their effigies recur again and again in the hieroglyphics, which cover the wall. Here Anybis is the chief idol. The figures, faces and gestures of the human creatures represented, are singularly like those of the present Egyptians, though the race is a different one, and so also are the animals like those one sees now. It seems as though the remarkable originality of the country impresses a type on its successive occupants. The roofs of these excavated temples are usually segmental vaults, painted in diapers, stars, etc., of silver and gold. In the floor of the chambers are tombs, and occasionally deep shafts for sepulture. Among the animals' bones we found the tibia of a man, which I suppose shews that the hereditary keepers of the sacred animals (*meledoni*, as Herodotus calls them) were buried with them. We found some mummy cloth, strong enough to be used to wrap together and carry various sculptured stones, etc. Of Christian occupation there seemed but few traces here. These grottoes were, however, occupied by Christian anchorites in primitive times. In one tomb we thought we could trace, on a projecting ledge, in a corner, some sort of bema, or pulpit, whence the recluse John living in this solitude swayed the destiny of the empire, and the great Theodosius waited on his words before he undertook the war on which his destiny depended. There is a local tradition, not guaranteed by any great authority, I believe, to the effect that our Blessed Lord and his Mother sought a peaceful retreat at Siout in their pilgrimage into Egypt. As we

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Section of stone from the temple of the Amenhotep

TRANSVERSE VIEW IN THE

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looked down on the verdure which embosoms the town, we thought it might be the blessing of heaven on such a spot. The view from this point was beautiful; the winding river with its bright green garment, the wide sweep of the Thebaïd southward, the desert fighting for its hold within the hills on which we stood, and at our feet the white Turkish tombs and the minarets of the city peering from among the palm groves, formed a beautiful picture. After a hot chase after some foxes, we descended, and meeting a young Copt who spoke a few words of English, were conducted by him to see his uncle, the Coptic bishop of Siout. Siout's bazaars and streets are narrower than those of Cairo, and more unsophisticated in their orientalism. We poked up some dark passages and steps, and finally emerged in a large upper chamber: on divans round this room were a number of Coptic priests, who were evidently paying their respects to the bishop. He sat in a corner, dressed in the usual dark blue caftan and turban of the clergy. He received us very courteously, and dwelt much on the delight he took in seeing English Protestants, on his intimacy with Mr. Lieder, the English missionary at Cairo, etc. We asked whether Mr. L. was admitted to communion by him, and he said yes, and that he should be happy to admit us, as Protestants. I suppose it was *à-propos* of this, that one of the priests came forward, and presented us with two square cakes of the blest bread in which they consecrate the holy eucharist. It is leavened, I believe, and stamped with an inscription in Coptic,

crosses, etc. We asked to see some Coptic liturgical books, and they showed us some. The character is not unlike Greek, with some strange letters interspersed. Opposite was a translation in Arabic, which I believe is very necessary. The Copts rarely know their old language. The bishop said there were eight thousand Copts in Siout,—a third of the whole population. His nephew had been brought up in Mr. Lieder's school at Cairo, and seemed "wise in his own conceit", and liberal in his opinions, that is, he seemed to despise his own creed.

After leaving the bishop, we went to see the church of the convent, if an assembly of married clergy may be so called. The church was much like the Greek churches. The altar was a square wooden platform, with a painted wooden box to receive the holy sacrament, and two brass candlesticks; the whole looked squalid to a degree, and they treated it as irreverently as Protestants could desire. There is a Catholic church here, but we were hurried, as we expected a visit on board from Ah'med Bey, governor of the Saïd (Upper Egypt), and so did not see it. On getting back, we found the governor had already called, which, being tired, and hoping to see him at our return, we were not sorry for. I noticed many pointed arches and trefoiled windows and doors under a pointed hood-moulding, precisely like those of our pointed buildings in Europe; they were of sun-burnt bricks, moulded into various shapes, and the effect was very good. We had a curious scene to-day. As

we were starting, we suddenly beheld Mohammed order some of our men to seize up an unfortunate donkey boy, and administer a severe bastinado to him. His cries of pain were distressing, and we interfered; it appeared he was *thought* to be guilty of a theft of a handkerchief. I confess a John Bull, habeas-corpus sort of feeling made me very angry at this, but in the afternoon came an acknowledgment that the *peine forte et dure* was quite due, for the boy's parents came to beg him off from being brought up before the cadi. At dinner we received a visit from Mr. — of *the other boat*, with which we had been racing for several days.

The predecessor of our friend the governor here was a certain Selim Pasha, once a Circassian slave, and a favourite of Mehemet Ali, who enfranchised him, and gave him another Circassian to wife. The first time they met in private after the marriage ceremonies, Selim questioned the lady as to her birth-place and parentage, and it came out, very fortunately, that she was his own sister. The same thing took place last year, in the case of two Greek slaves, in the family of the widow of Toossoon Pasha at Cairo.

6th.—Last night we passed Achmim (the ancient Chemmis, where Nestorius died in exile) and Girgeh, and made great way with a favourable wind. At Kasr e Syad ("the sportsman's mansion") we landed, and had very good sport, pigeon and duck shooting. The Upper Egyptians are very civil, and took pleasure in telling us where to look for game. Among other strange birds, I shot a sort of curlew, with a very long beak

and red legs, which is esteemed almost sacred by the Mahommedans, who declare that this bird says its prayers in good Arabic every night, so that even a child can understand him. This is a pretty superstition: perhaps the veneration for animals, which formed so large a part of the popular religion of Old Egypt, may have had some such origin. Certainly the vast profusion and endless variety of animal life one sees here, and the contrasts of moral character to be observed in them, have a certain tendency to elevate the mind, and generate a kind of natural religion. The Turkish religion, like that of the modern German and English schools, ignores the Incarnation, and so needing an assurance of the Creator's goodwill, loves to trace it in the visible creation. So again, professing to ignore the inherent sinfulness of our race, for which the Incarnation and its consequences is the divine remedy, they like to appeal, as it were, to the perfections of nature in the inferior creatures, and their fulfilment of their end, as an evidence that we have the means of self-improvement and the source of happiness within our reach. Mahommed told us the popular belief, that certain words shouted at the crocodile, "Jehudi (thou Jew) hold up thy arm!" will make him expose his side to a shot; he says, too, that the crocodile will never eat dead things, which throws light on the "dodge" of the ancient Egyptians, who, baiting their hooks with a piece of pork, and beating a pig on shore to make it squeak, thus deceived the crocodile into the belief that the bait was alive. Such is Herodotus' account, which I

never quite understood till I heard this trait of crocodile character.

The 7th we were off Kineh, and on the 8th landed at Negadeh, a village inhabited by Copts and pigeons, of which latter we shot a jolly-boat full in a very short time.

The 8th, "*Dies cretâ notanda*", we reached Thebes. Having towed up to Goorneh, a village nearly opposite to the great temples of Karnak, on the west bank of the Nile, we determined to take a general survey of this side of the Theban ruins to-day, in order to guide us in more particular researches at our return. We got two very good horses and a guide, and after half an hour's ride over desert ground, reached the temple of Goorneh, which must have been near one of the hundred gates of Thebes, towards the northern extremity of the western part of the city. It was a royal palace and temple, dedicated by Osirei to Amon, the Theban Jove, and completed by his son and successor Remeses II (supposed to be the Sesostris of the Greek historians), both monarchs of the eighteenth Theban or Diospolitan dynasty. The temple was approached by two avenues of recumbent sphynxes, some hundred and thirty feet long, and terminated by gates or stone tower-like archways, now overthrown. The front of the temple consists of a lofty portico, supported by ten large columns of a very early shape. They represent Nile water plants, gathered in bundles, and bound by a swelling band or fascia near the top, and are crowned by a square plinth or abacus, on which the massive architrave

rests. Wilkinson considers this form one of the most ancient Egyptian styles. It is certainly a very natural one, and more graceful than most others in this country. May not the bundle of water plants have given the idea of the Doric column? I am bound to say, against this hypothesis, that a much nearer approach to that form is found, however, in the sanctuary at Karnak, a building ascribed by the same great authority to Osirtasen I (Joseph's Pharaoh), who reigned some three hundred and fifty years before. This portico is about forty feet high, but its excessive solidity takes off from the appearance of height. The body of the temple consists of a central hall, sixty feet long, with side-aisles divided off by six pillars on either side, and certain side-chambers, leading to courts, which from their size must, I think, have always been hypæthral. The sanctuaries are very much dilapidated, but appear to have been five in number. The roof of the great hall, on which we mounted, is formed by single stones, about twenty feet long, reaching from side to side; one covering a side-vestibule is fifteen feet square. The palace itself is almost demolished.

It is surely remarkable, that the remains of the ancient Egyptians are almost exclusively those of religious buildings. Can Greece or pagan Rome say as much for themselves? Will England at some distant day (I mean the England of these latter times) present no *débris* but those of temples dedicated to what she vaunts as her "pure and reformed religion"? I suppose the clue to these

things is *faith*: when religions cease to be believed, men build for them as they think of them, as transitory things.

As we were riding away from this temple, which has stood the wear and tear of thirty-two centuries of neglect and violence (in the direction of what used to be the Memnonium, but which we now have learned to call the Remeseum, from its founder), we saw Ah'med Pasha, Ibrahim Pasha's second son, and his friend M. Figari, an Italian savant, and their suite, riding towards the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings; and, seeing him well provided with ropes and candles, and all the means of lionizing, determined to profit thereby, and so diverged from our intended course. The valley is rough and *bald* looking, hemmed in by masses of tufous stone, among which the path, picturesquely *illuminated* by the pasha and his cortège on horse and foot, wound in and out. When we reached the tomb marked 17, which Belzoni discovered, we advanced to where Ah'med Pasha was standing, and he most courteously offered that we should accompany him and his party. He spoke very good French, and, though not prepossessing in appearance, was well mannered. On entering the tomb, we descended a flight of some twenty steps, very steep and broken, and then an inclined plane like those in the pyramids. The walls and roof, carved out of the smooth white limestone, are covered with small hieroglyphics in rows, coloured with such brilliancy, that they seem quite newly executed. The roof, as usual, was blue, with gilt

stars. Among the subjects, I noticed several times an ark or coffin, suspended by cords, held by men on an inclined plane; which I think must represent the way of letting down the dead into the pyramids or other tombs. Another steep flight of steps descends into a chamber, which, before Belzoni's discovery, was thought to terminate the tomb. The hollow sound of part of the wall (stuccoed and painted over like the rest) made him suspect a passage. The wall soon yielded to his efforts, and discovered beyond it a hall, with four piers supporting its roof. A further passage and vestibule led into a grand hall, twenty-seven feet square, and surrounded by a raised estrade, on which were six great piers. The whole walls, etc., are covered with coloured sculptures and hieroglyphics. The colours remain perfectly fresh and brilliant. Beyond this great hall is a niche or recess, nineteen feet square, on a raised floor, in which stood the alabaster sarcophagus which served as a cenotaph of king Osirei I. The real tomb is still further concealed. The further wall of this recess was broken in by Belzoni, and was found to mask a shaft, descending for a hundred and fifty feet into the rock: beyond this Belzoni was unable to proceed, owing to the friable nature of the stone, which fell in and prevented further access; so that king Osirei still reposes in the silence of his remote chamber, after a lapse of three thousand years and more. The pasha called our attention to a sculpture in one corner of the great hall, representing four nations conquered by

king Osirei, who clearly are the *Jews*, Ethiopians, Egyptians, and Arabs. These latter, he said, wore precisely the dress of the felláheen (peasants) near Mecca. He made very acute remarks, and shewed that, as far as information goes, he had not misspent the four years of his stay in Paris. In another tomb, No. 9, is a remarkable picture of the Last Judgment, which recurs several times. The souls are represented mounting a flight of steps, at the top of which sits Amun, he having a scale before him in which they are being weighed. Another curious subject was the examination for the choice of the bull Apis, and the mode of sacrificing a bull, both of which Herodotus exactly describes (book ii, 38, 39).

On emerging from this tomb, we found the sun approaching the horizon, and so hastened, after taking leave of our good-natured friend Ah'med Pasha, to scramble (our horses best know how) over a spur of the mountain, towards the Reme-seum. I must say, once for all here, how disgusting it is in Egypt to see the ravages which sundry savants have permitted themselves to make among the tombs and other monuments. Lepsius and Champollion are at the head of these worthies; the former, especially, has disfigured and broken every series of hieroglyphics he came near. I know the pleas that are urged—the zeal for science, and the certainty that, if left here, they will some day be destroyed for less worthy ends; but, after all, I cannot but think that, as in Solomon's judgment the false mother would suffer that child to be slain,

whom the true one would sooner lose than that it should perish, so the true lover of art is discovered by a tenderness for his objects, which no considerations of apparent advantage could betray into these barbarisms. Gems, statues, and the like, may fairly be removed; but it is surely unjustifiable to mutilate whole subjects, perhaps to construct after all some erroneous system or false theory, at the expense of the true march of science.

The view from the top of the mountain above the village of Medinet Haboo I shall never forget, but will not attempt to describe: the rich green plain seemed enamelled with the frequent ruins of this sometime queen of the south, the hundred-gated Thebes, which lie scattered for miles on either side the broad and silver Nile. We tore ourselves from this spectacle, and hastened down the mountain, in order to complete our hasty survey of the western suburb and necropolis of Thebes before nightfall. Medinet Haboo is about the southernmost mass of ruins on this side the river. It was a Coptic village, and before that heresy arose, a Christian town of crude brick buildings, which remain still niched into the courts and chambers of two vast temples and their dependencies; just as one may see the deserted swallows' nests adhering still to the eaves of a neglected, ruinous cottage. The great court of the larger temple (the work of Remeses III, whose date is somewhere about 1230 years before our era) measures some hundred and thirty feet square: it is surrounded internally with a double row of vast columns. In the centre are the remains of an early

Christian basilica, of the first years of the Church's peace (perhaps about A.D. 340 to 350), which consist chiefly of granite columns, puny beside those of the temple, with acanthus capitals and square abaci. The remains of a screen of masonry, and beyond it of the presbytery, altar, and apse, against the east wall of the court, are plainly discernible. If we had been thorough antiquarians, I suppose we should have railed at these barbarous Christians for having defaced and destroyed, as they certainly did, many of the mural sculptures, and part of the piers, etc. As it was, I gladly compounded for their loss, by the thought that once at least, and that for many ages too, these idol-defiled courts were hallowed by the offering of the only acceptable sacrifice: nay more, I believe we would gladly have surrendered what remains, to see these lands, so long waste and desolate, regained to the true faith. At least, to drop a vain hypothesis for fact, if one must see ancient monuments defaced, I would sooner have to attribute their demolition to the fanaticism (if so you will have it called) of the Christian, than to the conceit of the savant and philosopher. When Lepsius' system of hieroglyphic interpretation has lived as long as my Christianity, I will admit his depredations to be not more deplorable than these.

We looked hastily round, and hastened over the plain towards the Remeseum. Wilkinson attributes its Greek name of Memnonium to the surname of its founder (Remeses), which is Amunmai, or Mia-mun, whose patronymic Se-Osirei (son of

Osirei) seems also to have afforded his Greek name of Se-sostris, if he is to be considered the same person. The grandeur of this temple is surpassing, and its symmetry as remarkable. Of the first court but little remains: it must have been at least two hundred feet long, by half that width: from it a noble flight of steps leads up to the peristyle of the second court, which is nearly as large. Both were surrounded by rows of square piers. Entering by one of the three granite portals which gave admittance to it, we found ourselves in the great hall, whose azure roof, studded with gold stars, was supported on forty-eight gigantic columns. The twelve which form the centre avenue are thirty-two feet in height, exclusive of the base and capital, and twenty-one feet in circumference. Three central and six lateral chambers succeeded to this hall. Left of the great steps to the second court lies overthrown the huge granite colossus of Memnon, or Remeses; it is formed of one block, and must have been sixty feet high in its sitting posture. The proportions may be imagined, when I say that I found one of the nails of a foot measured more than twelve inches in length.

We rode from here back to the two sitting colossi on the plain. These statues formed part of a dromos or avenue of two miles, from the river to a temple now destroyed. The height from the base is about sixty feet, but the deposits of the Nile have diminished this considerably. It is remarkable that the Nile augments its inundation yearly, so that it overflows the deposit which it made the year be-

fore, as far as it did that of the preceding year, and thus heaps up the soil with a perpetually augmenting fertility. The easternmost of these two statues is the vocal Memnon. In its lap is a hole, in which is a stone, which, when struck, emits a faint harmonious sound, but hardly enough to justify its old repute; still, some such stone may have given rise to its fame. I am disposed, however, to think there was something more than a trick about it; though certainly the fact (which Diodorus mentions, I believe) of its sounding thrice when Hadrian came to see it, "as though the god were pleased", looks purely human, the great belief which was affected in it by so many generations, seems to point to some diabolic delusion. Hadrian, I suppose, was glad to countenance the superstition, in the prosecution of that merciful and wise policy towards her dependencies, which Rome so signally displayed during his reign and that of his predecessor—a policy pursued towards all but their Jewish and Christian subjects.* Cambyse is said to have

* The similarity between the state policy of pagan Rome and that of England at the present day, is, I think, apparent to any one who bestows a little thought on the subject. Just as Rome patronized the superstitions of her colonies under Trajan or Hadrian, so England, under the House of Brunswick, while publicly professing Christianity at home, subsidized the obscene rites of Juggernaut in India. It is to the perpetual honour of one of her officers, that he refused to maintain and support that hideous mockery of religion, according to his private instructions, while the public at home were deceived by public orders to discountenance it. The government of England, however, still affords ample toleration, like the Roman, to every creed but

broken this statue, as he probably did that of the Remeseum also. Roman wisdom appears to have repaired them. The sun set as we turned from the colossi, and we were welcomed home in the dark night by scouts sent out from the boat to meet us with lights and lanterns. We regained the boat on the other side of the river at Luxor, whose temples, and those of Karnak, we visited the next day.

We rode from Luxor to Karnak, and surveyed rapidly the whole of those stupendous remains, returned on board by one, and set sail southward. As we passed through Luxor, I noticed the companion obelisk to that now long since erected on the Place Louis XVI at Paris. Why is it that our government is so dilatory in moving this one, which was given to us by the pasha at the same time? The great temple of Karnak is the most stupendous in Egypt, perhaps in the world. From the quay on the river, an avenue of sphinxes gave access to the great portal, flanked by towers, which opens into a vast court, two hundred and seventy-five feet long, by three hundred and twenty-nine in breadth, down the centre of which a double row of columns, some eighty feet high, led on to the next grand portal and towers, through which you pass into a hall supported on a hundred and thirty-four pillars of gigantic proportions: the succession of court beyond court, and hall after hall, extends for

that of the Church. Even the Jews are now endued with ampler measures of civil privilege from year to year. The Christian faith alone remains despised where it is possible, and hated everywhere, by our rulers.

a quarter of a mile further, and would weary in description. Every variety of form and material which Egypt can boast was lavished upon this gigantic building. I noticed, in the construction of the great hall, that peculiarity which in our northern architecture is termed a clerestory. The central part being higher than the sides, the height of wall necessary to enclose the lofty row of columns on either side is made up by a series of lofty windows (formed of thin slabs of stone, cut in perpendicular lights), which rest on the lower columns and architrave of the side aisles. This feature is not uncommon in Egyptian architecture.

The road from Karnak to Luxor is one succession of remains. Sphinxes, obelisks, and statues, strew the earth on every side. Luxor's great temple is only less huge than that of Karnak: it is, however, much buried in the soil, and surrounded with buildings. Still, the majestic avenue of columns which formed the central aisle of its naos, is very striking. At the back of this are two large courts, surrounded by double colonnades, also of great beauty; but it is difficult to get at them, from the natives' houses, which crowd them on every side.

12th.—We stopped to-day at Esneh, where we visited a very fine Ptolemaic temple of great size. The sculptures of this period are softer and more artistic, but much less characteristic, than the old conventional style of earlier monuments. We were joined in the temple by the governor of the town, who was very polite, and asked us to stay at

his house, but we were anxious to see more of the town, and therefore declined doing so. We found Mohammed arranging for our letters to be sent down to Cairo at the post-office, which consisted of a Copt sitting on a mat in a khan, with pen and ink on knee. This post (like the Persian messengers of old) consists of a single native courier, who runs to the next village, rings his bell, which brings out the next stager, and hands over his bag of letters to him. In this way it is safely carried to Cairo (about three hundred miles, I should think) in four or five days. From the khan we went to see the Coptic church. Here we found several Coptic books, and tried hard to make a purchase. At last we got the goumos and another priest to come on board and entertain our proposition. We wished particularly to buy a missal, and Ali being but a poor interpreter, had recourse to various signs in Mohammed's absence to make ourselves understood. At last we thought the only way to make them understand was to shew them the liturgy on the altar in our oratory. We were very much struck with the demeanour of these poor men when they saw the crucifix in this apartment. They had, I suppose, never seen one before, and were profoundly affected by it; it reminded me of a story F—— told me, of the effect produced on some poor people in Wales, on seeing a crucifix in stained glass, which the high-church rector had put up. They said with tears, "Ah! sir, that is the finest sermon you ever preached yet." Such facts are most consolatory, both as regards the use of the crucifix, and

the state of mind of unsophisticated people, divided from the communion of the Church without their knowledge or fault. The Copts seem to me sunk in ignorance and in self-indulgence, but not malicious or obstinate. The universal marriage of their clergy is an evil sign ; it is so far a renunciation of the counsels of perfection.

14th. A fair wind has brought us to Koum Ombos to-day. The Arabian hills here change from a lime formation to one of sandstone, and of the latter most of the ancient temples are built. The mode of irrigation hereabout begins to vary. Lower down the river it is done by what are called *shádoufs*. The fields are divided into small squares, into which little canals lead ; these again communicate with a larger one, which abuts on the river : as soon as the water subsides below its level, two posts are erected on the bank ; and a long pole, placed on a pivot between them, with a bucket at one end and a lump of kneaded clay at the other, is worked by a man, who turns over the full bucket into a reservoir which feeds the canal. Sometimes a second man, or boy, stands below, and fills the bucket or pot with water as it descends to the level of the river ; or if the bank is high, two or three such machines, one above the other, hand up the water to the requisite height. Hereabouts one sees more frequently a machine called a *sahia*, which consists of one vertical cogged wheel, the outer edge of which overhangs the river, and another, also with cogs, working horizontally into it. The first wheel has a long string of pots round it, which

descend and fill themselves in the river (like the shovels of the Thames mud-cleaning machines), and then turn over their contents into a trough. The horizontal wheel is worked by oxen, or donkeys, or camels, or one of each. These are common in Nubia, where there are fewer of the lateral canals (like the Bahr Yousef, near Manfalout) which exist in Egypt.

At half-past three we were agreeably surprised to find ourselves at Assouan, just below the first cataract. As we approached this boundary of Upper Egypt, the hills closed in across the river, and shewed like great masses of basaltic stones heaped together, and darkened and polished by the fretting of the Nile. Between these the great river comes hurrying forth in hot haste from the near cataract; and among them are small green spots shaded with the palm and the doum tree (the Thebaic palm with its tufted heads dividing from one stem), which refresh the eye, wearied by glaring sands and chalky hills.

Assouan lies on the east bank of the Nile, and south of it, on the rocks, appear the ruins of the ancient town. Assouan was the limit of the Roman Egypt, and the exile of many of her great men. Juvenal was one of these; and though both the Egyptians and their successive conquerors pushed their possessions farther south, it seems to have been regarded quite as the ultima Thule of civilization. We found several boats here, and were just slipping off in our jolly-boat to the island of Elephantine, when we were joined by —— and ——.

The island is green and beautiful, but the remains on it very trifling. A wharf of great solidity, towards the southern end, is the chief remain. We noticed among the swarthy natives sundry pale and fair faces of children, who are, I believe, descendants of some of sultan Selim's guard, who remained and settled here. In the evening we went to tea with the — on board their boat, in a very picturesque manner, being escorted by men with burning torches, who walked before us in great state.

15th. We started at ten for the cataract. We had to have about twenty men, and a special raïs, for this piece of navigation. A favourable wind brought us well up to where the rapids begin, a little above the island of Séhayle. The river, studded with rocks and islands, and shut in by high basaltic cliffs, is here very pretty. We were speedily towed up the first rapid, the wind helping us very kindly. Three or four natives dashed in and out of the water with the towing ropes, conveying them from rock to rock, or from side to side, with great skill. They also use a sort of canoe made of a bundle of reeds, on which they sit and paddle with hands and feet with wonderful rapidity. But the "tug of war" (between the river and the natives) began at the second rapid, or *gate*, as they call it, at which we found the raïs of the cataract, and some seventy or eighty men, waiting in solemn array to drag us up the leap of five or six feet which the river here makes. The scene was most amusing. On the bank, skipping from point to

point, were the raïs and his crew, screaming, gesticulating, and scolding each other in a hundred voices; then the towing ropes, manned by a motley crew, in every kind and degree of clothing, or none at all, and here and there, on an unexpected promontory, a dusky figure in a turban, ready at a moment's notice to spring into the tide and fend us off from an awkward rock, or unhitch the hawsers if they caught upon it. Strange to say, the result of this scene of confusion, for every one seemed to talk and no one to listen, was that we got happily up the rapids, and astonished our friends, who had ridden round on land, by our appearance at Philæ about two o'clock.

In the paradise which here opened to us, for such is the valley of the Nile at Philæ, we saw Mr. Lewis the artist's tents pitched. The river resembles a series of beautiful little lakes, surrounded by bold syenite or granite rocks, with here and there a *gush* of the brightest golden sand, apparently invading some hollow or gully from the desert, or some patch of Nile-fed verdure nestling between the rocks and the water. Philæ itself remains still almost a continuous mass of gorgeous architecture, such as the more recent glories of the Borromean islands cannot be said even to approach. It was the island sacred in old Egyptian mythology to Horus, son of Osiris and Isis, and contained his supposed tomb, and also, I think, an oracle. Towards the south, it presents still the most august front. Here a wide and massive quay rises from the waters in almost its pristine perfection. A

broad space on it is flanked by two opposite colonnades terminating with obelisks, and through the vista the lofty propylon towers and portal of the great temple look out. One of these obelisks was removed by Belzoni to the British Museum; the other remains, and bears an interesting inscription in Greek, to the effect that "Theodotus the son of Agesiphon, a Greek by descent, made this, the offering of king Ptolemy the god Neus Dionysus Philopater and Philadelphus, and of his children, to the lady Isis and her contemplar gods." This Ptolemy was Auletes, and one of these children was *the* Cleopatra. I thought the inscription worth notice, because it shews that Greeks were then employed by the Egyptian sovereigns for such works, and so accounts for the Grecizing character of the sculptures of that time. May not the expression ἀχαιὸς ἀπὸ πατέρων indicate that they were naturalized, as schools of artists or architects often are now? The space between these colonnades is filled with crude brick remains of a Christian village, whose church was in the court of the great temple. On entering it, I was struck with two consecration crosses on the sides of the second portal, at the usual height from the ground; and on looking further we found, on the east wall of the pronaos, a sort of aumbry or closet in the wall, surmounted by a cross, which seemed to me to have been a tabernacle for the reservation of the holy sacrament for the sick. Near this was a stone altar, which from its shape and decorations, I believe to have been an early Coptic one, or possibly a Catholic one, of the

first half of the fifth century. It had a cross in front, and a cornice running all round, so that it must have stood detached from the wall. Beneath another cross, of which we found several more, I found an inscription in Greek: "This good work also was accomplished under our most holy father bishop apa (*sic*) Theodore, whom God preserve for the longest time." A similar one, with the same word apa in it, which I do not understand, occurs on the other side. The "good work" I take to mean the disfiguring the idols and sculptures on the walls, which have been plastered over, and the erecting this church there.

The wind up stream was too favourable to allow us to remain long on the island to-day, and so we merely cast a rapid glance round this temple, in which I noticed especially the brilliancy of the colouring on walls and roof. The prevailing tints were a bright and tender apple-green and ultramarine blue; and the forms of the piers and capitals being more flowing than usual, afford a fine field for the polychrome. As we sailed southward, and looked back on Philæ, its resemblance to the Isola Bella on Como again struck me. It was for centuries the chief school and home of the mysteries of Osiris in these parts. The idea of consecrating it, therefore, to Christian worship, was a noble and true one, and I could not leave it without an aspiration that it might yet be destined, in the divine counsels, to become again the centre of light and truth to a country which retained the faith so long. When sultan Selim invaded Philæ (in 1517, I

think), he is said to have found it still mainly Christian, if indeed it had a religion, for the churches were deserted, and the clergy had mostly died out.

16th. To-day we passed the tropic near Dendoor, a temple we did not now stop to see.

18th. A continued fair wind is carrying us rapidly through Nubia; the remains are not so numerous here as in Upper Egypt, but the country is more pleasing, and the natives very civil and amiable savages. I believe they are scarcely Mussulman, and are proportionately despised by our people. We saw this evening a beautiful effect of the zodiacal light. We had been shooting among the rugged basaltic hills on the east bank, and had watched the last rays of the setting sun far off their summits with regret, when suddenly they were re-illuminated by the reflection of the brilliant and deep-glowing tints of a second sunset, which lasted about a quarter of an hour. Humboldt, in his *Cosmos*, mentions this beautiful phenomenon of the tropics, and inclines to attribute it to the reflection of some light, solar or perhaps planetary, from a floating nebulous body.

We caught a little chameleon to-day; besides its changes of colour as it is approached to different objects, it is remarkable for the eye, which is set prominently in a loose membrane, enabling it to survey everything near it without turning the head, and the legs, which are as though split up, and terminate in little hands, by which it clings to one's hand and climbs with great facility. It also has a tongue of prodigious length, which it shoots out to seize flies, with wonderful precision.

21st. The day before yesterday we visited a small temple at Amada, and since have done little but read, write, and shoot, as the breeze permitted us. To-day we arrived at Abou Simbel, the great rock temples of Nubia. The entrance consists of a lofty portal, now nearly closed by a sand-drift which has poured in from the desert, flanked by four sitting colossi of Remeses II. I climbed into the lap of one, and measured across the chest seventeen feet, and from the knee to the instep eighteen feet,—from which their other proportions may be guessed. In a vast hall within, are ranges of standing colossi of the same monarch, and though so large, both these and the exterior ones (as indeed most other Egyptian statues) struck us as having a very mild and gentle expression. I fancy the Egyptian gods, and their demi-gods and heroes, were rather foul than cruel demons. Certainly Egypt is called the “house of bondage”, but as it is the type of the bondage of sin, so in fact its slavery seems to have been not unwillingly borne by many. Pharaoh’s cruelty, one would think, must have been tempered by a kind of indulgence, or the Israelites would not so speedily have longed for a return to Egypt, and its “flesh pots” and plentiful food, at the first pressure of trial in the wilderness. It is consonant, too, with the character of this land and climate, that the nation should feign gods propitiable by immorality, just as it is with that of northern lands to suppose such as would be placable by bloodshed and cruelty to their enemies. The denunciations of Israel’s idolatry,

under the name of "fornication", by the prophets, thus appear to have more than appropriateness of simile. Hosea, whose whole prophecy is framed on this likeness, repeatedly alludes to the connexion between unclean rites of idol worship and the captivity in Egypt. Ezechiel also (ch. 23), where he condemns the "idol forms" of the Assyrians and Chaldeans, portrayed on the walls—"portrayed with vermilion" (the colour most prevalent here in the figures), speaks of them as though previously familiar objects to the Jews. I know not whether it is fanciful, but it certainly struck me, moreover, that the description of a descent into the dark and foul chambers of idolatry, given by the same prophet in his second vision, is in fact exactly applicable to the mode of entrance into the tombs and pyramids of Egypt. The entrance to the latter is invariably on the north side, to which quarter they exactly face, and that quarter is the one which in Holy Scripture always stands as the type of the powers of darkness and evil. Thus, in this same vision, the prophet sees women "weeping for Tammuz" in the north door of the sanctuary. "Tammuz yearly wept" (as Milton expresses it) was the Egyptian Osiris, and Adonis of the Greeks, whose death and entombment was yearly celebrated at Philæ and many other places by the Egyptians, with mourning and foul rites: another indication that Israel's idolatry, like the false religions of Greece and Rome, was of directly Egyptian origin.

In this temple, again, are side chambers, with

broad, flat bench-tables or solia, cut out of the rock: in one, this shelf runs round three sides, and struck me as more like the Syrian tombs than any I saw in Egypt. In the adytum are four sitting idols, Re (the hawk-headed demon), Amun-Re, Remeses II, and either his queen or Isis, for the statue is disfigured, so that it is difficult to discover what it is meant for. This deification of Remeses is curious, as an early instance of development of the old system. The heat in this temple was intense, and we gladly deferred further investigations till our return, and profited by the favourable breeze to press on to the second cataract. We found some American gentlemen here, one of whom was ill, but not so seriously as to alarm his friends. We offered them what assistance we could, and then set sail southward.

22nd. We passed several boats, our German friends' included, and arrived at Wadee Halfa, the second cataract, about three (rather more than a month since we left Cairo) after a very favourable voyage. The cataract is narrower than that at Assouan, and to ascend it we must have taken another and smaller boat; our time moreover was limited, so we gave up any idea of penetrating further, and merely rode up to see the rapids, and inscribe our initials on the rock which forms the usual terminus of unpretending Nile tourists, like ourselves. Funny little donkeys, saddle and bridleless, conveyed us to that point. The granite and sand-stone rocks here form precipitous banks, from which one looks down on the river, foaming and

fretting through a hundred channels, with the same tide of water which it pours into the sea "a thousand miles" and more away. It was a melancholy moment when, after straining our wistful eyes towards the south, and waiting till the sun was nearly set, we unwillingly turned upon our steps and set our faces northward; for the Nile attaches one, and as we advanced, and learnt to know it more, we longed to pursue its abundant course further and further. We carved our initials under those of our friends the P——s, who were here in 1843, and among a host of names, from Belzoni, and Irby, and Mangles, down to our fellow-travellers of this year. As we rode home across the desert, under a moon and star-lit sky, such as the tropics only can exhibit, we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. ——, and were amused by suddenly coming on a small Nubian encampment. We entered into conversation, much to our mutual amusement, and found them very civil and intelligent. Mohammed says they are generally long-lived, and he has seen a man of great age, who had either seen, or known those who had seen, the sources of the Nile. He declared them to be a series of deep caves, one above the other, in the face of a high cliff, from which the water proceeds according to its abundance. This is very like Herodotus' informant's bottomless holes between Crophi and Mophi. I fancy there must be some peculiarity to account for these ideas.

CHAPTER IV.

VOYAGE DOWN THE NILE.

A STORM ON THE NILE—TEMPLES OF ABOU-SIMBEL—PTOLEMAIC TEMPLE AT HIEROSYCAMINON—KALABSCHE—DESCENT OF THE FIRST CATARACT—SECOND VISIT TO PHILÆ—THE PEOPLE OF NUBIA—QUARRIES OF SYENE—THEBES—TEMPLE—PALACE AT MEDINET HABOU—PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURES IN THE TOMBS OF THE ASASEEF—THE REMESEUM—NEGADEH—DENDERA—A “TRACTARIAN” DILEMMA—THE WHITE MONASTERY—ANTINOË—GROTTOES OF DAYR-E-NACHL, AND OF BENI HASSAN—MEMPHIS—PYRAMID OF MYCERINUS.

January 26, 1850. We have been working stoutly down stream against a violent and continuous south wind, and absolutely had to come to an anchor for thirty-six hours yesterday morning. We occupied ourselves with writing and shooting. After dark we lay down among the rocks, and waited for the gazelles and other wild animals to come down and drink. It was a curious scene; the stillness of the desert, the silence and darkness occasionally dispelled by the swift-sailing moon from behind light and shifting clouds, and the timid gazelle or hyena coming trotting down and snuffing the scent of the river. I shot a hyena, but unluckily being loaded with small shot, and the

ground being very broken, he got away, after a howl which awakened every echo. As we came back in the jolly-boat the river was so boisterous that we were nearly upset several times. The men were bad and timid boatmen, and began invoking Ali, instead of rowing or punting. Some of our sailors were sea-sick !

27th. We passed the morning chiefly at Bal-lariych, where, besides the temple, there are Christian remains of great interest, and the afternoon at Abou-Simbel, which we reached about two, p.m. The smaller temple chiefly occupied us, and we agreed that the majestic colossi of the great one would alone repay the voyage from the first cataract.

29th. The extreme solidity of the temple of Lebooa, which we visited to-day, and generally of all the Egyptian temples, is striking. We entered a tower of a pylon or portal here, which seemed almost one solid mass of masonry. Was this clumsiness, or the desire of erecting imperishable monuments ? I think the latter. I imagine the Chinese must be very like what the Egyptians were, and should like to know whether they apply the mechanical skill they possess to as little external appearance as the Egyptians, in their religious monuments.

30th. At Maharrika (the ancient Hierosycaminon) is a Ptolemaic and Roman temple, of great interest, as one of the latest in existence. The Egyptian solidity almost disappears here, and the sculptures aim at naturalness, and achieve feebleness, as art in its last stages usually does. There

are here remains of Christian occupation, and a fresco of our Lord (of the lower Empire period), with a nimbus not cruciferous but *cruciform*, which I do not remember seeing elsewhere. After noon we got to Dakkeh, where is a very large and magnificent temple, of which king Ergamine, an Ethiopian conqueror and contemporary of the Ptolemies, was the chief builder. In one of the gateways are numerous Greek and Latin inscriptions of persons' names who visited this temple, which was dedicated to Hermes. One, written by a certain grammarian, Antiochius, in the reign of Tiberius, adds an epithet to that sovereign's name, which looks like "Pæonius". Can any antiquarian account for it, I wonder?

We saw another temple at Gerf Hossayn in the evening, and next morning, the 31st *January*, found ourselves at Kalabsché, where is the largest temple in Nubia. It is, however, Augustan, with additions of the times of Caligula, Trajan, and Severus, and has no particular interest. The sight of many of the sculptures merely marked out and never completed, and the desolation of so vast and splendid a building, tempted one to moralize in a rather melancholy mood on the decay of all human things, before they are well grown, as it were, to their full stature. But, after all, why should we regard such works otherwise than as the necessary expression of the human mind at a certain stage of its history; just as we should an old copy book, or an uncouth Noah's ark, the work of our own infant hands, which it would be rather absurd to be

“sentimental” or melancholy about. To recall their pristine state would be as useless therefore as it is impossible.

We saw to-day also the excavated temple of Beit-el-Wellie, where I noticed some Osireide columns, polygonal (but in this respect unlike any others) and slightly fluted, so that if the abacus were a little projected, and an echinus inserted below it, they would be perfectly Doric. Here, again, Remeses is represented triumphing over a nation evidently meant for the Jews. The frequent recurrence of these nations as captives, induces one to think they are merely symbols of some kind and degree of victory, and not a precise record of conquest; here, too, it is evident that the Jews were not at that time known and thought sufficiently important to figure as enhancing the triumph of a conqueror, even had they been conquered by Remeses, which we know was not the case. Perhaps their introduction as part of the conventional symbolic picture of conquest, may have had its rise in Egyptian national vanity, which would prompt them to treat the history of the Exodus as a retreat or expulsion of a rebellious and despised class of slaves. Holy Scripture seems to say that they had the folly to attempt this even at the moment; the book of Wisdom says of the Egyptians (ch. xix, 1): “As for the ungodly, wrath came upon them without mercy unto the end: for He knew before what they would do: how that having given them leave to depart and sent them hastily away, they would repent and pursue them. For whilst they were yet

mourning and making lamentation at the graves of the dead, they added another foolish device, and pursued them as fugitives whom they had entreated to be gone." These sculptures date about a hundred years after the Exodus, a time sufficient for the growth, but not for the extinction of national prejudice and dislike. We dined with our friends — on board their boat, and returned home in a fog, a rare phenomenon in this climate.

February 3. We are again at Philæ; our progress had been slow for the last three days, and the temples of Dabód, Gertassee, and Wady Tafeh, which we visited, of no great interest. To-day we landed near a ruined mosque at Bellal, and walked eagerly towards Philæ along the palm-girt shore, stopping to sketch or admire the lake-like river and its fairy island as we felt disposed, till near sunset. We landed under a vast quay of masonry on the east side, on which stands the great hypæthral court, which forms so grand a feature in all views of the island; and tried to revive the image of the great solemnity of Osiris' funeral,—its pomp on the river,—its reception by the college of priests,—the wailings, and the torch-light, and long processions entering the lofty gates.

4th. We passed the cataract early this morning, to avoid the danger of an adverse wind. The boat was crowded with a host of raïses, pilots, and boatmen; and the way in which we shot the "great gate" was really striking. Each oar had two or three men to it, and all pulled hard into the current, and then left her to the mercy of the stream

and the guidance of the pilots: the boat shot over the smooth brink of the leap, and then sprang, with a succession of quivering bounds, from surge to surge, burying her bows and deluging Ali and his *batterie de cuisine*, with a tide which swept up nearly to the quarter-deck where we were standing. Here all danger is supposed to cease; but, whether owing to the fulness of the river or the exertions of the rowers, I know not, we ran right on for some rocks which ought to have been avoided by the larboard rowers backing water: at the moment of touching, however, while the raïs and crew were giving vent to their loudest howl of despair, the pilots put up the helm, and the raïs of the cataract, who stood in the bows, fended her off with a pole which snapped off in his hands,—a tolerable proof of his bodily strength and of the need of its exercise. In the enthusiasm of the moment *our* raïs tore off his turban, and, embracing the “captain of the cataract”, wound it round his waist.

The other rapids were soon and safely past, and we were at Assouan by nine. When the pilots and people were paid, one had five piastres for sitting on the top of the poop and reading the Koran during the descent! These people are quite a distinct class, and almost a distinct race, and lord it most completely over the navigators of the river. A few years since, Mehemet Ali tried the passage with a steamer, and would most certainly have accomplished it; but the raïs of the cataract determined otherwise, and ran the steamer on a rock.

Mehemet Ali stormed, but the raïs knew his power and stood his ground. If the pasha had quarrelled with him, all his Nubian corn would have gone regularly to the bottom, year by year, as it came down, under the care of this man and his clan. The present pasha has however recommenced proceedings, by sending a French engineer, Mugil Bey, here, to see about blasting the rocks to form an easier passage. At Assouan we found the consul-general and some Oxford acquaintances: they called, but we could not see them, and soon after rode up by land to revisit Philæ.

We passed through the old town, which was deserted in the time of Sultan Selim, owing to some fearful epidemic. I noticed many Turkish tombs and a mosque, which looked completely gothic in outline and detail. After sketching Philæ, which we reached through a defile of the basaltic hills, we crossed the river, and spent a delightful day on the island. The hypæthral court seems to me clearly intended as a tomb (or sort of *baldachino* over the tomb) of Osiris. It consists simply of a square space, enclosed by lofty and slender Ptolemaic columns, supporting an architrave and cornice, and had either a wooden roof or none at all. The columns are joined by screens some twenty-two feet high, and these are continued all round, save at the portals on the east and west sides. In the centre appear traces of a semi-subterranean chamber. We also discovered the remains of a second Christian church, with an apse, built partly of *débris* of the temples and partly of burnt bricks. The

colouring in these temples is beautiful: it certainly was needed, for there is a great dearth of *architectural* detail in these Egyptian buildings, and the great surfaces of pillars and piers require relief. We lingered long on the island and the adjacent Biggeh, which also has some remains, and tore ourselves with regret from Nubia and the beautiful Philæ, the loveliest indeed of all Nile's islands. The Nubians, too, pleased us much. Their language, the Berberee, is softer to the ear than Arabic, and their manners are pleasing and quiet. They seem very poor and simple in their way of living. A tradition of Christianity lingers among them, and Islam makes no progress with them after twelve hundred years of trial. In the quarries of Syene we saw, as we rode back, the blocks half cut out, which have lain there now 2000 years or more. The road is quite level. I suppose it was the ancient one for the transport of the granite to lower Egypt, which does not appear to have been embarked on the Nile till it reached Hagar Silsilis, where are the great sandstone quarries.

5th. We visited the grand temple of Koum Ombo, which is a sort of double temple, having been dedicated to Savak, the crocodile-headed god, and to Aroeris (Apollo), as contemplar. We saw Mr. Lewis again sketching here. He has devoted seven years to Egypt, I believe, and should hope his harvest will be a rich one. This temple stands nobly on a lofty rock, looking far over the plain.

6th. For the last three days we have seen the quarries of Hagar Silsilis, and their curious grotto

temples, and the great Ptolemaic temples of Edfou. At Esnèh we did not land again, the temple there being also Ptolemaic; but to-day we spent some time at Erment, the ancient Hermontopolis, which well repays a visit for those who like to trace the remains of Christian edifices. Here was a vast basilica, of which the remains are daily diminishing, being quarried for building materials by the Turks; but the ground plan, and many pillars of granite, are still to be seen. About one o'clock we found ourselves again at Thebes, where we found thirteen English and American boats. Immediately crossing the river, we mounted our horses, and rode over the plain to the sitting colossi: near them is a *bit* of a granite obelisk, which must have been quite gigantic. It seems to have been twenty feet square. At Medinet Habou we explored the smaller temple, and then the adjoining temple-palace of Remeses III. It is almost the only specimen of domestic architecture which remains, and is therefore very interesting. The entrance was under an archway, flanked by lodges and by two lofty towers, with windows and blank openings, to correspond, on either side. In one of these, on a sort of corbel-table, is arranged a row of men's heads, of different nations, highly coloured at one time. The soffits of the doorways, etc., show also that colour was applied everywhere.

In the first chamber, over the gateway, are sculptures representing the interior life of the monarch. The window-sills retain the holes for the shutter hinges and bolts; they appear to have been double

volants, fastened in the middle. The west gate must have opened upon the dromos of the great temple, which we visited with great interest. In the great court, where we met our German friends and an Englishman, I think Lord —, we sat and sketched till darkness overtook us, and we *scoured* over the plain homeward.

9th. We were early afoot, and first visited the Remeseum. It is a very noble building, and the overthrown colossus, and the sculptures especially, deserve and arrest attention; but it has not the same charm to me that the other Theban ruins possess. We sketched a very spirited sculpture of the great conqueror in his chariot, pursuing his discomfited enemies, and I also attempted the colossus, over whose granite chest we climbed, and then rode on to the tombs of the Asaseef. These are the largest of all the private tombs, and some of them exceed most of the royal tombs in size. We first visited the tomb of Petamunap, a priestly personage, apparently of high station and great wealth, who lived probably under king Horus (of the 18th dynasty), which is by far the largest in all Thebes, containing 22,207 square feet of actual excavation, and occupying more than half an acre of ground. The most remarkable feature is a square cloister, with niches at intervals for deities, and eight large figures at the angles of the mass left in the centre. The sculptures represent almost every trade and profession; and this seems to me greatly to corroborate Sir G. Wilkinson's theory, that these represent, not the calling of the person

in whose tomb they are found, but are intended as an epitome of human life in all its then known forms; while the choice of the tomb for these representations symbolizes the fact, that, when "man turneth again to his earth, then all his thoughts perish." The tomb of so wealthy and great a person as Petamunap would certainly have been decorated with the emblems of his calling, if that had been customary; but there is little or no allusion to his priestly character in these sculptures. Herodotus mentions that the Egyptians always had a carved figure of a mummy at their entertainments, to remind them of the shortness of life, and of the wisdom of enjoying its fleeting pleasures while they lasted. We would fain hope this epicurean interpretation of the custom was the growth of those (to Egypt) latter days, and that the intention of earlier times was a more salutary warning; and if so, the fact that almost every tomb has a feast or entertainment represented in it, would be an obvious *pendant* to the custom in question. The actual burial place in these tombs, which consists of two, or often of many more chambers and halls and passages, seems usually to have been a deep pit, in which (in the case of great persons) the granite sarcophagus and (in others) the mummy case and its contents, were deposited. These have been almost invariably rifled by antiquity-mongers of all ages, since the time of the Ptolemies, when many of the royal and other tombs are proved to have been open, by Greek and Latin inscriptions—for the rage for scribbling names, etc., in these places, is by no means a modern thing.

As we rode up to Dayr-el-Bahrée to see the temple, we were quite pained to see almost entire skeletons tossed about the tombs and our very path, with the mummy clothes rudely torn from some parts, in search of rings, coins, etc. The temple of Dayr-el-Bahrée is highly interesting: it was approached by a very long dromos, whose site may still be plainly traced, and was partly built and partly excavated from the mountain, against the face of which, at the head of a small valley, it stands. Its name, "the northern convent", denotes that it was used as a Christian church, and large crude brick ruins remain. The temple seems to have been approached by a series of terraces, now choked up with ruins. One chamber of the *built* part remains, and contains some of the most vivid colouring in Thebes. Both this room and the inner chamber within the rock are *arched*; but though they have the form, they are not built on the *principle* of the arch, but are merely excavated out of a series of blocks, laid horizontally one over the other. The pressure of the friable rock above and on either side would be thus well met; and the fact that the Egyptians knew and used the arch before the date of this temple (which Wilkinson fixes to be about 1530 B.C.), shows that it was choice which directed them in this kind of building.

We were soon surrounded here by a crowd of vendors of antiquities, from whom we bought a few trifles, with the sanction of our venerable guide Awad, who seems to be a connoisseur in antiques. We next rode to the tombs of Shekh Abd'el Koornéh to look for an interesting inscription (a

letter from S. Athanasius “to the orthodox monks of Thebes”), which was visible in one of them some years since. We found the tomb with several inscriptions; but the plaster having fallen in several places, S. Athanasius’s letter has disappeared, greatly to our disappointment. Many of these tombs are decorated with paintings, merely drawn on, not engraved in, the plaster, which is of a rougher kind than that in the Asaseef. But those which are sculptured contain very interesting scenes and objects of domestic life and occupations. There is a very spirited feast-scene, in which the guests on arriving are presented with lotus flowers, and their heads anointed with sweet ointment. We entered most of these tombs, and found something to interest in each, and then proceeded to those of Koornet Murraée, which lie further to the south. One of these contains some of the most curious sculptures I have seen. The subjects are a series of processions of Ethiopians, headed by their queen, and other nations bringing offerings to the Pharaoh of the day—Amun Toonh. This gives occasion for the introduction of a great variety of objects, such as furniture, produce of the ground, cattle, other beasts, etc. The queen has an umbrella (an early instance, for these paintings must be 3200 years old) over her head, and her chariot is followed by some slaves, clad in skins, whose tails stick out in a manner evidently intended to provoke ridicule. We rode home during a most beautiful sunset, passing between the two colossi, which loomed through the increasing darkness almost threaten-

ingly. I was reminded of ——'s story ; how she and —— used, as children, to hasten by a tall bronze statue holding a lamp on the stairs, as they went up to bed, and drop a respectful curtsy, saying, "good night, ma'am !" when they turned the corner of the stairs. I felt rather disposed to say, "good night, gentlemen", to mysterious Memnon and his giant compeer.

Sunday, 10th. We landed on the west bank again, and rode to the Remeseum about noon, taking with us a man to make a cast of the head of Remeses, from a sculpture of him on one of the columns of the great hall. This sculpture, for delicacy of finish and vigour, is unrivalled, so far as I have observed, by any even in that Augustan age of Egyptian art. The king is represented quite young,—with innocence, and, at the same time, great royalty of expression, and the features are regular and delicate. The Remeseum grows upon one. The view down the noble avenue of the great colonnade, across the great court and the fallen colossus, to the pylon, with its stupendous ruined towers, is thoroughly Egyptian. We passed the afternoon sketching in the temple at Joorneh—one of the purest specimens of its period in Thebes. We then rode up the Bab-el-Molook (valley of the kings) to the tombs, and visited two—Bruce's, or the harper's, and that of Remeses VII. The harper's tomb (so called from a very spirited fresco of a harper in one of the small chambers which open at intervals from the entrance corridor) is that of Remeses, the third of the 19th dynasty. These small chambers (per-

haps for the mummies of the king's household) are highly interesting from the subjects depicted on the walls. They represent the kitchen, bake-house, provisions, fruit, flowers, agriculture, arms, furniture, of this strange people, nearly 1300 years before our era. The least successful attempts are the trees and flowers, which would puzzle a Scotch gardener, I think. Some Nile boats are very well represented, and might pass for portraits of *living* dahabiéhs, like ours. The harpers' harps are like old fashioned single-action harps of the present day. I was struck by the fact that the harpers are *blind*, as that is usually the case in Egypt now. The granite sarcophagus has been removed from the great hall, in the middle of which it stood. Beyond this are three successive passages, or *joints* of a passage. The last of these, which is about thirty paces long, has a raised solium on either side, divided into unequal lengths, and separated by upright pillars of the rock. The recesses thus formed reach to the roof, commencing about three feet from the ground, and are nearly a yard in depth. I can have no doubt they were intended to receive mummies (as, I therefore conclude, were those in the tomb called Belzoni's), though the usual receptacles were pits in the floor. The other tomb, that of Remeses VII, is very peculiar. The comparative coarseness of the execution, and the character of the paintings, which refer almost exclusively to Khem (the Egyptian Priapus), contrast unfavourably with earlier works. When we emerged from this tomb the sun was setting, and we had a beau-

tiful scramble over the mountain, down behind the Remeseum, and so by it and the Memnon home, which we reached about eight o'clock.

Monday, 11th. This day we determined to give to the east bank. Before we started we had a man with antiquities on board, from whom I bought a gold ring, with a Remesean cartouche on it. We first rode up to Luxor, within fifty yards of which our boat was moored. It must have been but little inferior to Karnak in grandeur, though not near it in size: the rest of the day was passed in the great temple of Karnak, in speculating on its plan, and in sketching among the one hundred and thirty-four columns of the great hall. We wandered through these prodigious remains often in silence, and oppressed with the desolation of so great a work. We walked also round toward the north-east, and lost ourselves in a conjectural plan, which should combine the remains which lie scattered round that side for a circuit of a mile or more. Towards sunset we climbed on to the architrave of one of the side aisles of the great hall, and looked with increased wonder on the astonishing size and solidity of the buildings.

Tuesday the 12th. We resolved to give another day to the west bank, and were early on horseback. We rode up to Dayr-el-Meduneh, a small but very interesting Ptolemaic temple. Near it are several tombs, one of which has a crude brick vault and niche of the date of Amunoph I, 1540 years B.C. The whole internal surface is painted with figures, hieroglyphics, etc. The vault is diapered.

Then comes a cornice of lotus and other flowers, and then the subjects, from which I copied some vases and stools of great elegance of design. One of them is exactly like the large water-filter we have on board. From these tombs (another of which contains the names of Amunoph I, and his three immediate successors), we mounted the hill to the same pass by which we came from the tombs of the kings at our last visit to Thebes ; but, keeping on the mountain to the left, we walked round the head of the valley of the Tombs, and, crossing another spur of the mountain, descended by a precipitous path into the western valley, which contains some of the most ancient tombs in Thebes. The view down the Valley of the Kings was very striking, but far surpassed by that of the western valley. Its head lies in the hollow of an amphitheatre of perpendicular limestone, surmounted by the lofty cone of the high peak of Gebel Bab-el-Molook. We had sent our horses round by the other valley, and walked down this through a succession of nearly enclosed small spaces, which form as it were natural fore-courts to the tombs. Only four of these are open, and but three so as to be accessible. They are the sepulchres of a foreign dynasty, the last of whom was Amunoph III, who became a diospolitian by marriage with a princess of the eighteenth dynasty. His features, where represented in his tomb, are clearly not Egyptian. This fact would clear up the Memnon question, if the features of the colossi were distinguishable. I confess Sir G. Wilkinson's account of the name

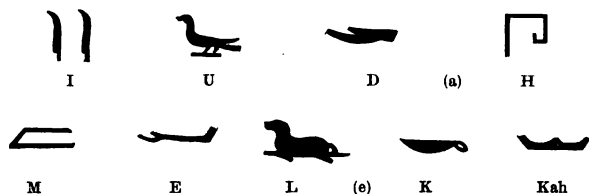
Memnon, as a grecism of *Amun-oph*, is hardly satisfactory to me, since they clearly had another form of it in their *Ammon*, which is so much nearer. It may be said, however, that the latter was a direct theological importation, the other merely a popular name, conferred by soldiers and the mass of other unlettered visitors to Egypt; and also that Pausanias' *Phamenoph*, seems to put the identity beyond a doubt. The other tomb which we visited is of a king precedent to Remeses the Great, and the coarseness of the frescoes would make it appear by several reigns. It contains a broken sarcophagus, which seems to have been but slightly buried in the floor of the hall. We rode round the valley to the Tombs of the Kings, and visited Nos. 14 and 15. No. 15 contains a very fine entrance corridor, with some well-executed sculptures, finished with great care, so far as they go, but the tomb was never completed. The sarcophagus lid had a high relief of the king on it, now broken. To me the most interesting thing was a representation of some mummies laid upon a solium, resembling the stone benches in some of the other tombs*, which seems to fix their use without doubt. The great hall is striking, the piers on either side being raised on a platform, which extends round the room about three feet from the floor. We rode home by Goorneh, the Remeseum, and the Colossi, often turning

* In Belzoni's tomb, south-west of the great hall, is a chamber twenty-five feet square, supported on two piers in the centre, and having a solium, or bench-table, some four feet high, running round three sides.

to take a "last fond look" at their beauties by the light of a glorious sunset. In the evening we had a visit from an acquaintance of W.'s, Mr —, who is here for his health—not improved by service on the slave-coast blockade. He had been at Venice during the siege, and gave a good account of it.

Ash Wednesday, the 13th. We had intended having a quiet day on the river, but the wind being very high and contrary, we were obliged, not unwillingly, to delay till sunset. I sketched at Luxor, where I discovered, in the southernmost court, a large apse of masonry. I think, from the direction and masonry, that it was rather the mecherab of a mosque, than the apse of a church. We then rode to Karnak, where we revisited the small temple south of the great one. It is a very picturesque one, and contains a good instance of the *clerestory* window with perpendicular bars, which occurs not unfrequently in these temples. We then walked on to the great temple, and looked at the sculptures of Sheshouk and his captives on the south-east external wall of the great hall. Mr. — called our attention especially to a small figure immediately to the left of the doorway in this wall, which Champollion deciphered. Sheshouk (Shishak) is there represented as leading captive three kings, one of whom has a Jewish countenance, and over his head the inscription, "Judah, Melekkah", in hieroglyphics; that is, "the king of Judah (his country)," in ovals, with a small *castellation* or projecting mark at intervals, denoting "strong cities."

The allusion therefore is plainly to the invasion of Rehoboam's city and country by Shishak, probably at the instigation of Jeroboam, who had been for many years a fugitive at his court, the refuge of every enemy of God's people. And it throws great light on the mode of representing such conquests by the Egyptians; since, though we read that the king of Egypt came up against Jerusalem (1 Kings xv), and took away the treasures of the temple, it is certain that he did not really lead captive Rehoboam. The hieroglyphics are as follows:



So far as I know, this interesting discovery has only been noticed by one writer,—an American.

We also revisited the sculptures on the north and east sides, which contain the triumphs of Osirei I, and his son and successor Remeses the Great, of very great interest as works of art and historical documents. One of the cities he conquers has the name *Canaan* over it, and the date of the first year of Osirei (1,385 B.C.) makes it clear that the conquest of the Canaanites was intended. Further on occur mountains, with trees, and the name "Libanus" over them. The king is always represented about ten times as large as his enemies, who are the smallest of a *diminuendo* scale, of which his sons, generals,

attendants, and troops form the intermediate degrees. He stands in his chariot, the reins tied round his waist, and his hands therefore free to bend his bow or wield his mace or falchion: at the back of the chariot his two spears are stuck in. In one of these chariots, which I copied in the Remeseum, it appears that the reins tied to the waist are bearing-reins fastened to the horses' nose-straps, while they are tightly reined up by bridles to a sort of saddle-hook of a round shape. Thus the warrior could guide his horses sufficiently by the bearing-reins, and when he wished to stop them, or turn for flight or pursuit, he would either step out on the pole and unfasten the bridle-reins, or else perhaps take up the reins, which may have been merely fastened with a running knot, easily pulled out, to the saddle, and the ends attached to the front of the chariot. The artist represents the enemy falling in every kind of ridiculous attitude; a favourite one for captives is, to pack them so close that the elbow of one forces up the chin of the next. In the afternoon we rode on to Medamôt, the site of Maximianopolis, a great Christian see before the Arab invasion. The remains, a temple of Ptolemaic and Roman times, and some crude brick mouldings, are not very interesting. On our return we lingered till dusk in the great temple, and at last forced ourselves with great regret to embark about seven o'clock.

Thursday, the 14th. We landed very early at Negadéh,* where there is a Catholic church and

* *Vide* Appendix, No. 1, letter F.

school, and were not sorry to find so interesting a cause to forget that we had left Thebes, probably for ever, the night before. The mission-house, etc., including the church, stand in an enclosure close to the river. We found in the court-yard a number of little children writing on *tin slates* (if one may so speak), and were received very courteously by padre Samuele, the missionary, who was a clean and intelligent-looking little Franciscan, attired in the native dress. He is now the furthest south of his order, and his district extends to Assouan. He has been here ten years by himself, but he said constant occupation prevented him from feeling lonely. The school consists of Catholic and Coptic children (Negádeh is almost exclusively Coptic), and seemed to number sixty or seventy. He said he had about three hundred people in Negádeh, and others at outlying villages to the number of six or seven hundred. He had had one thousand five hundred converts since he came, mostly Copts; but the fear of persecution, since Mehemet Ali's death, had much hindered conversions. The English missionary at Cairo did much harm (backed by political and money interest as he was) by fraternizing with and courting the Copts, and especially by undermining the principle of regard to authority, by the distribution of the Holy Scriptures and of tracts, calling on the people to test the doctrines of their communion by their own *judgment of Scripture*. He confirmed the account of others as to the laxity of their discipline, especially with regard to divorce, which could be obtained at any time for money.

The bishops, he said, were the very authors of all these evils, excepting the bishop of Siout, who was a good man. They were very heretical, he said, but he thought they undoubtedly had the succession. They give the minor orders at the earliest age—ten, twelve, or fourteen; the diaconate soon after, and then oblige the deacon to marry before he receives the priesthood. Last year padre Samuele made a journey to Cairo, where he had to remain six months, to combat an attempt made by the Copts to get a woman divorced from her husband, who was a convert of his. He gained his cause by putting the people under the consular protection of France. Of course it was a most important one. He mentioned the election of the Greek patriarch having been carried by Mehemet Ali (as we heard, from Signor Diamandidi), and said it had created a schism among the Greeks, as the present patriarch was a bad man, and many would not acknowledge his election. After we had seen his church, which he had decorated with some granite columns from a ruined basilica near, he took us into his garden, where we sat under a vine and drank coffee. He insisted upon gathering us a salad; and would not receive anything in return, except our promise that we would remember him at the Holy Sepulchre. We parted much pleased with what we saw of the good man, and, at the moment of departure, sent up a bag of rice and a small copy of the “*De Imitatione*” in return for his civilities. He told us that the Church has now three millions of souls in Abyssinia, among whom four bishops (of whom

one is the learned and pious father De Jacobis*) and twelve Lazarist missionaries are labouring. They have ordained many native priests—a practice which seems to me not the least admirable of the Catholic missionary system. He had had a Protestant missionary, with money, and tracts printed at the College at Malta, there; and as his flock brought him the heretical books, he made a neat bonfire of them, while the missionary looked on from his boat (probably with his wife and family) in no small amazement. It is really appalling to find the position of our Church in this country: the tool of heretics and politicians, she is degraded in the eyes of Christendom, I fear almost irretrievably, and with the sanction of her rulers. Such facts seem to show that the passive and patient line taken by Catholics in our communion† is utterly mistaken, while the other party are so fatally active in stamping on our Church an aggressive Protestant character. In the afternoon we took a long walk, and did not reach the boat again till she was off Kineh.

Friday, 15th. We crossed over to Dendera early in the morning, and hiring donkeys, rode up to the temple. It is a huge Ptolemaic building, with a noble portico of twenty-four lofty columns. The details, however, like those of the rest of the temple, are very barbaric, and denote the late date of the temple: the oldest names on it are Cleopatra's and Cæsarion's, her son by Julius Cæsar. I cannot say much for her beauty, if the sculpture is a portrait. The portico is the work of Tiberius, and

* As Vicar Apostolic.

† By this phrase the author designated the Tractarian party.

being higher than the pronaos, includes its whole front by some feet, either way. The naos is succeeded by two other halls, with lateral chambers, and a staircase leading to the second story. Then comes the adytum, a very fine one, which is isolated, having a passage conducting to various chambers, running round it. In the two chambers at the west angles are small square apertures, through which we squeezed, and found they led to narrow and low *cul de sac* passages, about thirty paces long, which by measuring we found ran in the thickness of the passage walls. I conjecture that they were used in the initiatory rites: the walls are covered with the usual unpleasing sculptures of the period. The temple was dedicated to Athor, the Egyptian Aphrodite. On the roof of the adytum we found a curious chamber, with a series of sculptures representing, I suppose, the birth of Ekôou, Athor's son,* who is the third of the triad worshipped here. We also saw in the north-west angle a small hypæthral building, with six columns and screens, reminding me of the building I call the tomb of Osiris, at Philæ. On the roof of the former chamber are sculptured gigantic hands, feet, and a head; and we found the same repeated in the small temple of Isis, at the back of the great temple: in both, the darkness and the indistinctness of the sculptures prevented us from making them out well; but I have a notion they refer to the death of Osiris, the husband of Isis—Milton's "Thammuz yearly mourned." On this temple is sculptured a cow (the common emblem of Isis),

* Or perhaps Isis' son, Harpocrates.

which some of the sepoys of our army are said to have worshipped when they saw it.

We visited next a small temple with a peristyle of Typhon-crowned pillars, which Champollion pronounced to be a Mammeisi, or place of accouchement, of the goddess Athor. The sculptures represent the birth of Ekôou throughout. Several illustrate the passage Exodus i, 16, remarkably. We crossed over to the boat about noon, and having bought some of the staple of Kineh—very pretty porous water bottles—dropped down the river. The ancient Tentyrites were celebrated for their skill in catching and managing the crocodile; and certainly they may have had opportunity, for we saw as many as twenty this afternoon. We had a very long shot at one from the boat, and then landed on a sand-bank in pursuit of some more. We had a hot and long chase, but could not get within shot: in the midst an English boat came up stream, and the owner gave us a fresh scent. We lay *perdus* on the sand till we were quite wet through, but they would not emerge, though we saw their black snouts just above water, on all sides.

Saturday, 16th. This morning we were off ^{at} Hox^a, and have made about half-a-mile during the whole day, owing to a severe head-wind. We walked up in search of a tomb, which has been pulled down by Mustapha Pasha, to build a sugar manufactory, and passed over a very fine Saracen bridge across a canal of the Nile. We also noticed two brick mosques, decorated with diapers of coloured bricks, which seemed to be the same in idea with the dia-

pering of stamped bricks in Norman work. This place is considered dangerous, and we had a friendly warning from the shekh to put across the stream before mooring. The wind continues unabated now, at 10 p.m. The guard on this side assures us that ten men were robbed and murdered here the night before last; so we have loaded pistols and guns, and are ready for accidents.

Sunday, the 17th. We lay-to all the day, having made but three miles in the forty-eight hours. In the evening we climbed one of the highest of the Arabian range on the opposite side of the Nile, and descended through a most picturesque ravine by a series of almost precipices. We came upon a robbers' lair, but saw nothing more than the head of one of its occupants at a distance. A-propos of a man whom we passed on the shore, who was said to have lived ten years on the same spot in the open air, Mohammed told us several marvels wrought by different Mohammedan pretenders to saintliness. I am rather disposed to think that these are "lying wonders", wrought by the aid of the prince of this world, than that they are altogether impositions. One of these *soi-disant* saints is 135 years old, and we are to see him at Cairo.

Monday, 18th. This morning we were off Bellianeh, and started early on donkeys for Arabat Medfoun, the ancient Abydus. A beautiful seven-mile ride over the plain brought us there by about eleven o'clock. The ruins consist of two temples: the one of Osirei I, the other, completed at least by his son and successor, Remeses the Great. Unfortu-

nately they are now so buried in sand that the interior of one is wholly, and of the other almost, inaccessible: the sculptures are chiefly in bold intaglio. The northernmost temple has a side range of chambers which appear vaulted, the roof-stones having been put on edgeways, and afterward hollowed out in the form of the arch. We walked nearly all the way to Girgeh, about eight miles, resting under some palms about midway. Seeing a man riding an ass, followed by her foal, reminded me of, and explained the description, of our Lord's entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. It seems the custom in the East to let the foal follow its dam for some time. Thus, at Thebes, I rode a mare whose foal kept close to her the whole time. We reached Girgeh about half-past four, and found the boat there. We walked up to the Catholic convent, and were most kindly received by the Franciscan missionary. He had with him a friend, who lives about three hours from here, and seemed a very intelligent and well-informed person, and, like the father himself, an Italian. We saw the church, which is a modern building, in the usual style of domes and round arches, and then went up and sat some time with the padre in his room. Of course one of the first questions was whether we were Catholics: we answered in the affirmative; and the padre asked whether we were priests, as he had heard that the Mass was celebrated on board our boat. I said that W. was a priest, and celebrated;*

* Such was the expression current among the Tractarians for the communion service, which they use more frequently than is usual among Protestants.

upon which he begged us to stay, and that W. should celebrate in his church. He also asked me, whether he had the license to celebrate from Rome, or from his archbishop?

All this convinces us that it is absolutely necessary in future to renounce the name of Catholic in intercourse with Catholics, who of course cannot conceive persons out of communion with them taking it. The distraction of mind which our false position (entirely unintentionally taken) created, prevented us from carrying away much of the interesting conversation we had with the padre. He told us a good deal, both concerning his own mission and the system on which all are conducted. He is the only missionary here, and there is a nun (also Franciscan) to teach the little girls, etc., and assist him in such works as she can. He has also two Copt priests (converts), who are entirely under his orders. It appears that a large body of the Copts, clergy and laity, have been reconciled to the Church, and their orders being recognized, their archbishop and priests exercise their functions under the license of the missionaries. Thus the padre here gives one of his Copt priests license to receive his own confession before he makes it to him. They can say their private mass (for which they use their own rite); but all other functions they use only at the express permission of the missionaries.* On the missionaries, moreover, are conferred by the Pope, almost a full power of dispensation, of conferring sacraments (confirmation included), bene-

* But this is a temporary arrangement, I believe, till a regular Coptic hierarchy is erected.

diction of churches, etc., etc.; so that they are, each in himself, the abundant source and sole fountain in their several missions of all that is required to build up and maintain a Church. Such great powers bestowed on a simple priest, show both the estimation in which the office of missionary is held, and the wisdom and flexibility of system which characterizes the Roman Church. It is a small illustration of the absence of *priggishness*, and the great reality of their efforts, that the missionaries, though regulars, adopt the costume of the country and all its lawful customs. Without disparaging Protestant missionaries, who are said to be often devoted men, I cannot quite think that the efficacy of a white tie and a black coat, in converting the heathen, is so great as they seem to think; nor that the exhibition of domestic felicity, money and bibles, produces the same results, as self-denial, poverty, and celibacy, working systematically and backed by all spiritual authority. Our padre here seemed a person of considerable attainments and talent, and the demonstrations of respect paid him as we walked through the town, fully bore out this character. Both he and his friend said they thought the day was not very far distant when Egypt would be under English protection. I said I thought at least our present rulers would be disposed to give the Church liberty, though now, for obvious reasons, the English Protestant mission was conciliating the Copts. This padre was of more refined manners and tone than padre Samuele; but he had long been at Rome, and seemed to pant

for return from this solitude. He had been here a year, and had eleven more to remain. As we walked to the boat we noticed several very handsome mosques, with the most elegant "first-pointed" arches. The town of Girgeh is being gradually washed away by the Nile, which is now working westward at this reach.

19th. We landed at Soohag, a very pretty little town, this afternoon, and, after some trouble, got a sharp little water-carrier to let us have his two donkeys to ride to a great Copt convent, called the White Monastery, about five miles off, on the edge of the desert. We rode along the top of a high dyke, with fine brick bridges at intervals, to allow the waters of the inundation to pass through. Just at starting, my donkey, about the size of a large rat, bridle, saddle, and stirrupless, gave a series of wriggles, which brought me and my bor-noos, on which I was sitting, to the dust, at the bottom of a small hill, down which the performance took place. We saw a number of herons and cranes, one of which W. shot. The White Monastery is a high rectangular building of ash-lared stone, about three hundred feet long by half that in width, having a cornice similar to those of the Egyptian temples, but shallower: below this are a range of small rectangular windows. There are five doors; two to the west, two to the north, and one to the south. This last is the only one now open; the others are walled-up, and covered with massive buttresses of crude brick. On following our guide, a very civil Copt priest, through the

low doorway, we found ourselves in an enceinte corresponding to the exterior walls, save to the east, where appeared a lofty, pointed chancel-arch bricked up, with a small door in the wall leading into the church. The nave is unroofed, and occupied by the houses of the Copts and their families, but the ranges of lofty granite columns, with romanesque capitals, remain on either side, and extend to near the west wall. Here we passed through a small door, and found that between this (the west end of the nave) and the external wall is a narthex, consisting of a long chamber, with a barrel-vault of brick: it has at the north end an apse, with four pillars, having well-worked fancy capitals of early character. At the other end is a door leading through a dark passage to a square room, with a brick dome, open in the centre, whether originally or by accident I could not decide. The position and shape of this room, and the presence of a well of clear water, seem to make it plain that this was the baptistery: it had a door to the interior wall—the other door on that (the west) side being into the narthex. These two apartments occupy the whole width of the building, which I think the church did not. I made out on the south side a separate south wall of the nave, about twenty or thirty feet within the external wall. The chancel consists of a square intersection, with a circular dome, and one bay and an apse beyond, also having a dome: on either side are transverse lateral apses. Of the four arches supporting the great dome, the side ones are round, the others pointed, and of very

good proportions; the arches are turned in brick, but the bulk of the structure is small ashlar. The arches were supported by engaged pilasters, with capitals bearing a discontinuous impost by way of abacus. The iconostasis has no doors, merely a small hatch on the level of the altar. This we had opened, and saw through it that the apse had been surrounded by six or eight columns, now embedded in crude brick, so that only a small niche remains between each. The same has been done with the transverse apses; and, indeed, the whole interior is so cased, that the old walls appear only here and there. In the north transept (if it may be so called) stands a very thick stone table on uprights, put edgeways, which I suppose may have been an altar added at some later time. It is oriented, but there are no marks of the five crosses. In the other transept, in the corresponding position, is a choked-up well. On a desk in the middle of the church, we saw some Coptic office books (by the bye, our friend the Franciscan at Girgeh, said they are very heretical), but no liturgy. The altar was, I dare say, the original one, there being no room before it, and it being so placed that the celebrant stood behind, and offered the Holy Sacrifice over it towards the people, according to the early custom. There were no distinguishable paintings, but the marks of them are plain, especially in the great apse. The area of the building is so choked with houses, etc., that the original ground-plan is hard to make out; but I believe that the south wall of the church is the exterior wall of the whole

parallelogram, while on the other side a range of chambers lay between it and the church. The marks in the south wall (and the windows on both sides) show that there was a triforium, probably occupied as cells, on that side, and a second story of chambers on the other. As to the antiquity of the buildings, the plan and remains of large masonry are of the fifth, and the pointed additions of the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries. The monastery was founded by the empress S. Helena; and independent of the *cachet* of Catholic character which the church bears, it is clear from the size and splendour of the building, that it dates from times of imperial patronage of the Catholics in this country. When it is considered, moreover, that the whole country was tainted with heresy, and condemned for it at the Council of Chalcedon, in 451, it seems evident that the oldest buildings are of the first half of that century.* I consider, therefore, the White Monastery one of the most interesting Christian remains in this, and perhaps in any country, from its testimony to a peculiar form of architecture, which we are accustomed to regard as of a long posterior date.

Darkness overtook us before we could make a

* We have historical records that the Copts so far propitiated their Arab invaders, within a century from their conquest, that their churches were frequently repaired and renewed; and I think, from the comparison of the brick pointed work of this and other churches with that of the Egyptian mosques of the eighth and ninth centuries, that the later buildings here are remains of that period.

full survey of the buildings; and as we were too anxious to get on to avail ourselves of the Copts' invitation to stay and sleep there, we hastened to survey the external walls and return. In this we were accompanied by about half the village, including the goumos, rather a fine-looking old man, who, however, betrayed a degree of uneasiness, to say the least undignified in a head of a house, when we bestowed a knife full of all sorts of blades, cork-screws, etc., on the priest who "lionized" us, instead of on himself. The amusement of the people, as we exhibited the various powers of this knife, reminded one of the delight with which one saw pantaloons' pockets emptied of legs of mutton, red-hot poker, etc., etc., at the pantomime, in the days of our attendance on those facetious representations. The marked difference of race between the Copts and Arabs is curious, after the lapse of so many centuries. While, however, the distinction between them and the Arabs has long ceased to be a really religious one (for, like the other eastern sects, they do not strive to propagate their belief, and so annoy no one by their faith), a sort of *caste* feeling, mainly on the part of the Arabs, has sprung up, so that intermarriage, save in the temporary way which their system of divorce encourages between the races, is unheard of. The Copt monasteries, as they are called, are nothing more than villages of Copt families; most of the heads of families are priests, and the *shekh* is goumos (*ἀγούμενος*) or abbot of this sort of domestic ecclesiastical settlement. They are remarkably civil

people, as their long subjection to a conquering race inclines them to be, and apparently not sufficiently instructed to be zealous for the remains of their faith which they still possess.

We had a pleasant ride home by moonlight, and found the whole boat out after us, as we were much later than they expected, and Mohammed got alarmed. He wandered some way after us till he heard the story of the knife, at a village, from a man who had seen us start homewards, which he took as a sufficient voucher for our identity. We are now drifting slowly down stream.

23rd. To-day we made two very interesting excursions. We landed at Antinoe, or Antinopolis, now Shekh Abádeh, intending to visit the remains. On landing, however, we found we had passed the grottoes of Dayr-e-Nachl, and, as Murray says they are not much more than a mile south of Dayr-abou-Honnes, where we landed, we walked up to it. In fact, however, it is about four miles. The grottoes lie on the left of a ravine behind Dayr-e-Nachl, and are of great interest from their early date. One of them is the tomb of a person of high military rank, in the reign of Osirtasen II (B.C. 1650), one of the Pharaohs under whom Joseph attained his great power and rank in Egypt. It is a square excavation in the tufous rock, without any ornament of an architectural kind (if it is allowable to use this phrase of an excavation), but contains, among others, a sculpture of the conveyance of a colossus (of the person of the tomb) to its destination. The colossus rests on a kind of

sledge, and is being dragged by a great number of men, some Egyptians and some foreign slaves, with ropes. On the lap of the colossus (which would be perhaps thirty feet high) stands a man, who seems to be giving the time for a simultaneous haul, by clapping his hands and singing (just as they do here now) to a measured time. The rest of the sculptures are representations of various trades or actions—hunting, fishing, and the like. There are two groups of fowlers and fishers, with large nets of birds and fish, which are particularly well done. On either side of the door are very well drawn large figures. The tomb has been sadly defaced by successive ages of visitors. From the Greeks and Romans, with their epigrammatic records, and the Christians, with their frequent red crosses, to the Stevensons, Thompsons, and Smiths of yesterday, this *cacoethes scribendi* seems to have reigned with the most dire results. When you add to these milder ravages the iconoclastic zeal of Christians and of Islam, in their several days, and the occasional inroad of Turkish lime-seeking builders, it seems only wonderful that their united efforts have left anything of monuments more than half as old as the world itself. Of the other tombs we visited several; but Christian occupation, I suppose, has robbed them of their sculptures. One is interesting from its great size: indeed I think it must be several tombs, joined together, by some company of Christian cænobites. In it we noticed, on a tablet some Remesean and Thothmaic ovals. The view from the hills flanking this ravine was most beauti-

ful, but we were obliged to quit it, as the sun was setting, and the boat was already far below us.

As we walked through the fields of young wheat, their appearance and that of the grove of palm-trees, struck us as much more neat and well tended than those of the Mussulmans. These two villages, Dayr-abou-Hames and Dayr-e-Nachl, are both almost exclusively Copt. As we passed the latter we met a marriage procession, of three camels (carrying about six people each) and a crowd of people singing and dancing. A walk of about five or six miles brought us to the boat at Shekh Abádeh, by eight o'clock. We much regretted merely walking over the heaps of Antinoë by moonlight; but our time is too short to stay a night and day here; also we felt less interest in it, as being merely a Roman town (it was built by Adrian in memory of his favourite Antinoüs, who was accidentally drowned in the Nile here), and that of no historic importance. The chief remain is part of the theatre, and the direction of one or two streets. The modern village is very pretty, and has one of the finest sycamore trees I ever saw, in front of it. Antinoë is said to have succeeded to a place whence Pharaoh's magicians came.

All this country has now a bad reputation for robbery and thieving; but as we found we should pass the grottoes of Beni-Hassan about midnight, we determined, rather than stop till morning, to see them by moon and torch-light. Upon this our raïs came and made a solemn protestation, that he would not answer for the consequences if we did, as the place was a notorious resort of bands of robbers.

As, however, I knew that Ibrahim Pasha had hung about half of the inhabitants of the villages near, "*pour encourager les autres*", we pressed the matter, and on giving the raïs an attestation, written and signed, to the effect that he was not responsible for our visit, we prepared (Mohammed not a little loath) for this great enterprise. W. and Mohammed were armed to the teeth with guns, pistols, and daggers. I contented myself with a yataghan, to which I attached myself in a savage manner. About half-past twelve we landed under the rocks of Beni-Hassan, from whose summit the white pillars of the grottoes gleamed in the moonlight. W. and I walked on, and were soon joined by Mohammed (whose nervous merriment sat rather funnily on his warlike array), the raïs, armed with a sabre of the largest size, and some of the men. The first grotto we visited is a very interesting one, not so much for its sculptures as for the construction, which throws great (and to me conclusive) light on the question whether the Egyptians borrowed their constructive forms from their excavated works, or *vice versa*.

These tombs are indeed of a very early date (Osirtasen II, B.C. 1650), but we have buildings of an earlier one—viz., the pyramids; and as excavations may be fairly supposed to endure longer than any building, we may conclude that excavation was, to say the least, only contemporary, if not posterior, to the erection of buildings in Egypt. Now these (the oldest excavations known) are distinctly formed on the model of con-

structed buildings in several particulars, viz.—1st, the arch; 2nd, the architrave; 3rd, the abacus. For the arch in excavation would not be a source of strength but rather the reverse; so also would be the architrave and abacus, whereas in construction all are useful as giving strength, and the architrave is necessary. That all these members are useless in excavation is obvious, and that the Egyptians found them so is testified by the fact, that their later excavations, such as the tombs at Thebes, exclude all three. One may, I think, fairly conclude from these facts, that the Egyptians copied their excavatory style from constructed buildings, and that experience and practice convinced them that as those forms were untrue in fact, in excavations, they soon omitted them, and took to the obvious and *real* flat roofs and square piers, without architrave or abacus, in their later grottoes. The great north grotto of Beni Hassan consists of a portico, with two pillars *in antis* (if one may say so, of excavatory work), supporting a square abacus and an architrave. The pillars are polygonal, and quite doric in their character. A lofty doorway opens into the tomb, which is divided longitudinally by two rows of columns similar to those without, save that their faces are slightly concave. The roof consists of three parallel vaults of a bold segmental form, dying into the architraves of the colonnades, and (at the sides) into the walls, without a cornice or bead of any kind. At the end of the centre aisle is a niche, which contained the idols: the sculptures are very much de-

faced; in fact most of the subjects are merely painted on the walls. They represent various trades, gymnastic exercises, hunting, fishing, etc. It is curious to see in this grotto the architraves, doorways, and parts of the walls, painted in very good imitation of porphyry, to give a greater appearance of solidity. The next grotto is very similar to this, but the architraves and pillars have been hewn away, and the paintings are destroyed. I think it is in the next that the remarkable painting, which some suppose to represent the presentation of Joseph's brethren to him, occurs. They appear in a sort of procession, with women and children on asses, and two present an ibex and a goat as offerings. The person to whom they are presented is not the king, but the owner of the tomb, whose name was Rephothph, and who was governor of this part of the country—all which would suit for Joseph and his brethren; but, on the other hand, the number of the people is written (in hieroglyphics) above them, and it is thirty-seven, and the person to whom they are presented is called Nephothph, whereas Joseph's name, we read, was Zaphnath Paaneah (a revealer of secrets): but I do not think this conclusive, because that name being merely an epithet bestowed by Pharaoh, he may have assumed another Egyptian name, through his marriage for instance, as it appears probable that the prince called Amunoph III (the vocal Memnon) did, on his marriage into the Diospolitan dynastic family. On the whole it seems quite an open question, whether or not it is Joseph's

brethren who are here intended. I should like, of all things, to be convinced: the interest of this grotto would then be quite transcendent. The southern grottoes, which adjoin, are also interesting—chiefly one containing the earliest form of lotus pillars I have yet seen. They are in two rows of two each, supporting abaci and architraves, which run across the upper end of the grotto, and have a pedimental form from the shape of the ceiling. The shafts consist of four water-plant stems, bound with a deep fascia under the capital, which is formed of the projecting buds of the four stems. There are smaller members running down a foot or so below the fascia between the shafts, which rest on large circular bases. This order answers to the later developments, somewhat as “early English” does to “decorated”, in gothic architecture. The view from these grottoes by a beautiful moon was very fine, and the effect from inside the grottoes, with a foreground of torch-lighted Arabs in the deep shade of the rocks, most striking. We marched on board again with all due ferocity, which, however, was “wasted on the desert air”, for the robbers discreetly did not show, if there were any, which I doubt.

Sunday. Feast of S. Matthias. In the afternoon we landed below the rocks of Gebel-e'-Tayr. Four denizens of the convent (which, like all Coptic convents in Upper Egypt, is merely a village of these heretics,) had long been hovering about the boat, swimming, and running on the bank, and they directed us to a place where we could scale the

rock. This, however, looked steep and hot, and we declined it, and landed again at the base of the cliff on which the convent of Sitti Miriam-el-Adra ("our Lady Mary the Virgin") stands. Here we found a crevice in the rock, up which we crept and scrambled, chiefly on all fours, with the aid of the Copts. About half way up we came to a ledge, which was both so slippery and so difficult to turn, from its overhanging character, and the want of footing below, that we had some difficulty in getting on: retreat, however, was more difficult, so we took off our shoes and set to work. The first three or four steps were merely nicks in the rock on either side of the fissure, and as they were too far apart for me to reach, one of the men got on before me and I climbed over him, and thus reached the ledge above. W. managed it easily enough, and so we reached the top, shoe and breathless, being, I suppose, the first specimens of *discalceate* Anglican clergy ever seen by the monks of e'-Dayr Sitti Miriam. We were accompanied by the whole population to the church. This is a very interesting building; though from the extreme darkness, we were not able to form so accurate an estimate of it as I could have wished. It consists of a parallelogram of about one hundred feet by fifty of hewn stone, on which occasional hieroglyphics denote the "*unde derivatur*." It is entered on the south-east by a flight of steps descending to the nave. On entering we turned to the right, and up three steps, into a screened off choir of one bay, separated from the nave at each side of the screen by

two lofty Roman columns with capitals, on which the Roman eagle is prominent. On these are heavy imposts, bearing short columns of the Greek empire, which look as if intended to terminate a triforium, now not existing. Beyond this choir is the sanctuary (also behind a solid screen), being little more than a large apse with four (Roman) columns, over which a crude brick cupola has been built. The two corner columns support a pointed arch with a flat soffit, and a similar one surmounts the columns of the nave-arch: two smaller ones occur at the ends of the space I call the choir, which, like the nave, seems to have had a flat timber roof. The nave is severed from the aisle which surrounds it on the north, south, and west sides, by a colonnade of short polygonal columns, evidently hewn out of the solid masses of Egyptian piers; but whether brought here, or existing on the spot, I am not able to decide. The aisle has a bench-table, apparently cut in the rock, running all round it—a feature very common in Egyptian tombs and temples. On the whole I incline to think that this church was built in the fifth century, on the basilican type, from the remains of an Egyptian temple and a Roman building, with some local modifications. The dome and pointed arches are of course of post-Saracen date.

On the whole, considering the entire absence of the pointed arch in Byzantine remains, its demonstrable existence within a century of the Hegira among the Saracens here, and the fact that the Copts were patronized in a certain way by the

Caliphs, I suppose that the pointed features in churches like this, are repairs and additions made by this sect (with the aid of their conquerors) to existing remains of Catholic churches of the empire. If so, they date in the seventh, eighth, and succeeding centuries, which is early enough certainly. We visited a small chapel attached to the same building, but it presents little of interest. The beauty of the evening light, mingling with the moonshine on the lofty table-land of Gebel Shekh Embáarak, kept us on shore till late. We went on board just above the Hagar-e-Salam, or rock of salutation, of which the Nile sailors say, no one must reckon himself to have made a prosperous voyage till he has passed it.

26th. We passed Beni Souef about four. We are now beyond our last chance of a crocodile, which we regret. About three miles south of Beni Souef, are the ruins of Heracleopolis (at Anásieh), the inhabitants of whose nome worshipped the inveterate enemy of the crocodile, the ichneumon, and were hence often involved in feuds with their neighbours, the people of the Arsineite, or crocodiopolite nome. It is worth notice that our dragoon says, the people at Assouan and higher, eat the crocodile (which those hereabout will not), for Herodotus says precisely the same. It seems a tradition, therefore, and if so, a very curious one. We have had two trochili stuffed. Mohammed says they make use of the spikes on their wings to pounce on and kill smaller birds; while their long beaks serve them to kill the leeches in the croco-

diles' mouths. They (in common with other plover-like birds) are called zik-zak, probably from their cry, by the Arabs.

27th. A strong south-west wind brought us to Dashoor and its pyramids, a distance of about seventy miles, in ten hours: but our want of time, and the apparent want of interest, rendered us content to see them again from the river, and land after breakfast at Sakhárah, whose pyramids are the next in succession. Our first point was Memphis, part of the site of which is now occupied by a village, called Mittrahenny. Of this vast metropolis of Lower Egypt, for centuries a wonder of the world, the supplanter of that Thebes whose ruins still draw all nations to the Nile, and the favoured dwelling place of many dynasties, but a few "ruinous heaps", and an occasional statue, remain. The site, however, has great charms, and the noble palm-groves seem fit clothing for the remains of a metropolis like Memphis. The chief object remaining above ground is a noble colossus of Remeses the Great, now prostrate, and nearly buried in the alluvial soil: it would measure, if perfect, about forty feet, and so correspond very nearly to the size of two colossi, mentioned by Herodotus, erected by that king before the Hephasteum (temple of Vulcan or Phthah) in this city. The face has the same mild expression and beauty of feature which distinguish the colossi of the temple at Abou Simbel, and the sculptures of this sovereign in the Remeseum. On the belt are his nomen and prænomen. To the former of these I trace a

great resemblance in the cartouche of a gold ring I obtained from one of the tombs at Thebes. This statue belongs to the British Museum. I wish the trustees would have it removed: a few more years of neglect will probably destroy it. The material is a fine lime-stone, which (as Sir G. Wilkinson observes) is too great a temptation for the Turks to be long resisted. The site of the Hephasteum seems denoted by this and other remains; and if so, the lake which surrounded it, and was connected with the larger one, used for the funeral rites of the dead, is still traceable in a pool on the west and north (the two sides mentioned by Herodotus), which retains the water of the inundation nearly all the year. A-propos of this water, Diodorus says that Homer borrowed his myth of Charon, etc., from the rites used at Memphis, and called his river of the dead *Oceanus*, from the Egyptians using the same name for their Nile. It is curious that their word for it now (*bahr*) is still "the ocean."*

Shortly after leaving Memphis, we rode through a violent storm of wind and rain, which reminded us that we had returned to Lower Egypt. There are two large pyramids at Sakhára, of which the southernmost is most remarkable for the clear way in which it shows the internal construction of the pyramids, in the manner of stages. East of it are some excavated tombs of some interest. In the

* The passage in Isaiah xxiii, 3, is interesting, as bearing on this epithet.

chief one we saw but one cartouche, which was of Apries (Isammaticus II), of the twenty-sixth dynasty. This and some other tombs are lined with blocks of much finer lime-stone than the rock. It has all the parts of a temple. Here is the earliest specimen of the arch, in stone, known in Egypt; the hall and corridor being barrel-vaulted, and the date about 600 B.C. The adytum and other chambers are flat-roofed, and the piers square and without abacus or architrave; the pits are very deep. The whole plain hence to Abousir, and beyond, is covered with bones of men and other animals. Two or three skulls which I picked up, struck me as having the intellectual part very slightly, and the sensual very fully, developed.

About midway between Sakhára and Abousir, we crawled into an ibis mummy-pit. The passage, now nearly choked with sand, leads direct to a well, into which we sent two men, to bring us from one of the chambers some ibis mummies, in the sugar-loaf shaped pots in which they are here found. I put my head through a neighbouring crevice, and dropped some lighted mummy cloth down a very deep excavation, I suppose of an adjoining catacomb. We had another storm here, and then walked on to Abousir, the men and donkeys lagging behind. These pyramids are very much dilapidated. W. entered one (as usual, on the north side, in the middle) by a very narrow passage, forced, I believe, by Colonel Howard Vyse, in 1838, through the outer face, but finding the passage very uneven, and being without light, came out again. The

men had our candles with them ; but we had some lucifers, and gathered a few sticks, and by means of lighting them, were able to see as far as it is open. The passage first descends and then ascends, through enormous blocks of stone, to an irregular chamber of great size, roofed with stones about thirty feet long, placed in a triangular form, leaning against each other, similarly to those seen above the entrance to the great pyramid, and in the chamber over the king's chamber there. We shot our way back to the boat at Shekh Trinan, a most picturesque village, and dropped down to Gizeh in the night.

Thursday the 28th. This morning is our last on board the Dahabieh ; the rapidity of our last night's voyage brought us to the end (which always seems to come precipitately) of our time on the Nile, very suddenly. More than two months of uninterrupted enjoyment would have rendered the parting really painful, but the fresh pastures of Gizeh, to whose pyramids the day was devoted, pleasantly drew off one's thoughts from such disagreeable reflections. We rode up to the village nearest the pyramids, where I halted to make a general sketch ; and W. rode on to do the same from some substructures on the south-east, rather nearer. Though our donkey man had a very fine "cold in the head", he did not succeed in keeping my donkey going, and I had to walk a great part of the way. I must explain this enigmatic sentence, by saying that the donkey drivers of Egypt have a way of speaking to their animals, which

sounds just as if they had a violent cold in the head. I do not know what the connexion of ideas in the donkeys' mind can be, but this noise, and a sort of hysterical laugh, have the utmost effect in making them go. I made an attempt to sketch the sphinx, and we then rode up to the extreme south of this wonderful group of pyramids, and sitting on the furthest west of the three small ones which flank the third (or Mycerinus') pyramid, read our "Murray" before we visited them. These small pyramids have all been opened, but only one (the centre one) is now accessible, and does not present anything of sufficient interest to tempt one to crawl down the shaft, which is very steep and dusty. We walked round the third pyramid, which anywhere but here would be esteemed enormous, and speculated on the great masses of granite which lie about it still, and formed the casing up to the middle, as Herodotus and Diodorus say. There is nothing apparent to contradict this; but the effect, one would think, was hardly so good as those authors say, if it was thus *piebald*. This pyramid was opened by Colonel Howard Vyse in 1837, and amply repaid the great labour he bestowed on it. The large chamber it contains was found, with the body of the king (Mycerinus) in its sarcophagus, intact. It is approached by a descending passage leading from the floor of a chamber into which the entrance passage leads, and which is, I suppose, under the apex: if so, it would seem that this first chamber was intended to mislead intruders with the notion that they had reached the real tomb.

A body (now in the British Museum) was found somewhere near this, which would confirm the idea that this was the tomb of the founder, and preserve the real body from injury. The account given by the priests at Memphis to Herodotus of the tomb of Amasis, exemplifies the use of these precautions. He says that Cambyses, in his furious mood, dragged from the tomb the body of Amasis, and insulted and maltreated it: but the priests assured the historian that, after all, the body so outraged, was not that of Amasis, but one which he had had buried in the immediate entrance of the tomb (*"ἐν μυχῷ της θηκης ὡς μαλιστα"*), having been warned by an oracle of the violence intended to his body. This I suppose, therefore, to have been no unusual practice with these monarchs. The roof of the great chamber is, as usual, formed of huge stones, resting against each other in the middle. In a small chamber, to which you descend by a few steps on the left as you leave the great chamber, are a row of deep recesses, about five feet high by three broad, and eight or nine in length, which must have been intended to contain mummies. I suppose those of the king's house who died during his life, for I conclude that at his death and entombment the pyramid was permanently closed. Indeed it would be impossible, without breaking them, to remove the granite portcullises which closed the passages.

We next entered the second pyramid, which was opened by Belzoni in 1816: the entrance (like that of the third) is lined with very large blocks of

granite, and the descent is steep enough to make it necessary to effect one's passage by treading into the angles. The entrance is very similar to that of the first pyramid; but there is but one main chamber, a very large one, now much encumbered with stones, forced in from the passage: the sarcophagus is buried in the floor. This pyramid seems better built, or else is less damaged, than the great one. The road round the north and west sides is removed, so as to form a deep moat of some sixty feet broad, in order to give a flat base to the pyramid, as the hill here declines a little to the south and east. In the face of the scarp thus formed (on the west) are twelve excavated tombs, one of which presents a curious feature—viz., a roof, imitating that of a house covered with palm-logs, laid horizontally—a striking illustration of the view that the Egyptians borrowed their excavatory from their constructional forms. The inscription nearest to these tombs (on the face of the scarp) is of Remeses the Great's time. In front (i.e. east) of this pyramid is a very large and massive foundation of (I suppose) a gateway, flanked by towers, similar to that in front of the third, whence the raised causeway, supposed to be that mentioned by Herodotus, leads down into the plain; and, about half way between this and the sphinx, is the most interesting tomb here—viz., the great square excavation discovered by Colonel Vyse. It consists of a pit (thirty feet by twenty-six, and fifty-four deep), cut in the rock, and surrounded by a trench between seventy and eighty feet deep, and eight or



View of Stone from Bastion, by the Author

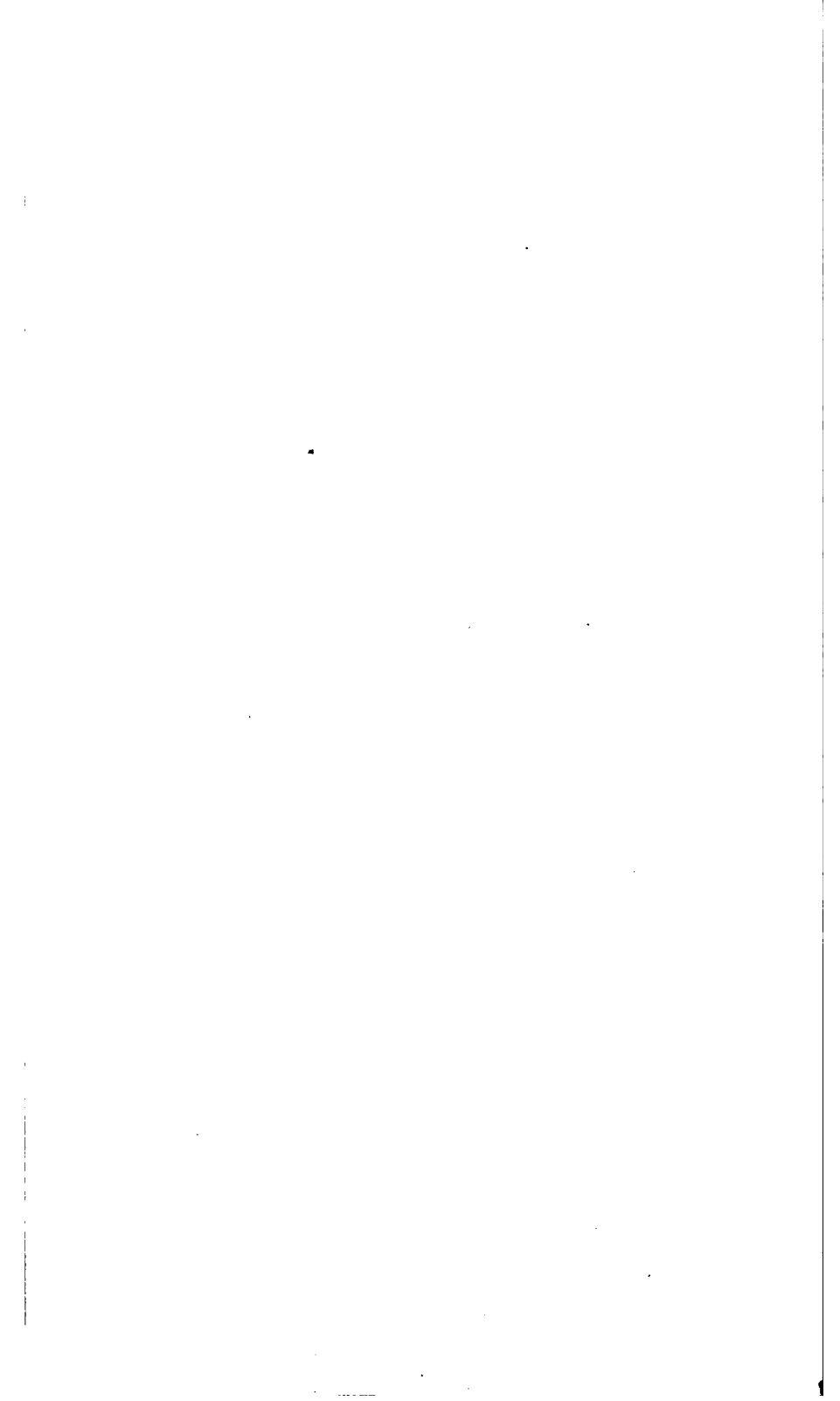
ISLAND OF

FRANCIS



J. Turner Sculp. Del. G. S. S.

ELAE, NUBIA.



ten broad. The central rock-walls are here and there connected by a sort of flying buttress with the external rock. On one of these, with the assistance of an Arab, I crossed the abyss (over which W., with more head and agility, leapt unaided), and, looking down from the wall, saw a black basalt sarcophagus lying in the middle. It had been covered with a stone arch of the time of Psamaticus II, but the Arabs have destroyed it. In the west rock-wall, and on one other side, are recesses containing other coffins. We lingered for some time about the sphinx, and then rode home through a severe storm, which gave us a most picturesque effect of light on the pyramids and on Cairo, before us. The great pyramid we respectfully admired, but did not ascend or enter this time, as we had done so before. We established ourselves at the Hôtel d'Europe, where we found very nice rooms, and much greater quiet than at the Orient.

CHAPTER V.

ACROSS THE DESERT TO JERUSALEM.

RETURN TO CAIRO—NEWS FROM HOME—MOHAMMEDAN TOMB
—DR. ABBOTT'S MUSEUM—EARLY "POINTED" ARCHITECTURE—MATARIEH AND HELIOPOLIS—CAMEL RIDING—THE
DESERT—EL ARISH—GAZA—RUINS OF RAPHA—VALLEY
AND CHURCH OF ABOU GOSH—ARRIVAL AT JERUSALEM.

Saturday, 2nd. We paid our raïs and crew to-day. They all came and kissed hands on the event, and shewed so much feeling we felt quite sorry to part with them. We called on Mr. —, the consul, and found a perfect treasure of letters and papers here, and enjoy them very much. The English news are certainly hopeful; everything seems hastening to a political and religious crisis, which will commence a new era. The protectionists are rallying round Lord Stanley, and ministers talking of a new reform bill and extension of the suffrage. The bishop of London brings in a bill to take the appeal from *doctrinal* decisions of the ecclesiastical courts out of the hands of the crown lawyers in privy council, and vest it in the archbishop, with certain assessors. Here seems the germ of a thorough sifting of the royal supremacy, and probably of Church disestablishment. In the

choice about to be forced on the clergy and laity of our communion, how many will go through with their principles? A large section will risk and labour for some mezzo-termine of *non-juring*, or the like. One word only will take us through, and that is "unity", and one thing, that is "Rome". The notion that the eastern sects help our position as Anglicans, seems to me quite visionary. So far as I can see they mutually detest and excommunicate each other, and the Greeks go so far as to re-baptize, without condition, all who come to them, whether Roman, Copt, Armenian, or Jacobite. The only unity here, therefore, is in renunciation of papal authority. The Copts, whose discipline and morality has been improved into something very like Mohammedanism, are required to surrender, unconditionally, the small remains of truth they possess, when they become Greeks, not even their baptism being allowed. Rome, on the other hand, acknowledges their orders and sacraments, and only requires abjuration of their heresies when they submit to her primacy. If the exorbitance of claims, therefore, is a test of Catholicity, the Greeks are Catholic to the utmost; but, as a fact, their proceedings (as regards baptism, orders, etc.,) only show bigotry and ignorance, for they are pledged to the councils which forbid re-baptization, and only seem to adhere to it because Rome keeps to the canons. If one is to submit, it must surely be to reasonable claims. I suppose one reason for the sympathy between the Germans and Copts is the facility of divorce among them. The

legalizing of fornication was always a grand point with "the reformers", and the Copts have achieved this so well that you may have a wife for a week, and then get rid of her, by concert between their clergy and the Mohammedan civil authority, without much scandal.

In the afternoon we rode up to the citadel, and lingered there till sunset. The mosque of Mehemet Ali is rapidly advancing.

Sunday, the 3rd March. Our only lionizing was a visit to the three convents at Old Cairo: the Copt, the Greek, and the Armenian. The Coptic church is curious and interesting, as being the type of all their churches. It consists of four parallel aisles, of which the central is still terminated by an apse, and I think two of the others have had them also. The arches are all pointed, but of the Byzantine type: the pulpit is curious, being made of inlaid marbles, and long enough to admit two or three persons at once, which I believe is the practice here. This church is subdivided by innumerable wooden screens, and there are latticed cages here and there for the women, who have adopted the Mohammedan system of veiling. The whole quarter is surrounded by a high wall, and inhabited by Copts and a few Greeks, so that the appearance of Sunday observance was sufficiently striking in this heathen land: otherwise the Copts struck me (as before) very unfavourably. Whatever they appear historically, in the origin of their sect, there is no doubt that at the time of the Arab invasion, scarce two hundred years after their formal separation from the body of Christ, by decree of

the fourth œcumenical council (Chalcedon), for the heresy of Eutyches, they had become thoroughly Erastian ; and while they have reaped the temporal blessings of peace and government patronage, they have also sacrificed, for them, principle, doctrine, and discipline, till the name of Christian has become a byword to the heathen under their tutelage. Their reputation for being on good terms with the government has rendered the cultivation of their good will an object with every party and every new dynasty—a fact which seems to give some clue to the intimate relations established by the English chaplain at Cairo between our communion and the Copts, through a widely-organized system of schools, tract distribution, and the closer tie of intercommunion, on the comprehensive basis of common Protestantism. The English chaplain (who I hear is a very amiable person) was a Lutheran minister, a German, and was ordained recently by our bishop of Jerusalem, with a view to this combination, which fully accounts for the Copt bishop of Siout's reception of us. I believe the orders under which Mr. ^{Allen} acts, come as much from Downing-street as from his bishop, who was here for some time lately. Bibles and tracts from the Malta Episcopal College press are widely distributed, and improvement of morals and advancement of intellect are confidently predicted in consequence. The Copt priests are married ; but, like all others, save I think the Protestants, always before receiving orders, and to one wife only. I suppose the “ improved ” practice of England and Germany will, ere long, be introduced. A “ catena ”

of Anglican bishops and divines, ending with the bishop of —, might easily be produced to sanction this enlightened innovation on the practice of the Church.

There are some rather good pictures or icons in the church, and two are alleged miraculous. There is a curious baptistery in one corner, and four side altars: the first I have noticed in a Coptic church. The well in this baptistery is that which is said to have been created miraculously for the refreshment of the Holy Family—a fact of which we were ignorant at the time of our visit. The Greek church (not a monastery) is in the same quarter, and is interesting, as standing within the old (Roman) fort of Babylon, which is testified as well by the pillars, etc., which remain, as by an inscription, of the time of Diocletian. The Greek church presents the usual features. The icons are rather good, and within the iconostasis is a very curious little painting of S. Symeon Stylites casting out devils. The devils are represented leaping from the mouths of the possessed, who are standing at the foot of the column. There are rooms to let in this building, which are very nice and airy, and command a fine view. We saw also the Armenian church: it is a poor, modern building, and in a neglected state, but almost like a Catholic church in its decorations and arrangement, which answers to what I had heard of the Armenians.

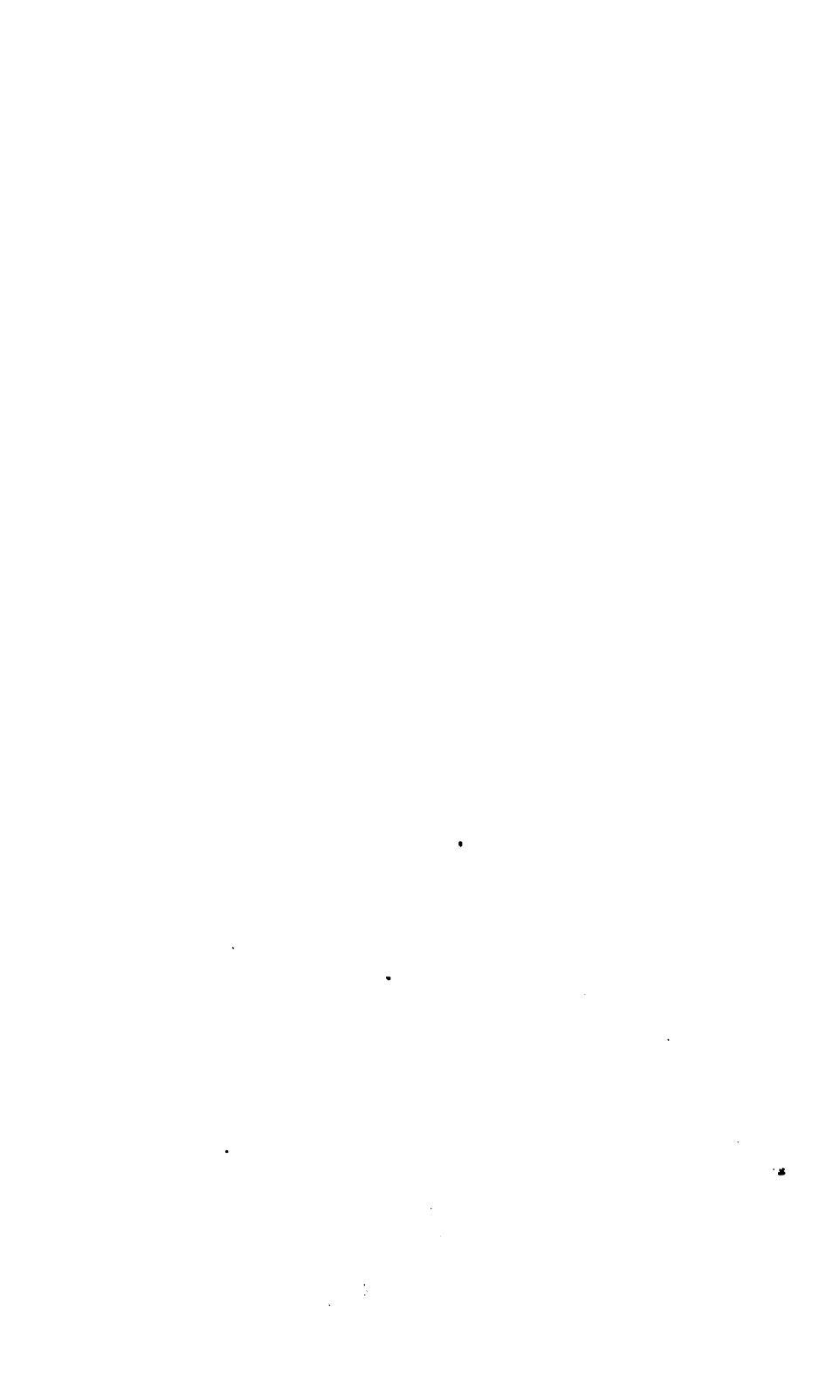
We had a very pleasant ride home through the alleys and across the place called the Esbékíeh. At dinner I had a long argument with L—— and a German (Dr. F——), as to whether the pyramids

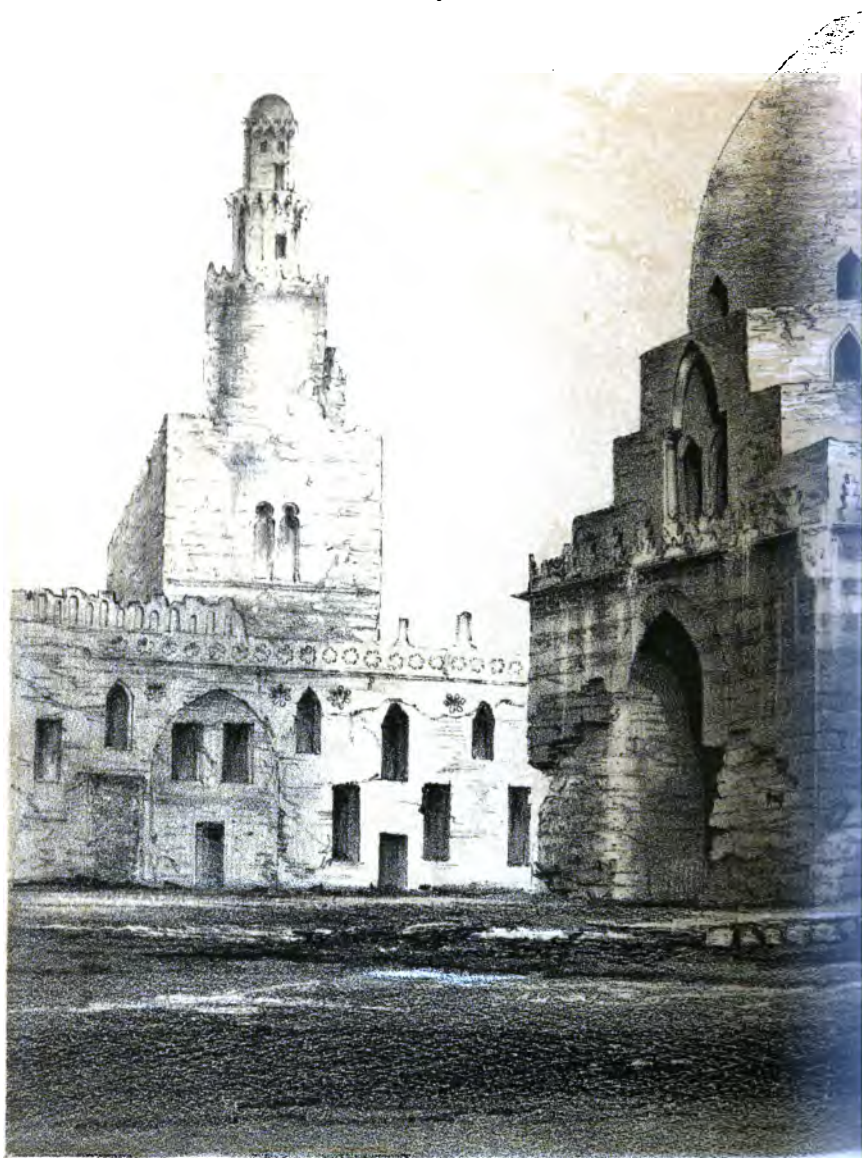
were picturesque, and then as to what the picturesque consists in. I said it lay in an approximation to that eternal fitness of relation, which as an emanation from the Divine mind, shines in creation as though projected on a medium, material but still transparent, which would one day fall away and reveal the substance beneath. On this came a discussion on substance, and accidents, which as it leads directly to dangerous ground, I soon dropped. I think the pyramids typify both eternity and infinity by their structure and form, and so are veils or forms of a substance.

Monday, 4th. Our excursion of to-day was to the top of Gebel-e'-Dusy (I believe a corruption of Joosef), the lofty hill behind the citadel. We rode up behind the citadel through the quarries, which are very grand, and to a mosque on the top of the hill, whence there is a most glorious view of the whole city and citadel, and (on the north-east) the Desert and the valley of the Nile, the pyramids, etc. The mosque is very pretty, and so thoroughly "pointed" in its character, that one could almost fancy one's self in a church when inside it. We then rode down to a very pretty mosque and fountain, which lie below the hill on the south of the citadel. This is the burial-place of an aga, whose family annually come here for some days and commemorate their departed ancestors. A man and his family, who are provided for by an endowment, live in an adjoining building, and are supposed to keep the whole in order. The cisterns are supplied from a deep well, and are chiefly for the use of pilgrims.

In the tomb itself, which as usual is carpeted and otherwise adorned, as if for a living occupant, are large recesses, with divans, cupboards, etc., for the use of the family. This custom, which is usual, seems a very nice one, if observed in a proper spirit. From these tombs we went up to another, which is about half way up the hill, and from its terrace and minaret had another beautiful view of the town, with some of the stately tombs of the Memlook kings, standing out nobly before the setting sun, by whose light we rode round to the other tombs (commonly called "of the Caliphs") on the east, and so home. In the evening we went to an improvisation in the "Salle" of Ahmed Pasha's palace. The improvisatore was an Italian, and showed great talent and poetry in his treatment of various subjects, which were suggested by the audience. The most successful was a poem on Gregory VII. He chose the triumph of Canossa, and the close of his life in exile, as the two points, and illustrated them very well. Afterwards we went to Mr. ——'s (who keeps house for the consul-general in his absence), and found there Sir E. B——, Dr. Abbott, Mr. ——, and Colonel ——.

Tuesday, 5th. We visited Dr. Abbott's museum this morning, at his invitation. It is a most interesting collection of Egyptian antiquities of all kinds. He has been fourteen years collecting, and has spent about £3,500 on it. I was seized with a desire of securing it for the University; and if I had the money to spare I would certainly obtain it. He is particularly rich in jewellery, and has, among





Drawn on Stone from Sketches by the Author

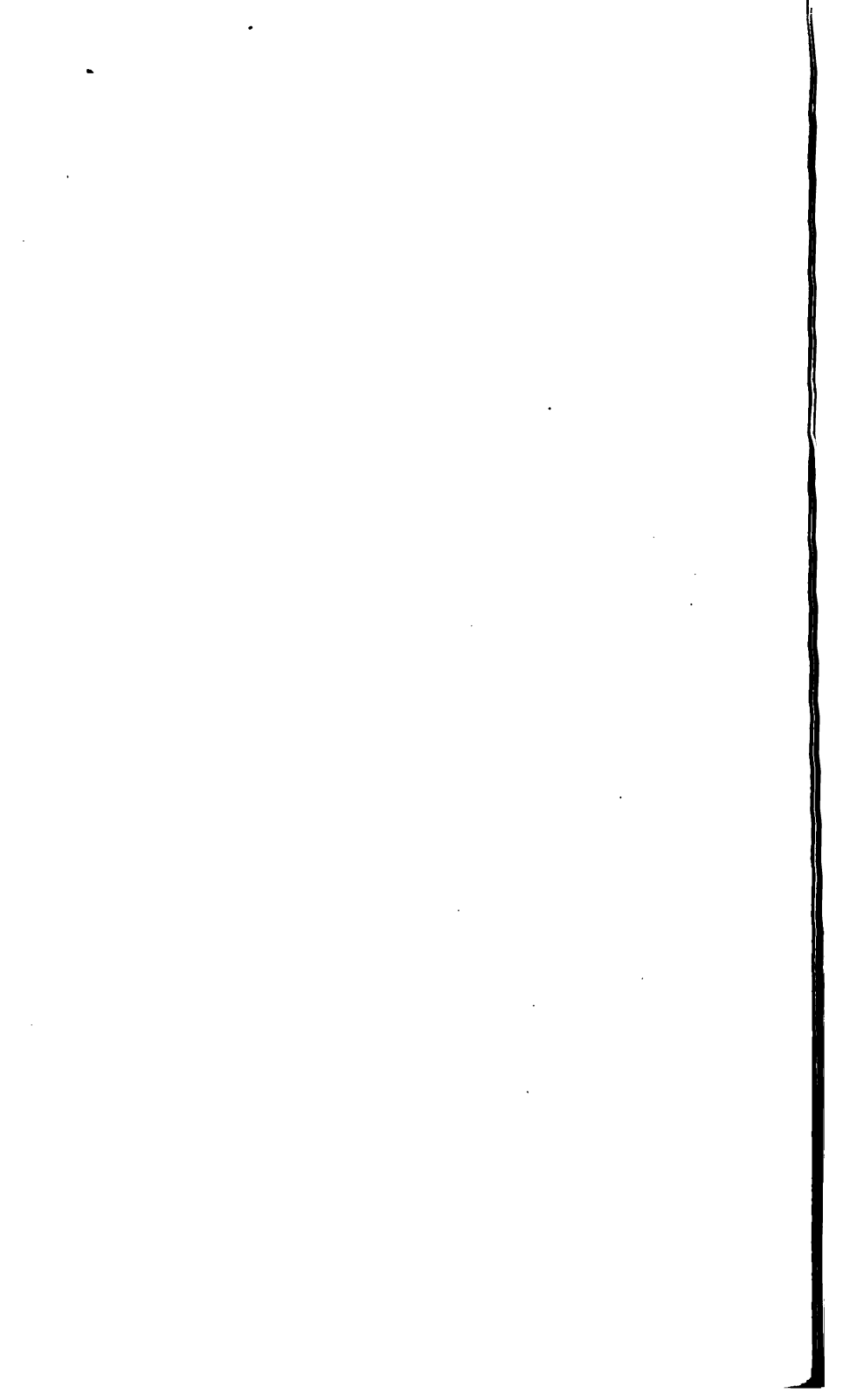
M O S Q U E

(A. 0)



Temple of the Sun, at Puma-Picchu.

PTAYLON.



other things, the ring of Suphis, or Cheops, and a necklace of the time of Menes. He tells me that a gold ring, which I got at Thebes, is an antique, and an offering to the lion-headed Pasht. Among his greatest curiosities are an Egyptian helmet and part of a breast-plate of iron, some very fine papyri, and a small figure of the Ibis-headed god, carved with the finish of ivory, of fine lime-stone, about an inch and a half high.

The whole of the day elapsed at the consulate in preparing our Desert contract—to our great regret, for the *short* Desert—as we have not time before Easter for the other way. We therefore intend making another tour to Petra and Sinai, after Easter. After four we got away, and visited the mosque of Tayloon, which, next to that of Amr', is the most ancient here. It is peculiarly interesting as affording the earliest instance of the pointed arch, which prevails throughout the whole building without any exception. It is built in the form of a square, with two minarets at the south and north-east angles, and one, which has a curious exterior spiral staircase, in the middle of the west side. The sides consist of a double colonnade on three sides, and a four-fold one on the east, consisting of pointed arches, supported on oblong rectangular piers, with engaged shafts at the angles, and small pointed apertures or windows in the spandrils. The exterior, facing the court, has a cresting of multifoil perforations, with small square turrets at intervals, and under it a succession of sunk circles containing various foliations, each different from the other.

The mecherab is enclosed in a very elegant series of mouldings, and the wall, (the east, or rather south-east) against which it is, has a series of pointed windows containing painted glass, inserted in tracery formed by numerous perforations (in patterns) in a thin slice of stone. The glass consists merely of round pieces of various colours. The tracery, or honey-combed stone, is still in use: I have some in the ceiling of a bath attached to my room in this inn. In the centre of the court is a very picturesque dome surmounting the fountain of the mosque, and the interior is decorated with a series of small arcades, in some of which the windows are introduced. It is said that the history of the external staircase of the minaret is this:—The Sultan who built this mosque (Ahmed Ebu-e-Tayloon, the founder of a succession of *quasi* independent governors of Egypt, called after him, and reigning from 868 to 906, A.D.) was an *absent man*, and being reprovved one day by his vizier for idly twisting up a piece of paper, defended himself by saying that he was devising a minaret for his new mosque, which should be different from all hitherto known. It is now sadly out of repair, and is being poorly repaired and patched up into dwellings for dervishes and their families (on three sides of the court) by the present pasha.* The view from the minaret, which we

* This mosque was undoubtedly built in the eleventh year of Sultan Tayloon (*i.e.* A.D. 879), as is recorded in an inscription in Cuphic characters over the chief entrance, and was, of course,



MECHERAB, IN THE MOSQUE ETAYLOON.

(A. D. 879.)

reached by rather a perilous scramble over the tumble-down roofs, is the finest we had of Cairo itself, as it includes the citadel.

Wednesday the 6th. We rode with Mrs. — to Matarieh and Heliopolis this afternoon. It is a charming ride, under the shade of tamarisks and sycamore trees, and through the richest fields of corn, etc. The road passes the pasha's desert palace, and the tomb of Melek Adel (Saladin's brother) near it. We rode straight to Heliopolis first, and were entering the garden in which the chief remains are, when we were stopped by an announcement that the harem of the bey, who lives near, were disporting themselves there, and therefore we could not enter. Mr. —'s mediation, however, and a well-administered "backshish", procured us admission, and we were enabled to look at the obelisk (a very handsome granite one, of the age of Osirtasen I, B.C. 1750), and stroll among the flowering almond and orange trees *à discrétion*. The harem consisted of two fat ladies and their maid, who did not seem nearly so jealous of shewing their faces as their guardian at the door. Near this are some large stones of a doorway, excavated about a month since, on which we saw the oval of Thothmes III: they are supposed to be part of the Temple of the Sun. The gem of our excursion was of course the Garden of Metarieh, in which is the

only included within the walls of Cairo at a much later period. The material is *burnt brick* plastered, with marble pavements, and occasional decorations. Like all Saracen buildings, it has been richly coloured throughout.

tree under which a constant tradition asserts that the holy family once rested. The tree (a sycamore) appears really old enough to have been the very one; and it was with no little delight, therefore, that we were able (as Mrs. — did not dismount, having seen the garden before), to call to mind the sacred presence which once had dignified that spot, kiss the hallowed ground, and gather a few leaves from the tree. I noticed that Mrs. — dwelt on the tradition of Heliopolis being the On of Scripture, and the sometime resting-place of Joseph; but not on this as the rest of the true Joseph, and Mary His mother, and Joseph His holy nursing father. It seems to me that Protestants always shrink from everything that *brings home* the incarnation, be it place, time, persons, or relation.

At dinner my neighbour said he and some others had had a delightful pic-nic under this tree,—a champagne lunch and chibouques afterwards! The next thing will be a pic-nic to some sacred place at Jerusalem. What a satire on modern Christianity! I ought to have mentioned that we went yesterday evening to see an illumination on the occasion of the fête of Hassanin, which extends over a whole quarter of the town. We rode through the streets preceded by torch-bearers and the kanass of the Austrian consulate, and enjoyed the scene very much. The shops were lighted up, large chandeliers and lamps suspended from the houses, and the whole population seemed abroad. I never saw a more good-natured or more polite populace. We went into a coffee-shop and sat cross-legged on

a wooden divan, among a number of other worthies, who, though quite of the lower class, behaved with the utmost propriety. The glimpses down side-streets, and into the courts of mosques, lighted up with innumerable little lamps, were most picturesque.

Thursday. A most amusing morning in the Turkish bazaar, buying bournouses, turquoises, etc., which are carried, with every other kind of merchandize, from street to street on the bazaar days; and a very interesting afternoon at the "Tombs of the Caliphs" occupied us nearly all day. We visited one of these tombs which we had not seen before, and which is remarkably richly decorated with marbles, and fine colouring and gilding in the domes and roofs. In the interior part, where the tomb itself is, are two stones, under small tabernacles, on which are respectively the impressions of a foot and two hands, said to be those of "the prophet". Such stones are frequently shewn in the east. We sketched the interior of the large court in the tomb of Chait Bey, and the exterior of another beyond it to the north-east.

Though we did so little to-day, we were quite knocked up: the fact is, that buying is very fatiguing here, owing to the protracted conversation and "beating about the bush", which accompanies it. To see the shopkeepers, one might suppose they lived on conversation, as they seem to do nothing else; but, in fact, each of the small conversaziones going on on the shop-boards of the bazaars, represent some transaction of sale or barter, which may

be days in accomplishment. We saw but few good stones, but some turquoises, and one diamond of great beauty, for which large prices were asked. We dined, with our German friends, at the Hôtel d'Orient.

Friday the 8th. A day of preparation and much running about for *teskeris* (*i. e.* passports), money, etc. etc. In the afternoon we tried our dromedaries. Mine is a very nice one, fleet and nimble in its movements. One sits very forward, facing the animal's head, but with the left leg dangling down the side, and the right twisted round a wooden peg or pommel, and under the left knee, which embraces the right instep. Thus *tied in a knot*, one has a very firm seat, and after the first few minutes we trotted without holding on, to our great admiration. My dromedary's trot was really not higher than that of some horses. His walk was not so easy. W—— had a very rough camel, which he will therefore change before starting. By the bye, I think people suppose the camel and dromedary to be different kinds of animals; but, in fact, the latter is merely a better bred and smaller beast, which is reserved for riding. They often fetch high prices. We heard of one to-day which cost about 1000 needjidi (*i. e.* £200). One of the funniest things is the process of mounting. They are made to kneel down, and when one gets on, they grunt, and snarl, and grumble in the oddest way. In rising, they give you three considerable lurches, fore and aft. We rode to Melek Adel's tomb.

Saturday, 9th. Our preparations were still so in-

complete about noon, that we gave up the notion of starting this afternoon, and now intend leaving the first thing in the morning. We spent the whole day in packing, etc., and only had time, in the afternoon, to see the mosque of Sultan-el-Hakem. It is a large quadrangle with singularly-shaped towers at the angles, and has had a double arcade round three sides, and a fourfold one on the Mecca or chief side. Like that of E'-Tayloon, this mosque has none but pointed arches, and the style is very similar to that mosque, save that almost all the arches are horse-shoed. This, and the more ornate style of the Cufic characters, which occur frequently, are the only perceptible developments which the Saracens made in a century and a quarter, or more. This mosque dates 1003 A.D., or thereabout. El-Hakem was the founder of the Druses, a sect still in existence, and claimed a divine mission. We went round to the west side, and found the arch (a plain pointed one), over which is a Cufic inscription, in which El-Hakem is styled in the same way as Mohammed himself. This would of course be a scandal to orthodox Mussulmans; and I suppose it is on that account that the present pasha has so stopped up the entrance that I was unable to get near enough to copy the inscription, which I much wished to do.

Sunday the 10th. At length I write in our tent in the Desert, and that with no small exultation. We went to an early mass this morning, and started about half-past nine. Our road lay past the desert palace, and a mosque with some beautiful "early

English" arches, and then by the garden of Matariëh, which seemed a fit beginning for our immediate pilgrimage to the Holy City. As we rode past it, I was saying the service of the day (4th Sunday in Lent), and was happy in thinking that this was, beyond a doubt, the very road by which Israel and his sons came down, to find Joseph ruler over Egypt; and by which, in the fulness of His own time, the real Joseph came down, and, as a beloved "child", was called, a "Son out of Egypt", to go up to Jerusalem and suffer many things. "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem" (gospel for first Sunday in Lent) has long been my Lent text: here it comes home with renewed force and meaning. God grant that this may, indeed, be an *upward* course for us.

We rested for half an hour under some trees, about two o'clock, passed through Khanken about four, and encamped here, some twenty miles from Cairo, at sunset. In about half an hour we were seated at table in our tent, with our tea (which we have adopted instead of dinner in the desert) before us, and all our things about us, as if we had been here a week. The day would not have been at all fatiguing, had I not had a huge camel instead of my dromedary, through some mistake, and thus was a good deal jumbled and bruised, especially by a frisk and canter, to which the creature treated me near Matariëh. Spite of its rough paces, I was able to read the Office and the Itinerarium without inconvenience, and to-morrow I shall be much more at ease on my own beast. They are very

funny animals, very good-natured, but with a supercilious look, which is most amusing.

Wednesday, 13th. The last two days have been days of considerable fatigue; for, to say the truth, till one gets accustomed to it, camel-riding is not the easiest. We have been coasting Egypt, i.e. following the *edge* of the Desert, till to-day at noon, when we struck off to the north-east, a little above Salhieh—the last village we shall pass till we reach El-Arish, which is four or five days from here. Our routine is, to rise at dawn—we dress and pack at once, and while we are at breakfast the baggage is prepared for loading, and all but the roof of the tent (a twelve-sided one with a central pole) is struck, and by half-past eight we are mounted again. At one or two we halt for half an hour, have a carpet spread, if possible in the shade, and eat bread and oranges for lunch: we stop for the night about sunset, or soon after. Yesterday we lunched at a garden, with very fine palms and orange-trees, in which was a fountain and the tomb of a “saint”, or shekh. The guardian of it, who is provided for by a small endowment, told us that his son was at Manchester as a mechanics’ apprentice, and shewed us a letter in Arabic, which he had received from him. It was curious to think of the utter difference of scenes in which such near relations as this father and his son were living. We have been joined by a Syrian and his wife, pilgrims, like ourselves, to the Holy City; by a little German from Vienna (I suppose a servant or the like), and by four poor men on foot, who have

travelled thus as pilgrims to Mecca and Jerusalem (which is a pilgrimage for Mussulmans as well as Christians), from Lahore and Cabool. All these are allowed to accompany us for the sake of safety. Travelling always strikes one as a great type of the Christian pilgrimage through this life, but never more than it does in the desert on which we are now fairly entered. The heat by day, and cold by night (both considerable); the fatigues, and little hardships of the journey; and, above all, the end and object of it, keep this typical character ever before one; and the applications of the day's scriptures, psalms and lessons, to the events of each day, always abundant, are now constant and continuous. The Itinerarium, and the Gradual psalms especially, bear this character, and lighten the fatigue and burthen of the day with many an apposite thought or allusion. We have felt ashamed to be travelling with so much enjoyment, when we see the poor Indian pilgrims toiling on their long journey; but perhaps, *mutatis mutandis*, there is no great difference, considering our respective habits. Still, as Easter and the Holy City draw near, I groan not a little under the necessity of being so cared for and supplied with comforts as we are.

We have already seen the mirage, and so entirely like water is it, that, although we knew there was none in the direction in which we saw it, we could not persuade ourselves for some time that this was the case. The occasional higher grounds stood out like islands, and with the same effect of the mirage merging indistinguishably in the sky, which I noticed particularly (last October) on the Clyde.

Thursday, 14th. We have made a long day's journey, in spite of the rather oppressing heat, and Khamsin or Sirocco, which has now turned to half a gale, with rain which is pelting our encampment pitilessly. We passed to-day the Birket-el-Ballah, and crossed the canal, which seems to have led formerly to the Tempsa lakes, which lie to the south-west of our route. We watered the camels at a well of salt-water, built by Ibrahim Pasha for his army in the Syrian campaign. The scene was very picturesque and scriptural-looking. From here we find no drop of water till we get to Gaza, in five or six days. We have been joined by several more pilgrims of all nations, mostly Mussulmans. One was named "Jesauh" and "Miriam", for which I gave him some alms; but I fear he is a Copt or other heretic. My dromedary improves on acquaintance. He is a very quick but rough walker; so I have made an arrangement with him which suits both parties. I let him crop his favourite thistles and briers as long as he will, and then trot him up to the caravan at intervals.

Saturday the 17th. Last night we encamped (at Atieh) near an oasis, which called to our minds Sir W. Scott's "diamond of the desert." Unluckily our appreciation of its beauty was slightly interfered with by a violent storm of wind and rain, which had threatened all day, and at length came down while we were encamping. The tent stood the storm bravely; but at last two ropes gave way, and we had to hold up the side for some minutes till the men fixed them again. The Syrian and his

wife, I fear, got wet ; but to-day they are riding on in their two *crates*, hung on either side of a camel, as if nothing had happened. The desert has become hilly ; but the salt, which cakes on the ground in every hollow, and the very salt water of a lake we passed, indicate that we are still below, or at least on a level, with the two seas, between which this tract of sand lies. One week more and we hope to see Jerusalem. It is a thought I can hardly master, and which fills one with a strange feeling, half fear and half joy.

Thursday the 21st. In quarantine at Gaza. The last four days have been so very fatiguing that journalizing at night has been impossible. On Sunday (Passion Sunday), about eleven, a.m., we came in sight of the sea, whose nearness had long been apparent from the frequent wet tracts of country incrustated with salt, through which we have passed. I took this sight of the sea as an omen that we should see the Holy City next Sunday ; but I fear it will be Monday before we arrive there. We had a long day's journey to reach El-Arish, and did not get there till an hour after dark. This hour was passed in crossing some very white and shrubless sand-hills, which, shrouded in a light sea-mist, and faintly lit by a young moon, looked more like the snow hills of the extreme north. W. and I were in advance, and could hardly persuade our camels to go on, and the caravan loomed behind in a half-seen way, which reminded me of Sintram's night journey, and its mysterious attendance. We encamped a little

below the great square fort and village of El-Arish, between it and the sea. This was the ancient Rhinocorura—a place of exile under the Pharaohs and Romans, and so called, because the unlucky “banished lords” had their noses cut off: I suppose because they were thought to have seen too far beyond them. This is the frontier of Egypt; and the next morning, just as we were starting, a rather nice old Italian came down to ask for our passports. We invited him to sit down while the *visa* was being affixed, and gave him some abominable port-wine, which happened to be the only come-at-able potation. Being of a strong constitution, this potion only made him conversible. He said El-Arish was a horrible banishment, and that nothing but starvation would have sent him or kept him there. They have nothing but “*pontus et ær*” to live on, for the desert surrounds them inland; but, between birds, fishes, and ships (which bring them corn), they contrive to exist. There are traces of Roman remains here. I saw four handsome marble pillars forming the *lips* of a very large well, now dried up, near our encampment.

We got away about ten, and shortly crossed the bed of the Wady-el-Arish (“torrens Ægypti”), or river of Egypt, and entered Palestine.* As we did so, I recited the “*in exitu*”, as I had looked forwards for months to do, with much gratitude for our hitherto success and enjoyment in this our pilgrimage. Scarcely had we crossed the torrent-bed

* It was here that Baldwin of Jerusalem died.

when the country altered its character, and we felt that we had left Africa, and entered the more smiling realms of Asia. The desert does not cease, but a belt of less dreary sand stretches along the coast hence, as far as Gaza, and produces in some places corn, and all along a profusion of small but very sweet flowers, which form a delicate sward on the gently sloping hills. After the waste we had passed, this improvement was a most delightful accessory to the pleasure of at length treading the hallowed land of Palestine. There seemed something symbolical, too, in the character of the country: it was quite a plain, homely country (and reminded me of some of our Oxfordshire heaths on the uplands, such as Shotover), without striking views, or contrasts, or strange produce of nature, or traces of ancient occupation. A greater contrast to Egypt—that strange land, without a parallel in its natural condition, without a rival in its remains of a most remote antiquity—cannot be conceived; and I thought they might shadow forth the World and the Church.—The world, full of charms and of interest, old, but renewing her age with a hundred novel and exciting devices; boasting her age as though she should last for ever, and putting forth a rank array of carnal delights. Such is Egypt.—But *this* country is such as men of the world would hurry through and esteem lightly; peaceful, homely, asking labour, and demanding hope and faith of those who would reap her fruits, decked with lowly flowers of gentle scents, trodden under foot of the infidel, and her true children

despised by him. Egypt, to the children of Egypt, is the most enchanting of lands: to them she opens the gorgeous treasures of her thousands of years of proud empire, and of wisdom which left no room for faith: to them she pours the profusion of pleasant food, and enriches her soil for them with the wares of her exulting and abounding river, bearing on its bosom an annual fleet of those who seek to enjoy this life and to prolong it. But to come up thence into Palestine, he, who will, must gird up his loins, and cross a wilderness. As patient as the enduring beast that bears him, he must be as one that has here no abiding place, must eat the dry food and drink the scanty water, which they who live in Egypt spurn. At noon the scorching sun, at night the cold desert wind and dews, will try him, and pierce the frail covering of his removing tabernacle; and when he has made good his passage, there stand no pyramids, the work of man's right hand, to thrill his coming gaze—no mighty temples, curiously wrought, to tell of, when he sits' at home; no river to glut his thirsty eye, greedy of moisture, and spread the grateful shade of palm-groves deeply on its banks: a few lowly hills, clad in slender green scarcely veiling their nakedness, and tiny flowers, which his camel treads down with its huge feet, only to rise again, and scent the air with their bruised sweetness—here and there a small herd or flock of sheep browsing on wide-spread pasturage: such are the objects which meet the traveller's eye. If he is a Christian he will thank God, and as he carefully

lays up some little nameless flower, "born to blush unseen", he will remember that He who made this land, and made it holy, esteemed such above the garish pomp of all man's greatness, and pronounced him "in all his glory, not arrayed as one of these". Such are some of the thoughts which crowded into the mind as our camels paced on solemnly and staidly towards Gaza.

Tuesday night we pitched on a beautiful piece of sward, and last night on such another, about five miles from here. We intended reaching Gaza last night; but the delay at El-Arish about our passports, threw out our plan. We halted yesterday at noon, near some granite pillars, of which two are standing, and others lie at the mouth of a well. They mark the site of the ancient Raphia, of which I should think excavations in the mounds would lay bare further remains. We had some annoyance here from some impudent Bedouins, who made a show of demanding back-sheesh for the road-guard, which, as we had paid it before, we refused. We found taking no notice, and exhibiting our arms, was the best way of treating them. We reached Khan Uneis about three, and here began our quarantine, as we were given in charge to a mounted soldier, or *garde santé*, who accompanied us to Gaza, and warned off any who met us on the road. This man amused us by showing-off a nice, fat little horse, which he galloped about and turned in true eastern style. Meeting a Nubian, rather well dressed, we were reminded of queen Candace's treasurer, who went

on this very "way rejoicing", after he had found the "pearl of great price" from S. Philip's ministry; and in fancy we traced his return home across the desert, now so changed to him since he "came up to Jerusalem to worship", and up the Nile to his own country, where we passed so many happy and interesting days. We encamped at some sycamore trees, just half way between Khan Uneis and Gaza, and being quite tired out, did not come on here till near noon to-day. The road from Khan Uneis is very much like an English heath. The sycamores (which, I should say, do not resemble our sycamores; they are more like palm-trees), did duty for oaks, and the prickly-pear enclosures, for hedges. I confess I took great delight in this resemblance, and thought it of good augury. We are here tolerably lodged. The lazaretto is a new one, and still tolerably clean.

Friday, 22nd. Yesterday afternoon — strolled into the yard. I was just going to shake hands, when I remembered the quarantine, and was thus saved from "compromising" myself for another day, as he had only begun his that day. He brought two letters from Cairo for me, and some books for W., which he will carry on to Jerusalem, as they cannot be transferred here without fumigating, which would spoil them. Our camel-drivers and their beasts are allowed to remain out, with a guardian: they have given us satisfaction, with the exception of one, Achmet, who has made a variety of cunning attempts to get us to pay for more camels. He also tried to leave us at El-Arish, where he

lays up some little nameless flower, "born to blush unseen", he will remember that He who made this land, and made it holy, esteemed such above the garish pomp of all man's greatness, and pronounced him "in all his glory, not arrayed as one of these". Such are some of the thoughts which crowded into the mind as our camels paced on solemnly and staidly towards Gaza.

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lives, and at last alleged there was blood against him (*i.e.* he had killed some one) in the tribe through which we passed hither, which was a mere invention, I believe. The best of the party was little Ayoub, who, though only twelve years old, is a complete little Bedouin man and Mussulman. We amused ourselves by quizzing him as we passed through Khan Uneis, where he comes from, because the children all greeted him; upon which, when we passed through the chief place, and the elders who were *squatting* there greeted him by name, he called our attention to the fact with great glee. We told him that Ibrahim Pasha used to eat little boys for breakfast, and asked how he had escaped, as he said he had seen him; to which he answered with mock gravity, "Allah kerim!" God is merciful! Though so young, he has a feud already; and he pointed out his enemy, a lad who had stolen a cloak from him; and told him, as he went by, that he would never forget him till he had rendered him justice. This boy, like many of the desert Arabs, is remarkably well grown, and much handsomer than the Egyptians.

The lessons just now are recording Samson's history, and his prowess in this very place. These coincidences are most delightful. In passing though Khan Uneis, I noticed "the grass growing upon the house-tops".

Saturday the 23rd. To-morrow morning we set forward to Jerusalem by the shorter road, leaving Ramleh to the north, and Bethlehem to the south-east. I hope we shall be in Jerusalem by Monday afternoon. It is awfully near.

Sunday. We passed Palm Sunday in journeying over the fertile plain of Sephela, whose beauties of vegetation, and the distant view of the "hill country of Judea", beguiled a way which our longing to see the Holy City might else have rendered tedious. Gaza lies chiefly on a hill (the favourite site for towns hereabout), round whose base the road, hedged with magnificent prickly pear, winds through the cemetery. After passing through some miles of park-like ground, shaded with very fine olive trees, we came to arable land, on which many people were labouring; their greetings of "Allah Makum", instead of the strictly Mussulman "Salam Aleikum", pleasantly reminded us that we were in a land at least in some degree more Christianly inhabited than Egypt. As we reached higher ground, the sea about Ascalon came in sight; and after a long day we encamped, about an hour after sunset, near the village of Gattarah, which, I think, represents the ancient Gederath, and lies about five miles inland from Azotus, or Ashdod, and less from the modern Esdûd.

Next morning (the Feast of the Annunciation, and Monday in Holy Week) we were up before sunrise, and hastened towards the mountains; towards noon, we halted for a few minutes near a well of pure and good water, and gradually ascending, with an extending view of the plain and coast, Ramlah standing on its hill-crest in the centre, passed into the valley which stretches far up into the hills towards Abou Gosh. The formidable shekh of that place, a noted robber, and terror of

the whole neighbourhood, is now safe at Constantinople, as a hostage for the good behaviour of his countrymen,—a fact to which we owed our passage through this pass (both shorter and more beautiful than the ordinary road by Ramlah), which used to be the favourite haunt of Shekh Abou Gosh. About two o'clock, we became sure that, as there remained five hours of travel between us and Jerusalem, and the road was far too bad to travel except in full daylight, we must give up the idea of reaching it to-night. The path became steeper and more rugged as we ascended, till, about an hour before sunset, we passed from the defile through an olive garden over the brow of the mountain, and found ourselves at the head of the valley of Abou Gosh. It has a singularly pleasing and retired look, which seemed to me to be enhanced and accounted for, when, after a few minutes' descent, we saw, embosomed in olive trees, and just opposite the picturesque village, a Christian church. While the camels went forward to encamp, we ran down to look at it. It is a very good specimen of the fortified churches of the Latin kingdom, and consists of a parallelogram, about eighty feet by forty; the walls are of uncommon thickness, about nine feet, and of very large stones ashlarred at the edges. We entered by the sole door, which is on the north side, near the west end, and consists of a pointed arch of two orders, of rectangular shape, and a square-headed doorway, forming a tympanum over it. We found the interior presenting all the features of a Norman first-

pointed church. I crept into the crypt, and found that it extends under the whole church. Like most of that period, this church seems to have been built as much as possible with regard to the security of the clergy and faithful of the place. The crypt would afford a place for stores, and the church a secure refuge, which would stand a long siege: its situation at the head of the valley, and its entirely Christian character, struck us much. As we walked to the encampment, we talked of its knightly and priestly founders (two goodly titles, which most of them did not bear fruitlessly), and broke out with

“ Their bones are dust,
Their good swords rust—
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.”

Just below our camp, we found a brook of the purest running water, in which W. bathed; and I should have done the same, had I not been too much tormented with face and tooth ache.

Tuesday, March the 26th, being Tuesday in Holy Week, I (most unworthily) had the privilege, never sufficiently to be esteemed, of seeing the Holy City. We set forward soon after sunrise, and walked in advance of the camels over the hills which intervened between us and our longed-for end. When we reached the brow of the third of these, we were told we should see Jerusalem; but on turning the angle of a wall, we found yet another crest intervening. Strung up as we were to the utmost pitch of expectation, this respite was only the source of its renewal to a painful degree. At length the moment arrived; we stumbled over the last few paces

of the hill's crest, and the long line of the battlements of Jerusalem emerged from the valley beneath our eyes. A few paces forward, to assure us of the truth, and then we fell to the ground; while a crowd of thoughts laboured within me, and I strove to collect them into an act of praise and thanksgiving.

We struck off from the road, among some palm trees. When we spoke again, one said, "Praise be to God!" the other, "I fear to go on!" and so we walked on in silence, gazing (should a Christian be ashamed to confess it?) with eyes dimmed by tears of joy, on the walls and towers of the holiest place on earth.

CHAPTER VI.

JERUSALEM.

ENTRANCE INTO JERUSALEM—CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE—THE STONE OF UNCTION—THE SEPULCHRE—CALVARY—TRADITIONS CONCERNING THE HOLY PLACES—VIA DOLOROSA—GETHSEMANE—TOMB OF OUR LADY—THE WRITER IS RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH—EASTER AT JERUSALEM—BETHLEHEM—CAVE OF S. JEROME—VALLEY OF BEN-HINNOM—JERICHO—JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA—S. SABA—VALLEY OF AJALON—CAVE OF ADULLAM—ESAU'S TOMB—HEBRON—CAVE OF MACPHELAH—POOLS OF SOLOMON—VALLEY OF TEREBINTHUS.

WE entered Jerusalem by the gate adjoining David's Castle, which stands about midway on the western side of the city, and turning immediately to the left, passed through the narrow streets to the Casa Nuova, or new guest-house, of the Franciscan convent, which stands near the north-western angle of the city. The frate-forestiero, or deputy-host, speedily came down from the convent, and installed us, with much kindness, in a new and clean room, which opens on a terrace looking into a court below, in which the tongues of pilgrims of many nations were audible. We found, at noon, a plain meal served for the pilgrims of all degrees, whom the good fathers entertain at the festival, and, indeed at any other time of year ; and shortly

after accompanied the forestiero to the convent (hard at hand) to pay our respects to the father superior, Dom Bernardino. We found him sitting at a table, in the middle of a large room in the convent, and reading some book of devotion, which he quitted with that readiness which shews the man of true charity, to receive us. I presented my note of introduction from the superior of the Lazarists of the Rue de Sèvres, at Paris, and he received us most kindly. We sat some little while, and learnt from the superior, among other things, that they had, at various times, repeatedly sent priests to Abou Gosh, who had been murdered there. A French priest (a professor in the seminary at Tours), whose name I did not catch,* told us he had just come by Sinai and Petra, from Cairo, had been forty days on the journey, and had been robbed at Petra by a large band of Bedouins. I believe, however, this was mainly owing to his having an inexperienced dragoman with him. After we had retired we looked at the chapel, which contains nothing remarkable. The choir is behind the high altar, as in all churches of this order, and our conductors told us they were daily six hours in it. Our friend Fra Remigio being busy, we found our way to the church of the Holy Sepulchre. From the court, on its south side, you enter by the only door now open. The exterior, and the mere architecture of the interior, have been so often described

* It was the Abbé Leduc, with whom we afterwards passed so many pleasant days in the Holy Land and Syria.

in books and engravings, that I shall not dwell upon them. The first object presenting itself on entering, is a slab which covers the stone of unction, or stone on which the body of our Lord was anointed to the burying, by S. Joseph of Arimathea, and the holy women. It is an oblong, yellow marble slab, and is let into a raised metal frame, and surrounded by four lofty candlesticks. The stone beneath is recognized as authentic by the Church, as well as by the various sects, Greeks, Copts, Armenians, etc., and is therefore approached with reverence and prayer on entering. Turning to the left we found ourselves in an aisle of the circular nave of the sepulchre, in which is a stone marking the place supposed to have been occupied by the women and disciples, who "stood afar off looking on" the crucifixion. This tradition is not recognized by the Church, nor is it rejected. Passing on into the round nave, we saw before us, in the centre, the rich marble tabernacle which encloses the Holy Sepulchre. We paused before the door (facing the choir, now in possession of the Greeks,) for some minutes, and then entered the Holy Sepulchre. The tombs of the Hebrews, "hewn out of the rock", consisted usually of two chambers, one behind the other, the inner one being the actual tomb, and such is the form of the Holy Sepulchre. It is now in the possession of the Greeks, and is covered with a very gorgeous marble structure, in bad taste. We passed through the outer chamber, and then, "stooping down" (for the door is only about four feet six high), we entered, and found

ourselves in a chamber about eight feet square: the floor is only the breadth of the door, the remainder (on the right hand on entering) being occupied by the couch or bed (now covered with white marble) on which the body of our Lord was laid. We entered, and withdrew, on our knees, and remained but a few minutes, as the stream of visitors was continuous. We trust daily to visit the Holy Sepulchre during our stay, and therefore were less annoyed than we should otherwise have been by the hurried way in which we were obliged to visit it to-day. On the other side (that is the north) of the Holy Sepulchre is an aisle, in which a Latin altar stands, and facing it is the stone which marks the spot on or near which, a constant tradition affirms, that our Lord appeared to S. Mary Magdalene, when she at first "knew Him not, but supposed that He had been the gardener"; and beyond this is the Latin chapel, or chapel of S. Mary Minor, on one side of whose altar is a recess, in which is preserved a portion of the column to which our Lord was bound for the flagellation. It was removed from Pilate's hall in the Via Dolorosa.

After vespers here we were presented with small lighted tapers, and joined in the (daily) procession to the holy places within the church and its buildings, which are recognized by the Church. A hymn is sung on the way to each, and a collect and appropriate versicles are said at each spot. The column of flagellation is the first of these; the second is the prison, which is now almost subterranean by the accumulation of rubbish. This, I

believe, was the place in which our Saviour was kept while the crosses were being prepared ; and, as Golgotha seems clearly to have been an ordinary place of execution, I suppose it was the common prison or cell thus used ; if so, it would be another point of fulfilment of the prophecy, "He was numbered with the transgressors". The next station is the place of the division of our Lord's garments, which is within twenty yards of Calvary, on the north-east, and is now in the easternmost chapel of the retro-choir, occupied by the Armenians. We then descended a long flight of steps into a crypt (of the empress S. Helena), and thence another flight to the cave in which she, miraculously guided, found the cross of our Lord. We then returned to S. Helena's crypt, and thence to the column before which our Lord was crowned and set at nought by Herod's soldiers, which was removed from Herod's palace and set up in the southern chapel of the retro-choir ; next, we ascended the steps which lead up to Calvary.

The spot of the crucifixion itself is indeed so awful, that I would willingly believe that those who have tried to throw doubt on this being that "dreadful place", were actuated, in some degree, by a reverent fear of identifying it. But this feeling, which would be reverence, if we were called upon to fix the place by our unassisted and private judgment, becomes irreverence, and, I fear, a latent shrinking from the Catholic faith on the tremendous sacrifice of the cross, when it is exercised in neglect of the Church's received tradition. The stumbling-block

to sceptical writers has been mainly—first, the proximity to the Holy Sepulchre (an argument used again against that place by others who accept this); and secondly, the fact that this site is now up a flight of steps and raised upon a mass, apparently of masonry, forming various chapels beneath it. As to the first, the gospel says that the sepulchre was in the very place where He was crucified; so that the real difficulty would be if the two places were found far apart instead of near. As to the second objection, though the substructure looks like mere masonry, on closer inspection it appears plainly enough that it is merely a casing of the rock, which shows in the stairs themselves, in the hole in which the cross stood, etc. Calvary now, therefore, presents the appearance of a raised space, divided into two vaulted chapels, approached by a narrow double stair, by which one ascends from the south transept of the church. The northern chapel is in possession of the Greeks, whose altar stands immediately over the hole in which the holy cross was planted. This is now lined with a silver socket, so that the rock does not appear; but a little to the right is a silver grating, through which a reft in the rock is seen. The tradition concerning this is, that it was the result of the supernatural rending of the rocks at the moment of the awful accomplishment of the Divine sacrifice for men. The same cleft or rent* is much more plainly visi-

* I was unaware, when I wrote these lines, that this rent in the rock of Calvary was examined not long since by a French

ble through a grating in the chapel below, called of Melchisedek, where the most ingenious sceptic would be puzzled to "explain away" some tons of the native rock of Calvary, which is protected from pious depredations by the grating and the masonry of the chapel walls. The argument *à priori* against most of these sites is, that it is improbable that so many should be exactly ascertained and transmitted through so many generations. The answer is that, considering what Christianity is—a living soul-controlling system, divinely ordained for all time, and based on certain facts—it would be a far greater marvel if they were not both accurately ascertained, and remembered from generation to generation with the minute carefulness of affection and reverence. As to particular objections, they must have their intrinsic weight (or worthlessness); but, after all, the balance of probability will always be in favour of centuries of general consent rather than individual exceptors. One thing I do protest against—viz., the assumption that no tradition is ancient and trustworthy, whose continuous existence is not vouched by contemporary documents—an assumption which expunges half the history of the world at a blow.

A modern French writer well remarks, concern-

geologist of eminence, who said that he conceived no natural process, such as an earthquake or other volcanic agency, or the effort of man, could rend a rock as this is broken—without either apparent reference to the strata, or the agency of any cutting or splitting instrument. I lay no stress on the fact, but merely record it on the high authority of Monseigneur Mislin.

ing the credibility of such traditions, that from their nature, as oral traditions, they need to pass through fewer mouths than is at first sight realized: the events of scarcely 1800 years ago need but to have passed through the mouths of some forty trustworthy and pious persons, to be handed down to us unaltered, from the apostles themselves. For my part, I am sure that it is more pleasing to Him, in whose honour and praise I have made this pilgrimage, that I should reverence the places made holy by His presence, even though here and there my reverence be applied unduly, than that, criticizing and carping at traditions in the conceit of superior knowledge and enlightenment, I should suspend my prayer till I acquire a supposed certainty on these points; for we worship not places, nor stones, nor trees, but we adore Him who sanctified them in his earthly sojourning, and who will more easily forgive human errors as to the place, than human stubbornness as to the fact, of His holy incarnation.

After the procession was over we hastened to the walls to try and obtain a general view of the city, but unsuccessfully, as the gates were shut. The present walls of Jerusalem seem about thirty feet high, and very solid: they were, I think, built by Venetian architects in the fifteenth century.

Wednesday in Holy Week, March 27th. Before sunrise, Fra Remigio had called us, and we accompanied him towards Gethsemane, where mass is sung this morning in the Grotto of Agony. Our way was down the Via Dolorosa, or way of

sorrows : as we went, Fra Remigio pointed out to us the private marks, known to Catholics, by which the various sites hallowed by incidents in the course of our Blessed Saviour, from the judgment hall to Calvary, are known and recognized. The awfulness of thus tracing the footsteps of our Lord during the last hours of that human life which He both took and laid down for us, is not to be told : it served as a fit preparation for our first visit to Gethsemane. The Via Dolorosa is now a narrow and almost steep street, commencing near the church of the Holy Sepulchre, to which it, of course, once conducted by a turn now built over and occupied by houses, and reaching thence nearly to the east wall of the city, where it abuts north of the haram or enclosure of the some-time temple, now the mosque of Omar. As we descended, we saw the places where our Blessed Lord fell under the weight of His Cross ; that where a woman, since named S. Veronica, wiped from His sacred brows the traces of outrage and suffering, which we shrink from naming ; and that where S. Simon of Cyrene was compelled (most happy necessity !) to assist in bearing His Cross. When the Via Dolorosa reaches this, its lowest point, the street which crosses it compels a deflection to the left : the first narrow street on the right after this turn, occupies the site of one from whence our Blessed Lady issued forth to behold the sorrow which pierced her own bosom as a sword. The next turn to the right is the continuance of the sorrowful way, and at its angle our Blessed Lord must first have seen His Mother on that awful morning. No tradition has greater

authority than this, save those which are mentioned by the inspired writers themselves. It is recorded by all the fathers who treat on the subject; and the place was for centuries watched by a convent of sisters, or nuns, of our Lady of Dolours. From this point, the way ascends toward the gate of S. Stephen. About the brow of the first ascent (for there are two before one reaches the gate) is an arch, attached to a part of the Turkish governor's house, which spans the road. This arch is the one on which Pilate, having received our Lord again from Herod, and still finding no fault in Him, but fearing the people, when he had scourged Him, showed Him to the crowd below, and said "Ecce Homo!" "Behold the man!" There is no doubt of this *site* at all; but most writers consider the building altogether of a far more recent date than that of the awful scene which was here enacted.* Further on, on the left, is a small

* I examined the arch and superstructure, which is Saracen, as minutely as possible, and came to the conclusion that the mere skeleton of the arch, the absolute vault, is of the date assigned by vulgar tradition to the whole. The thin, closely-compacted bricks, the hard cement, and the small remains of an impost, which I found on the north side, are most certainly neither of the Latin (medieval) kingdom, nor of the lower empire, but of Herodian or Roman date and construction. Both the empress Helena and the Latin kings of Jerusalem added to, restored, and built additions to the buildings marking or covering sacred sites; and, since that, the Saracens have disfigured and added to them again: but because vulgar accounts, given by the ciceroni of the place, confuse these distinct periods, and represent all as coeval with the traditions concerning these sites, we ought not to reject the claims of *parts* of these structures to be so regarded.

church, erected some few years ago, which covers the place of Pilate's pretorium, where the flagellation was inflicted; and twenty paces further, on the right hand, is the site of the sacred steps (now at S. John Lateran at Rome) up which our Blessed Lord was conveyed to the judgment-seat of that unrighteous judge. Another deflection under some vaulted arches, and another slight ascent, brought us to the gate of S. Stephen; and, on emerging from it, we found ourselves on a slope or hill-side, which forms the hither side of the valley of Kedron. Opposite was Olivet, with its triple-swelling hills; and near the centre of their rocky base, the white-walled Garden, which, without a question, we felt must be Gethsemane. I know not how I descended the hill, crossed the dry bed of Kedron, and arrived at the Garden: the good Frate pointed out the martyr-place of S. Stephen, and discoursed of other holy sites; but our thoughts flew on before, the name of Gethsemane was in our ears, and the place where He was wont to resort was before our eyes, and we neither heard nor saw till we were there. We hastened round to the gate at the back of the garden, and knelt at the place where, when His enemies came upon Him to devour Him, they stumbled and fell.

It is in vain to attempt to write the thoughts which occupy the mind at such times. I must recite the bare facts of our pilgrimage, without comment or reflection. We entered the Garden, and stood beneath the shade of those eight venerable olive trees, whose bulk and age render it at least possible that

they sheltered their Creator in the days of His flesh.* After some time spent in this sacred spot, we crossed the road which leads over the mountain to Bethany, and, descending some steps, found ourselves opposite a richly decorated Gothic doorway, partly sunk in the ground. This belongs to a church (chiefly in the possession of the Armenian† schismatics) almost buried beneath the accumulated rubbish of the ruined city, which has filled up the valley of Kedron at the upper end. It contains the tomb of our Blessed Lady, in which she lay for some short period; that of S. Joseph, the nursing father of the Lord; and that of S. Joachim and S. Anne, the holy parents of our Blessed Lady. The two latter are large stone-excavated recesses, now much adorned, but originally, like the rest in this valley, simply carved out of a scarpèd rock, once exposed to the air. The tomb of our Lady is still further down, at the bottom of a long flight of steps, and is now behind the Armenian altar, at which their patriarch was in the act of singing mass. We did not like to enter it, therefore, but

* There are trees of greater antiquity, if we may trust travellers, in various parts of the world. A fig tree (*ficus Indica*) near Nerbudda, in India, is recorded by native historians to be 2500 years old. The yew trees in some of our English church-yards, if they grew formerly as slowly as yews do now, which is, I suppose the case, ought to be a thousand or 1200 years old. There is an orange tree at Santa Sabina at Rome, which was planted by S. Dominic; and another at Fendi, by S. Thomas. The great olive tree of Pescio ought, according to the ordinary measure of growth, to be seven hundred years old.

† *Vide* Appendix, No. 11, letter B.

returned to the open air above. The Catholics have been gradually turned out of this sanctuary, by the Greeks and other schismatics.* It formerly was their exclusive property, as Quaresmius (ii, p. 241) shews. An interesting fact regarding it is found in a sermon of S. John Damascene, preserved in the Euthymian history, viz. that the empress Pulcheria wished to obtain relics from it, not being aware apparently that there were none save those of the stone itself. In answer, Juvenal (bishop of Jerusalem) describes the site, and tells the empress the history of our Blessed Lady's dormition and assumption. This was about the year 430. Turning short to the left, we descended a passage which leads into the Grotto of the Agony. This was once a mere overhung cave in the side of the hill, such as abound in Syria and Palestine; but the *décroulement* of the soil from above, and the heaped-up rubbish of the thrice-destroyed city, have nearly rendered it subterranean, and closed it in on all sides. It is, as the Gospel says, about a stone's throw from that place where our Blessed Lord bade His three apostles tarry while He went forward to seek retirement for His agony and prayer. Here we found a large congregation assembled, and the mass of the day was sung. In it, the lection of the Passion (according to S. Luke) occurs. May the remembrance of that awful history, sung on the very spot which it has consecrated, never fade from my mind. On the altar is the inscription, "Hic factus est sudor Ejus sicut guttæ sanguinis decur-

* *Vide* Appendix, No. III.

rentis in terram": "Here His sweat was as drops of blood falling down to the ground". What Christian could read them without tears of compunction and gratitude?

As we returned home, some of the fathers shewed us a rock, said to mark the site of S. Stephen's martyrdom; and, above it, the place where he who was then a young man named Saul, stood and held the garments of the first martyr's murderers. There are difficulties about this site; for the medieval writers usually place the gate of S. Stephen on the north side of the city, and the place of his martyrdom without it, but this not without exceptions. Adrichomius, for instance, while still calling the northern gate S. Stephen's, places his martyrdom outside the east gate, where it is now. Another writer (F. Anselmus, ult. tom. Antiq. Lection. H. Canisii), who made his pilgrimage in 1507, says also, the martyrdom is marked by this stone above the brook Kedron, and also calls this gate that of S. Stephen. Quaresmius (vol. ii, p. 294) addresses himself with his usual candour and research to this question.

In the afternoon we went to the church of the Holy Sepulchre for the matins of the next day; Thursday, in Holy-week, called "*in Coena Domini*". After each psalm in the nocturns, one of the fifteen candles, lighted on a triangular candlestick, is extinguished—a vivid image of the desolation of desertion which befel our Blessed Lord at his last agony and passion. The lessons are from the Lamentations of Jeremiah; always affecting, but doubly so in this rebellious city, over whose down-

fall he prophetically weeps. After we had left the church we walked through the Armenian quarter, now one of the wealthiest here, and passed the house of the English consul, with the Protestant* church attached,—symbolical, I suppose, of the alliance between “Church and State”. It is a neat Gothic structure. We also met the Anglican bishop, and his wife and family, riding in from the country. Perhaps I ought to mention why we did not think of going to this church. I believe we agreed in thinking the Anglo-Prussian bishopric an unjustifiable step, on the only grounds on which the Established Church can consistently proceed—namely, the ground of diocesan Christianity.

Thursday, in Cœna Domini. We went to High Mass at the church of the Holy Sepulchre, where it was celebrated pontifically by the very rev. father guardian, who officiates as vicar in the absence of the Latin patriarch. An altar was prepared before the door of the Holy Sepulchre. The great solemnity of the ceremony, and the richness of the vestments and sacred vessels, contrasted in a very edifying way with the humble mien and coarse garments of the monks of S. Francis. The chief event of this function was the Easter communion of clergy and laity, who, to the number of many hundreds, including the Catholic consuls, received the body of our Lord, at the very entrance of His sepulchre, with edifying devotion. The sight of so many poor and young people (who form

* *Vide* Appendix, No. II, letter F.

in an especial manner the heritage of the Church) receiving the Blessed Sacrament, and the knowledge that their souls had been prepared for that privilege by the sacrament of penance, was very touching, and filled us with emotions of joy, only dashed by our own exclusion from the sacred feast. I could but think, on seeing the clergy receive under one kind, how unfounded is the vulgar accusation that the Roman Church makes a distinction between clergy and laity in this particular: the fact is, that the distinction is between celebrant and non-celebrant. Whenever a clergyman, of whatever degree, communicates at a mass celebrated by another, he receives in one kind. It is, moreover, merely a matter of discipline, for in most of the Eastern Catholic rites the laity communicate in both kinds now; and this variety of usage seems to have prevailed from the very earliest times. Communion in one kind, was apparently the ordinary practice before the fifth century; for when it was perceived that the Manichæans of that period refused to take the element of wine, because of certain errors which they maintained, Pope S. Leo had to enjoin communion in both kinds to all, as a protest against that heresy.

At this mass a second Host is consecrated, and reserved for the function of to-morrow (Good Friday), when, in horror of the bloody sacrifice of the cross, offered on that day, the Church does not offer the sacrifice of the altar. This host is placed in a chalice, and reserved on another altar till the morrow. In the afternoon we went to matins,

which conclude with the Miserere. On this night the church of the Holy Sepulchre is left entirely to the use of the Catholics, and the services of the mandatum, or washing of the pilgrims' feet, etc., occupy nearly the whole night and the next day till noon, when the church is again opened. We were unaware of this arrangement, and left the church after matins. We walked out to Gethsemane, and remained musing and conversing concerning the scene which, as on this night, it had witnessed, till sunset surprised us, and the gates of the city being closed, we were shut out for the night. It was the hour of the institution of the Blessed Sacrament when we found ourselves excluded from the Holy City: a coincidence which I think only struck us at a later time. The next morning we again tried to enter the church of the Holy Sepulchre, but the doors were still closed, and we remained in the courtyard while the solemn and affecting service of the adoration of the cross took place on Calvary itself.* I knew not what change had been at work within our minds, or rather, I knew whence it was; but this is not the place to speak of such things as

* In the east, the precise meaning of the word *adoration* (the approaching a thing to the mouth, 'ad os') comes out very strongly, since it is the common custom to kiss the hands of the great, sacred places and things, etc., or anything which is esteemed and revered. Of course, every Catholic child knows *whom* he adores, when he kisses the Cross on Good Friday; but it is perhaps well to remind those who object to Catholic usages, that their modern sense of an old word is not the measure by which to try our customs, and condemn what they do not even know the meaning of.

pass man's understanding. So it was, that when we returned home and sat in the stillness of our room till near noon, one thought was in our minds. We felt that the moment had arrived when conviction had done its work, and the call of Providence must be obeyed in faith, or perchance forfeited for ever. Suffice it to say, that about noon-day on Good Friday, two more souls obeyed the call of Him who, when as at that time, and at that place, He was lifted up, began to draw all men to Him. Without speech or concert, the act of submission was made by each severally.

Thursday, in Easter week, April 4th. We were admitted by conditional re-baptism into the Church at the convent of S. Salvator. Afterwards the father guardian received our abjuration, sitting in his chair in front of the altar. D. Michael Ciryli, apostolic missionary of the Maronite rite in Cyprus, was good enough to be my sponsor, and D. Abdallah Commandari, a secular priest of this diocese, at Bethlehem, of which place he is a native, filled that office for W——. The intervening week was mainly passed in meditation and retirement, and in other preparations for this, the greatest event of our lives. It would be unfitting to record these details here; but it is a pleasing duty not to mention them without testifying the gratitude we must ever feel to the father guardian and our excellent father confessor, for their extreme kindness and delicacy of conduct and assistance during this time. The whole Catholic community, indeed, testified an interest and concern, such as fervent charity dictates,

in the course and manner of our conversion, for which I trust ever to be grateful. The consideration of the step we were about to take—the cost and the consequences of it, occupied us too fully to admit of other things, and we therefore rarely left our rooms and the adjacent terrace during this eventful week. In the evening of this day, however, we attended the procession and ceremony of the entombment in the Holy Sepulchre. The procession began at the column of flagellation: a sermon was preached here in Italian by father Bernardino, a most elequent preacher. We then moved on to the chapel of the parting of the garments, where father Louis preached an admirable sermon in English, on the unity of the Church, typified by the seamless robe of our Lord. On Calvary a crucifix, with a movable figure, was planted in the very socket in which the cross once was erected. Here father Antonio preached on the crucifixion, in French. The image of our Lord was then taken from the cross, and conveyed down Calvary, to the neighbouring stone of unction, whereon it was laid, and wrapped in fine linen by the father guardian. Here a sermon was preached by one of the parochial clergy, which seemed to move the crowd of Arabs very deeply. The argument was, that the sufferings of our blessed Lord indicated a love, not less than divine, for mankind, and hence, that He was true God as well as true Man. At the Holy Sepulchre, whither we next proceeded, and where the image of our blessed Lord was then deposited, a sermon in Spanish, on the duty of dying with our

Lord to sin, and rising to a new life, was preached by another father. Every nation under heaven seemed present, and the crowd was immense. The devotion and attention of all, except the Greeks, who made every noise and interruption they could, was very striking. Many were deeply moved, and remained in prayer at the holy places long after the service was over.

On Easter-day we assisted at high mass at the Holy Sepulchre, and joined in spirit, though not personally, in the procession round the sacred cave itself. The Hymn of the Resurrection (*"O filii et filiae"*) was sung, as they thrice circled the sepulchre, and the Gospel was chanted on either side of it. The pomp of the ceremonies, and richness of the altar and vestments (gifts of Christian princes and nations), and the grave majesty of the function, made a profound impression, even on the schismatics and the heathen, who were also present in large numbers. Here seemed set forth the truest use of jewels and gold, and rich furniture. How vain and superstitious, compared with this, seem the apparatus with which the great of the earth strive to disguise their native nothingness, and raise themselves above their fellow-men! Not the least striking thing was at the end of the function, when the father guardian, who had sat on the patriarchal throne, shining in jewelled cloth of gold, from the mitre on his head to the very shoes on his feet, was unrobed with solemn service, and descended at length in the simple brown robe and cord of his order, and, drawing forward his hood,

walked forth, staff in hand, hardly distinguishable from his fellow-monks. What a sublime meanness was there in his look ; and where else, but in the Catholic Church, can be found the spirit, of which these are the faint outward phenomena.

Saturday, April 13. Now that we are free from its bondage, I begin to wonder and inquire how it was possible that the Anglican establishment can have held one so long. I think the main reasons were—first, a profound traditionary dread of the Catholic Church, quite unreasoning and unreasonable—a sort of tacitly assumed first-principle, supposed to be self-evident, which rules most Englishmen ; secondly, our assumption that the goodness and worth of individuals (our Oxford friends and others) was a proof of the Anglican Church's Catholicity—an argument with which, misgivings about the principles to which we were pledged, and the facts which were our antecedents, were stifled and postponed ; and, thirdly, a theoretic view that somewhen, or somewhere, there had been a Catholicity different from that of Rome at the present day. This it was which interpreted scripture, and councils, and fathers, favourably to the Anglican position ; and this prompted our tour to the East, if, perchance, we might escape Rome and its claims there, and secure ourselves in a remote corner of the Church, not Protestant, and yet not Roman.* I

* I had read but few controversial books since I became a Tractarian, but I am bound to name one, which did more to open my eyes to the futility of Protestant claims to authority in matters of faith than I at that time believed ; it is the Duke of

do not mean to say that the utter futility of these pretexts dawned upon me till I had accepted the call of Providence, and made a distinct act of submission and faith, both of which are, of course, the inevitable conditions of conversion. But still the last few months had shaken and impaired their hold upon me. Contact with Catholics (especially my good friends in Silesia and France) had shaken the traditionary horror of "popery", which still clung about me. The inapplicability of internal notes to prove external facts, or to disprove them, and the knowledge of individual goodness in every religion, which years of retirement at Oxford had made me forget, shook the hold that good men there had upon me, and with it the "moral proof", as we used to call it, of their Church's Catholicity.

I did not, I think, at all appreciate, before I became a Catholic, that which I now see as clearly as all do, save "Puseyites" themselves—viz., the ultra-Protestantism of my position. Partly from being surrounded by one clique of persons of my own opinions, I never realized fully how completely unauthorized, by the Anglican authorities, are Tractarian principles. It pained me, indeed, to come in

Argyll's clever book, *Presbytery Examined*. Compared with "Puseyism", however, what a noble reality and earnestness is there in that movement of the "Free Kirk" in Scotland, on which this writer is so severe. It were to be wished, that one so keen to detect "shams", would next "examine" the Anglican high-Church claims. Sir Richard Steele (in his "Letter to the Pope") disposed of them in his day; but, after a century of quiescence, they reappear, and challenge another castigation.

contact with bishops and other authorities, to meet them with shifts and evasions about the articles and formularies, and to be a sort of ecclesiastical radical ; but these were rare occasions ; whereas the circle I lived in was perpetually about me, encouraging, suggesting, and protecting the shifts we had recourse to. Some of these were almost laughably transparent ; and I do not wonder, now, that they irritate men of plain sense and straightforwardness. One of my "high-Church" friends used to defend his taking the oath of supremacy, in which the authority of any "*foreign*" prince, prelate, or power, within the realm of England, is so solemnly renounced, by saying that the pope was not a "*foreign*" but a *domestic* power ! Another, in order to be able to include the dead in his suffrages at the communion rite, which the high-Church use so often, used to omit the words inserted by the "reformers" in order expressly to exclude them, by feigning a slight cough at the proper moment !

As to the last point ; contact with the Eastern sects, and examination of their doctrines, shewed that the notion of the episcopate being a bond of Catholic unity in faith and discipline, was the merest figment of distorted minds, and moreover, that I had no right (on Anglican high-Church principles, which I conscientiously held), to look to them for help ; but still, letters from England recalled our hopes from this disappointment to the west. The appeal of Mr. Gorham was to be the signal for an independent movement of the Establishment : the judgment of the high court invoked

was immaterial; all the Tractarians felt, that, to admit its right to decide a question of doctrine in ultimate appeal was flat Erastianism, and so a great movement of resistance was predicted. Thus we held on to one straw after another till the fulness of our time came, and we were freed. Catholics will hardly comprehend all this. I record the way I came up by, for those who have yet to make the journey: perchance, one or another may choose (or rather be led into) the same path. Here ended my conscious and traceable way: beyond it I affect not to explain what I shall myself never understand in this world—the mystery of vocation.

We find some very pleasant fellow-pilgrims in the Casa Nuova. Mr. F——, an English convert, once an Anglican clergyman—a man of much thought and reading, and of remarkable frankness and sincerity; Count B—— and his son, and father F——, his tutor. Count B—— is also a convert, of some twenty years standing, from the Greek schism. He and his son are, like so many of their countrymen, more than ordinarily accomplished, intelligent, and agreeable, and, which is better, most religious and excellent persons. Father F——, like all of his order (the Society of Jesus), whom I have the privilege of knowing, as distinguished for excellence and modesty as for erudition and capacity. Our life begins now to take a more regular complexion. We rise and go to Mass early, read and write in the morning (just now we have very many letters to write to those near and dear to us, so far away), and walk or ride in the after-

noon. On Thursday last we walked with father F—— to Bethlehem. Our path lay, first, out of the Hebron, or fish-gate, and across the plain of Rephidim. When we had reached and passed the narrow way, at the south-west of it, near S. Elias (now a Greek convent), we came in sight of that favoured city, and paused to offer thankful vows to heaven for thus realizing another life-long dream and desire. The town stands on the projecting brow of a hill, hemmed in with verdant valleys. We walked on, passed a small marabout, which marks the site of Rachel's burying place, and passing through the long narrow street of Bethlehem, soon reached the convent, which, with its large church, built by S. Helena, restored by the Crusaders, and now wrested from us by the Greeks, shows like a fortress in the distance. We passed through the nave of the church, which the Greeks use as a sort of vestibule, like the nave of a Protestant cathedral, and into the Catholic church—a mere side chapel. Here we found our Oxford acquaintances, the ——, standing with their hats on in front of the Blessed Sacrament. From this church a flight of steps descends to the some-time level of the ground in front of a series of caves or grottoes, formed in the face of a scarped wall of rock. One of these, now completely under ground, is the spot of the Nativity of our Blessed Lord. It was wrested from us in the last century by the Greeks, who also despoiled the marble slab which marks the spot of a silver star, engraved with the words, "*hic natus est Salvator Mundi*". "Here the

Saviour of the world was born". We remained long at a spot, where, if anywhere, the crown of Christian graces—that of humility—is to be sought and obtained by earnest prayer. Near is the place where stood the manger in which, "wrapped in swaddling clothes", the incarnate Word vouchsafed to be laid by His blessed mother.

I believe Protestant writers think it an objection to the authenticity of these sacred places, that they are so often grottoes. If they saw the country in which they exist, in which families and cattle are, I may say, *usually* lodged in such caves, or in huts built against caves, so that half the house is subterranean, they would cease to hold such an opinion. In towns the houses are hardly better than caves, and in villages and the country, detached houses are rarely built without such a back-room, stable, or baking-house, hewn or scraped out of the rock, partly to save trouble and expense, and partly for coolness. Another of these caves, in the same position, is that to which S. Jerome retired for so many years, and made his translation of the Holy Scriptures; and near it are rock-tombs, where once reposed the bodies of those his disciples who followed him from the pomps of Roman high-life to this desert, SS. Paula and Eustochium. A place is also shewn in which some bones of the holy Innocents reposed for many centuries. All these relics were removed, I think, when the Christian kingdom of the Crusaders fell. After visiting the holy places, we paid our respects to the father president, who invited us to return and pay a longer visit to

Bethlehem. He gave us some excellent lemonade, made from lemons out of S. Jerome's garden. Father F—— remained, to say his mass to-morrow morning in the sanctuary of the holy manger. We accompanied Count B—— back to Jerusalem, and met, near the city, a riding party of the ladies and gentlemen of the English mission and consulate.

We have taken several walks in and near Jerusalem with father Antonio, our excellent confessor, and a most learned and holy man. One round the valley of the Son of Hinnom, to Aceldama, interested us much. It is a small field, on the south bank of the valley, and contains in the centre a large oblong pit, vaulted and lined with masonry, of which the lower part is of Herodian or Roman construction. In the vault are square apertures, through which the bodies of aliens, dying at Jerusalem, were dropped. Some bones lie scattered in it still; and there are openings near the bottom, through which the argillaceous soil of the "potters' field" may yet be seen. Another day we visited the tomb of Absalom, and the two adjacent ones of Jehosaphat and S. James; that is the tomb in which S. James the Less remained during the three days of our Lord's descent into Paradise, under a vow, neither to eat nor drink till he should see his Lord again.* We then crossed the valley by an embank-

* Hegisippus says that S. James was buried in a tomb "near the Temple". Considering that burial within the walls was then (as now) unknown at Jerusalem, this tomb quite answers to his description; but I am not sure whether the tradition is one accepted by the Church.

ment or bridge, beside which is a rock, on which our Lord is said to have been violently thrown down, on his way from Gethsemane to the house of Annas, on the higher part of Zion. Thence we descended to the pool of Siloam: it receives the waters gathered by the valley of Tyropæon, which debouches from the city, nearly bisecting the angle formed by the two valleys of Ben Hinnom and Jehosaphat. Leaving the mouth of Ben Hinnom on the right, we descended to the well of Nehemiah, in which the sacred fire of the temple was miraculously preserved during the captivity of Israel. (2 *Maccabees*, ch. 1.)

April 23rd. One day, the week before last, we paid a visit to the Sisters of Charity (of S. Joseph), who are established here to superintend the female native schools. There are but four. One of them is a French woman, the rest Italian and Maltese. Their schools prosper, and produce the best effects. We have also seen a good deal of the French temporary consul, M. —, a very nice person, and good Catholic; as also of M. and Madame —, the Austrian consul and his wife. We took tea with them last night, and found there our German friends, and a neighbour of ours here, a German, whose name I did not catch.

On Saturday, 13th, about four o'clock, we went down to the church, and, after seeing our cloaks, etc., deposited in two small chambers in the Latin convent attached to the north side of the nave, we passed an hour on Calvary. At five, we attended Compline in the Latin Chapel, and then returned

to Calvary and the other sacred places. At six, we went into the refectory and dined, the superior and Fra Remigio keeping us company. We then lay down (I cannot say slept, as the Armenians kept up a noisy *funzione*, which, from my cell in the triforium, I could too plainly hear) till midnight. We then descended to the choir for Lauds (they were those of the Festival of the Holy Sepulchre, which is always kept on the second Sunday after Easter), and a small procession during the Benedictus to the Holy Sepulchre. The stillness and solemnity of this office were most impressive. We then returned to Calvary, where, about half-past one or two, the first mass is said. The superior said it, and several of the monks communicated. It was the first mass I had attended on Calvary, and most awful was the privilege. At three, mass began in the Holy Sepulchre: at the first mass, we communicated. We then heard a second low mass, and the high mass, which was celebrated with the usual solemnity. The magnificence and beauty of the service was rendered doubly striking, from the hour, and the few human eyes which beheld it. Here, indeed, the true idea of worship seemed fully realized; and one could have knelt for ever at such a service, in such a place.

At five, we left the Holy Sepulchre, and went out. Such a night I never passed before; but I hope I may pass more such before I leave Jerusalem, and that the memory and fruit of them may never pass from me in life and death. My thought has been constantly, "what have I done to merit

so great a mercy as this?" Indeed, there is but one answer, "Domine, non sum dignus! Domine, non sum dignus!"

We walked with F., who had come in for the second mass, down to the Via Dolorosa, out at S. Stephen's gate, and up to the Mount of Olives, to meet the rising sun. When we turned off to the tower which marks the place where the "Pater" was first enunciated by our Lord to His apostles, the new light was gradually stealing down the towers of the city, till the whole was clad in a flood of the most tender golden hue. As we watched this glorious sight, and our eyes wandered from the Ascension, crowning the hill above, to the Garden of Gethsemane, and down the valley to Siloam—then on to Zion, to David's Castle, to the domes which cover the Sepulchre and Calvary, and over the olive-clad Bezetha, back to the holy valley of Kedron, we drank in the inspiration of the place, and pondered with grateful hearts the mystery of our Redemption and its history, so concentrated in the place destined from all time to see that night's work. In the afternoon, we attended Vespers and Benediction. The fervour of the congregation was a great help to my slackness. The Litany (I mean the music) of our Lady which they sang is very beautiful, and quite new to me.

On Tuesday the 16th, we started for the Jordan. Our party consisted of Mr. —— and his friend, Mr. D., a very nice and intelligent Protestant, padre Luigi, whom the reverendissimo kindly sent with us, father Edward, and our servants. The two

fathers said their masses about four ; but, owing to our not having the letter of introduction from the superior of S. Saba, which was necessary, we waited till near seven before we were off. Above Bethany, we fell in with Mr. — and his party, a worthy M.P. who has been making the tour of Egypt, and his brother-in-law, and a boy, the son of bishop Gobat. The road is very mountainous and striking. About one o'clock, we began to skirt the deep ravine and valley of the Kelt, which is identified with the Cherith of Scripture, where Elias was miraculously fed by ravens. It is very picturesque, and opens out towards the valley of Jordan into a wide amphitheatre, which exactly recalls the description of Scripture, "the brook Cherith that is before Jordan". We had a long descent into the valley, which opened towards the Dead Sea, as we went; and, about three, reached the spring of Eliseus, the source of the stream which flows by Jericho down to Jordan, and which was rendered sweet by that prophet throwing in a handful of salt. We drank some of its sweetened waters, which are most clear and beautiful. Above this spring is a triple-crested mountain, which is called the Quarantana, or Hill of Temptation, being the supposed scene of our Lord's Temptation; the tradition is, however, not authenticated.

We pitched our camp at Jericho, a small village, whose only considerable building is a strong square tower, partly of the Latin kingdom. The ruinous heaps of the city are, however, widely traceable. Our encampment of eight or nine tents, of all sizes

and colours, was very picturesque. The padre reverendissimo had kindly sent a portable altar, etc., with us, and we therefore were enabled to have two masses said the next morning under our tent, which we had pitched at the very spot where the Israelites are supposed to have crossed the Jordan, while the Ark of God stood in the dry bed of the river, miraculously restrained for their passage. The H——s went on at once from here ; but we remained to breakfast, and did not proceed till past noon to the Dead Sea. We had a hot hour and a half's ride to the sea, down the valley, which grew more and more barren and wild as we approached. The ground for the last mile was encrusted with salt, so that I think the waters rise to that extent at some time of the year. The marvel of this sea remains still great, though evaporation accounts for it in some degree. Without any outlet, and more than 1100 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, receiving the continual contributions of the Jordan and other rivers, it maintains its excessive bitterness always unchanged. Two of our party, W—— and F——, bathed ; but I, having a slight wound in my arm, did not. They reported the water so buoyant, that they could not keep their feet under, in swimming ; and so salt, that their eyes and noses smarted during the rest of the day. We rode slowly round the head of the sea to the débouchure of the Jordan, and up its stream for some way, and then enjoyed a swim in its cool but soft waters. The fathers had returned straight to the encampment at Jericho, which we reached shortly after sunset.

The next morning (*Thursday, 15th*) we heard two masses under our tent, and after breakfast remained, "sub tegmine fagi", on the banks of the stream, which flows beneath the ruinous heaps of the village, till past noon; we then bathed, and set off for S. Saba. About three, we halted at Nebbi Mousa, a small mosque, occupying the site of a convent which contained the tomb of S. Moses, a Christian anchorite of the first ages, whom the Arabs have mistaken for the great lawgiver, and to whose tomb they therefore make a yearly pilgrimage. This mosque is most picturesquely situated, on the waste downs of the great range which skirts the Dead Sea, and over which our course to S. Saba lay diagonally. We kept continually mounting, and gaining more and more extended views of the valley of Jordan, the Dead Sea, and the opposite ranges of the hills of Moab and Ammon, which rise almost precipitously from the water, reminding one somewhat of the Savoy side of Geneva. The sunset light on this view rendered it most beautiful; the last flush rested on a slight elevation of the higher range, which we took to be Nebo, from the direction and appearance. Night was closing in, as our horses climbed and stumbled along the last mile of "cornice" road which leads along the side of the precipitous glen of the Kedron to the convent of S. Saba. We waited without its strong tower-flanked gate for a few minutes, while our letter of introduction to the superior (they are Greek schismatics) was sent in, and then were conducted down many rock-hewn steps, and across a terrace, and up some

more steps, to two chambers, half-excavated, and half built against the rock, which were assigned us. Wide divans, on which we slept, surrounded these neat and cool chambers; and an icon of the Madonna and Child, before which a lamp burns perpetually, hung in each room. While dinner was preparing, in an open alcove between the two rooms, I paid a visit to Count B—— and his party, who were lodged in another part of the convent. The abbés Leduc and B—— had been out for sixteen hours, foodless and shadeless, tracing the Kedron down to the sea. The French consul and Don Giovanni Gavazzi were also of the party.

Friday, 19th. We lionized the church and convent. The former is the best specimen of a Greek church I have yet seen, being clean and handsomely decorated. It is filled with a profusion of pictures, of which the best are some new Russian ones of rather *Overbeckian* character. Opposite the west end is the chapel of S. Saba, enclosing his cell, which once contained his relics. These and some others were removed by the Catholics when they were driven out. This convent seemed to me a good type of what the Greek Church produces: the utmost cleanliness and comfort reigns throughout; but neither in the disposition of the house, the tone of its denizens, nor the character of its services (one of which we witnessed), did there appear any nearer approach to devotion than that cold and formal reverence which we had seen sometimes elsewhere. We rambled about in the various cells and galleries of this curious building till near

three, and then returned to Jerusalem, a ride of three hours, striking over the hills back to the Kedron, and so home by the valleys of Jehosaphat and Ben-Hinnom, and the Giaffa-gate. The view of the south side of the city from the valley was most striking. We found English letters and papers (announcing the decision of the Gorham case in favour of the heretical doctrine on Holy Baptism) awaiting us.

Saturday, 20th. We rode with the B—— party to the valley of Ajalon and Gibeon—distant about five miles from Jerusalem to the north. We passed the Tombs of the Judges, and reached Gibeon, over vile roads, about nine. Half way up the large isolated hill, on which stands the present village (occupying perhaps a tithe of the ancient site), we dismounted, and entered a number of rock-tombs, which seem to have honeycombed the rock on all sides; then, crossing the hill and village (in which we noticed large ruins, I think of Latin times), we descended on the west side into the valley of Ajalon. Here we halted under some olive trees, while we read the appropriate scriptures concerning the ingenious descent of the Gibeonites (*Joshua* 9), and the miraculous suspension of the laws of nature in this same valley. I think that this place was also the scene of that remarkable episode of the Levite and his concubine, in the 19th chapter of Judges, where its nearness to Ramah (v. 13) appears. In fact Ramah (now called Nebbi Samuyl, the tomb of Samuel), is the next height south of the valley, and we rode up to

it in about half an hour. This place, the abode and probable burial place of that great prophet, occupies one of the highest hills in the neighbourhood, and commands a magnificent view of the whole hill-country of Judea. From the top of the fine cross-church (of the Latin kingdom), now a mosque, we saw southward the town of Jerusalem and the crest of Olivet; westward, Emmaus, and a village similarly set on a hill, where a tradition records that our Lord joined his two disciples in their memorable walk, and beyond, the plain and sea-coast from Gaza to Giaffa; northward, Ajalon and Gibeon, and hill upon hill, in a wide circuit, closing in on the east with the hill of Temptation and the Dead Sea, and its lofty eastward fence.

Wednesday, 24th. We went to the Sisters of Charity this morning, after our confirmation, which was administered after High Mass in the convent church of S. Salvator. Count —— kindly undertook to be my sponsor, and F. F—— W's. The sisters showed us their house and schools: the latter reminded me painfully of our little school-children in S. Thomas's. The house is well situated for air and view, but very confined, and they only wait funds to enlarge it. The progress of the children was quite astonishing: they had almost all learned to read, and many to write, in Italian or Latin, and their own language also. I hope when I return home to do something in the way of gathering funds for them. In the afternoon we started for Bethlehem, which we reached in time for the procession to the sacred places. Our party

consisted of the B——'s, abbés F——, Leduc, and P——, M. de S——, and for our excursions, of padre Abdallah and Don Giovanni Gavazzi, the patriarch's secretary.

Thursday, 25th. We had the blessing of communicating in the *præsepium* itself. M. P—— celebrated. We made an excursion into the wilderness of Engeddi, to a cave which suits in all particulars to the description of that one in which David so nobly spared the life of Saul (1 *Sam.* xxiv). It is "by the sheep-cotes", upon the rock of the wild goats, and overlooking a descent sufficiently steep to enable David to hold his most touching interview with Saul below, without endangering his life. We returned by the Shepherds' Field, where the humble tenders of their flocks by night were first deemed worthy to hear the glad tidings of our Saviour's birth, and the heavenly messengers first sung the Church's perpetual hymn, "*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis*". The spot is now enclosed by a loose wall, and contains a small semi-subterranean chapel, only recently obtained by the Greeks (by dint of bribes), and filched by means of the Turks from the Catholics. After dinner our first visit was to padre Abdallah's house,—a new one, outside of the town on the Jerusalem road. Here we found a most kind reception from his father and mother and brother, workers in mother-of-pearl, and good Catholics. The simplicity of these good people, their religious lives, and their humble circumstances, called to mind most touchingly and edifyingly the Holy

Family. We sat long with them, admiring a beautiful cross, covered with medallions of our Lord's life, in mother-of-pearl, which padre Abdallah's brother is making for the patriarch. We also saw a small model of the Holy Sepulchre, which W—— and I think of taking to present to the holy father, if we have the happiness to find him at Rome at our return. Hence we strolled down the valley to the site of S. Paula's nunnery, from whence the finest view of Bethlehem is obtained. The greenness of the valley, and the numerous olive-yards, with towers in the middle (recalling our Lord's description of the unprofitable vineyard, digged, and fenced, and with a watch-tower in the centre), harmonized well with the associations of this most blessed place. We recalled the tender affection of S. Jerome and his saintly disciples for it, and heard with pleasure the abbé F——'s quotations from his description (in one of his letters) of the spot on which we stood. We also visited the grotto of our Lady—a place she is recorded to have often visited. This reminds me that I have omitted to mention our visit this morning to a well in the lower part of the town, to which a very pretty story has been attached; to the effect, that the Blessed Virgin, bearing her Divine infant, having once sought water here, and being rudely repulsed by a woman, who might have helped her to draw it from so great a depth, asked our Lord to aid her, upon which the water suddenly rose, and burst forth in streams at her feet, and then, having done its office, as suddenly retired. We assisted in the daily procession at four o'clock.

Friday, 26th. We started early for the Frank Mountain, a remarkable hill with a conical summit, once strongly fortified, where the remnants of the French chivalry held out for many months, if not years (as some say), after the Latin kingdom had broken up. The remains are mediæval, and a wall of circumvallation, and keep of very large stones, remain traceable; hence we rode south-east towards a cave of great size, which answers to the description of Adullam. Near the valley in which it lies we found an encampment of the Arabs of Bethamar (which some of our party suggested might be Beth-tamar—the house of Tamar, her father being “Hirah, the Adullamite”), who entertained us hospitably, and killed a sheep for us. While it was preparing, we drank some ewe and goat’s milk, mixed, and then descended to the cave. The entrance to it is a hole in the face of the rocks which gird the valley. We had numerous candles, and a very long string, and, with these to assist us, we penetrated, I should think, a mile in one direction, and nearly as far in another, without reaching the end. We were stopped in the first by the narrowing of the way; in the second, by the quantity of bats, which extinguished the lights. The rock is lime-stone, and the labyrinth of channels seems formed by water. There seems no doubt that this remarkable cave, whose chambers, some of great size, would contain hundreds of men, and was once supplied by a plentiful stream of water, is David’s refuge of Adullam. When we emerged, and had washed our faces and hands (much need-

ing it) in the small stream which trickles from the rock below the entrance, we sat down to the shekh's sheep. It arrived covered with a creamy sauce, tinged with saffron, in two large bowls. I did not taste it; but those who did, pronounced it excellent. Meanwhile, some of the children of a neighbouring place (called Bethuliah; but not Judith's town, which lies much further north), began to throw stones down the rocks, because padre Abdallah was a Bethlehemite I believe, but they were soon put to flight.

We proceeded due south, or nearly so, all the afternoon, and, after winding through a richly-wooded and green valley, where M. de K—— and D—— B—— in vain pursued some red-legged partridges, arrived at our encampment: we found it already formed in the *cul de sac* of a valley at the foot of Mount Seir, Esau's dwelling-place. Just below it is a village, whose name bears some affinity to that of the mount where the Turks shew in their mosque the tomb of Esau. The abbés L—— and F——, W—— and I, strolled to the village which crowns the hill, and had some conversation with two of the men, who were civil and intelligent; they asked to look through M. L——'s spectacles, which elicited a number of "mashálláhs", etc. etc.

Saturday, 27th. Before starting we went to see Esau's tomb. The people demurred at letting us enter, and some of the party were taking their shoes off to propitiate them by entering barefoot, when I stopped that concession by strolling in with my shoes on, with an air of abstraction, which threw

them off their guard. The tomb is plastered over, and covered with tattered hangings, on a wooden frame. I do not know how far we can believe that this is indeed Edom's tomb. As we came out, a fanatic woman set up a great yelling, and cursed us heartily, as well as those who had let us in. I suspect she had some eye to that potent deity, "backshish", of which she was deprived by the officiousness of our receivers, as well as to the honour of the prophet. We had a delightful morning's ride, over hill and dale, to Hebron, which lies in three detached portions along the side of the vale, which shortly becomes a plain, and merges in the sandy waste of the Great Desert. The aspect of Hebron is quite as venerable as its extreme antiquity and associations would suggest to one's imagination and feelings. We tied our horses up under some fine olive trees, and descended the hill towards the great mosque, which now surmounts the venerable cave of Macphelah. The form of the "holy father of the faithful" rose, to my mind's eye, erect, yet bowed to that will which had guided him through life's trials, reverend by years and by holiness and sorrow, as he stood up "from before his dead", on this spot, to purchase it from the children of Heth for a possession of a burying place for ever.

The utter hollowness of the Turks' false creed was perhaps rarely better exemplified than by Ibrahim Pasha, who, when he arrived here at the head of his conquering army, on pretence of guarding the sanctity of the place, allowed none but his immediate

suite to enter ; thus securing time to despoil it of the offerings of twelve centuries, at his leisure. The building seems to be a very fine one, of about the thirteenth century, judging from the style generally and from the character of the cuphic letters in the inscriptions ; but entrance is absolutely impossible to any but Turks. The narrow streets and bazaars of Hebron reminded some of our party of Spanish towns. We visited the Jews' quarter, and I never felt more pity for that unhappy people and their judicial blindness than here, where their sin contrasted so strongly with the faith of their sometime father Abraham. There are a good many books in their synagogue, but they did not seem much used. We strolled about the town for some time, and looked into a school, where the fickee (schoolmaster) was teaching the children to say the titles of Allah, in a sort of sing-song chant. After lunch, under some olive trees, we rode up to the great oak of Mamre, which is known as the oak under which Abraham entertained his three mysterious visitants. The tree is of vast size, and of very high antiquity, since it is a known fact that under its then ample shade the extempore court of justice was held, and the execution of many hundreds of Jews by the Tartars, at the fall of the Latin kingdom, took place. This tree is said to shed petrified acorns, and Don G. Gavazzi assured me he had seen one.

We had a long and hot ride through pleasant valleys to the reservoirs of Solomon. About three miles from them we observed the mouth of a well

or spring. Descending with difficulty (and some candles), we found ourselves in a long and lofty passage, which soon became a mere excavation in the rock. Water and mud prevented us from penetrating far, but we saw enough to convince us that this is a deep aqueduct conducting the gathered waters of the valley for miles along its bottom, and afterwards through a hill to the reservoirs: these are three in number, and (like those on the west side of Jerusalem) are formed by building prodigiously solid walls across a valley, and excavating the intermediate rock, etc., so as to form regular parallelograms of two, three, and four hundred feet in length, by a proportionate width. These being in great measure dry now, the magnitude of this magnificent and most useful work is revealed. We crawled through a hole, about one hundred yards above the highest of these pools, and saw the rise of the spring which chiefly supplies them: the water is beautifully clear, and sweet. We rode down the valley by the pools, part of whose masonry is evidently of the highest antiquity, and descended through the cool green valley below, to the garden of Solomon, which he commemorates in the same verse of his song (chap. iv. 12), where he mentions the pools and the enclosed spring—"a garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed". It remains full of trees and verdure, and the soil is so rich, and so free from stones, that a great part has been hired by an Englishman, who grows vegetables for the market of Jerusalem. A second abundant spring bursts forth here, and

the high rocks enclose the gardens, and throw a delicious shade during many hours of the day. At intervals the aqueduct is still to be traced, both on this and on the other side of Bethlehem, in the direction of Jerusalem. We arrived late at Bethlehem, after a most interesting and delightful day.

Sunday, 28th. We had again the privilege of communicating* at Bethlehem — “the house of Bread”—this morning. At high mass, I could not help smiling at the *naïveté* of two little Arabs, who were officiating as acolytes: when they had to bow to each other, and cense towards each other and the people, their delight made them grin from ear to ear; and they looked at the schoolmaster,

* It is a remarkable and instructive reflection to me, to remember the extraordinary delusion under which, as a non-Catholic, I, in common with all my intimate acquaintance, laboured in regard to the frequency of communion in the Catholic Church. If this was the case with myself, who had been frequently abroad, and in the habit of visiting Catholic churches, how much more is it so with others, who have not the means of seeing so much? The reports of others, and even my own experience, failed to remove this obstinate prejudice, which, like many more, appears almost a satanic device to deter well-meaning persons from submitting to the Church. Daily communion for all the clergy, and the devout laity, may be said to be the actual practice in the Church. Of those who daily hear mass, very few communicate less than once, and most several times, during the week. In seminaries, and colleges for education, the *rule* is weekly communion. Many writers say, that the idea of the Church for the laity is, “no day without its mass, and no mass without its communion”. And, in fact, how rare is it to see a low mass, at an early hour, without some communicants, at any altar where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved.

who was kneeling near, with a look of half-fear, half-amusement, which was quite killing. I never saw a more devout or numerous congregation than here ; and the number of communicants was very great. There are in Bethlehem about 1600 Catholics. I looked into the great church (filched from the Catholics, about a century ago, by the Greeks) at the procession of the Greeks, it being their Palm Sunday, and never saw before such a scene of confusion and irreverence. After dinner, some of our friends went to S. Saba and the Jordan (to see the Greek pilgrims bathe to-morrow) and the Dead Sea. We heard padre Abdallah catechize the children in Arabic, attended Benediction, and then bade adieu to the holy places and to the superior, and rode into Jerusalem.

Wednesday, Feast of SS. Philip and James, May 1st. We attended the first communion of a great many of the school children this morning—a most glorious and touching sight. Fifteen adult Greek schismatics were also reconciled this morning. Afterwards, we walked out with father Edward to S. John's. We got a little out of the way ; and though, owing to being in conversation with the abbé F., I did not notice it at the time, I found on arriving that I was completely knocked up by the heat. The convent at S. John's is charmingly situated, and there being no schismatics in the village, the quiet and order of the place is striking. The church, occupying the site of the birth-place of the Great Forerunner, is also very nice. The three altars at the east end are dedicated to S. Zacharias,

S. Elizabeth, and, that which marks the site of his birth-place, to S. John Baptist. After attending the daily procession, which was more devoutly performed, as well as better sung, than either here or at Bethlehem, we walked over the hill south of the village, and descended into the next valley, to visit the fountain of S. Philip the Deacon, where he baptized the vizier of queen Candace. The remains of the ancient road from Jerusalem to Gaza (if one may call them so) consist of a track of stones which run along the bottom of the valley. We washed our hands and faces, and drank of the water; and father Matthia, a German, who was our guide, chanted the lesson, from the eighth chapter of the Acts. A few yards north of the fountain, are the remains of a church of the lower empire (I suppose one of S. Helena's pious works); and just above it is the circular baptismal font. We returned home late to S. John's.

Thursday, May 2nd. Very early this morning, we went up to the ruined church (of the Latin times) of the Visitation, where M. de B—— had had his portable altar prepared, and MM. F—— and L—— said mass. We communicated at the former. M. Leduc had offered us the intention of his mass, and I had begged him to apply it for the conversion of W. P——, with whom we had conversed much the day before about the Greek Church. It was a pleasing coincidence, that (it being his feast) the mass was of S. Athanasius. Two of the sisters, and several of their pupils, came out late last evening, and were present. After mass, we talked of the

possibility of restoring this fine church in part, and making the place a *villeggiatura* for the sisters, some of whom might remain here continually with great advantage to the place; and we agreed that, with the permission of authorities, we would try and forward this view when we return to Europe. The place, its associations, healthfulness, proximity to the convent, and to Jerusalem, etc., mark it as most suitable. Then the extensive ruins would be a great help as to materials; and part would be available as they stand. We passed the noon-day hours in the church, thinking much of the most lovely character of S. John Baptist, and praying both for his spirit, and his aid to help us to gain it. Father Edward and W—— walked after dinner to S. John in the Desert, through the valley of Terebinthus, where the holy Baptist preached, and where father Edward wishes to retire and live as a hermit. I was too tired, and deferred my visit to another time. We assisted at the procession, and then bade adieu to our kind hosts and their peaceful retreat with great regret. We walked into Jerusalem by a different road from that by which we came. As we looked back, the valley seemed so sweet and peaceful, and the convent so secluded, that we could hardly go our way. On the opposite heights we saw Modin, the fortress of the Maccabees, and Emmaus and Ramah; and then turning, the Mount of Olives and Jerusalem's towers invited us to proceed.

Here again, as on our return from Bethlehem, I could not but think of the happiness of our lot,

who had to quit such holy places, only to return to a more holy dwelling place. We should have liked to remain another day or two at S. John's; but to-morrow being the Invention of the Holy Cross, we return to attend high mass in the very place where it was found.

CHAPTER VII.

JERUSALEM AND THE COUNTRY ABOUT IT.

THE GREEK SCHISMATICS—THEIR PROFANATION OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE—COUNTRY ROUND JERUSALEM—BETHANY—TOMB OF LAZARUS—CONVENT OF S. CROSS—MOUNT OF OLIVES—STATIONS OF THE VIA DOLOROSA—BETHLEHEM—CATHOLIC EASTERN RITES—S. JOHN'S OF THE DESERT—PROPHECY OF S. MALACHI—THE GREEKS AND THE CUPOLA OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE—THE FUTURE OF PROTESTANTISM—PREPARATIONS FOR LEAVING THE HOLY CITY—DEPARTURE.

Friday, 3rd, Invention of the Holy Cross. Early this morning, we went down to the Holy Sepulchre, and found the reverendissimo celebrating pontifically in the cave of the Invention. It was the Greek Good Friday, and the church was therefore full of people ; but there was a large and devout Catholic congregation kneeling all the way up the steps which lead to the Invention. After mass, the relic of the true Cross was taken from the altar, and borne by the reverendissimo : we followed in procession with candles, singing the hymn “ Vexilla regis prodeunt ” in alternate verses. After circling the Holy Sepulchre and the chapels several times, we entered the Catholic choir, and the “ Te Deum ” was sung and Benediction given with the true Cross. Nothing

could be more deeply edifying than this procession and its devotions. The ground was strewed with rose leaves, some of which I picked up as a memento. The people flocked in numbers to kiss the relic of the true Crôss, which was held to us by one of the *parochi*. I noticed with much emotion that very many of the schismatics seemed much moved and edified by the procession : a few scoffed and made a noise, but most were quiet and well behaved as long as it lasted. In the evening we went up into the Catholic side of the triforium for a little while, to see the conduct of the Greeks. Such a scene I had never seen before. The nave was crowded with a dense mass of people, howling, singing, clapping their hands, rushing to and fro, hoisting persons stripped to the waist upon their shoulders, and committing acts of positive indecency, which my pen refuses to record, at the very entrance of the Holy Sepulchre. Such was the celebration of their Lord's Crucifixion by these poor people ; and such (as others who were present earlier told me) had it been during the whole day. The priests and bishops present laughed at their excesses, or at the chastisement inflicted on them occasionally by the Turkish soldiers ; but encouraged rather than repressed these frightful scenes. I record only what I saw ; but I have indubitable testimony to even greater enormities, thus tolerated by the schismatic clergy, at what they too believe to be the most solemn religious commemoration, in the holiest place which Christianity recognizes upon earth.

Saturday, 4th. The horrors of yesterday pale be-

fore those of to-day's exhibition of the "miraculous fire". We accompanied the French consul and a large party to the church at about twelve, and found a place prepared in one of the windows of the Latin side of the triforium. In the next was the pasha, smoking his pipe and drinking his coffee. The nave was crowded densely, and the same scenes were reacting as those of last night. During two hours, the excitement and tumult kept increasing. At two o'clock the clergy issued from the choir, and a sort of procession with banners was formed: these were carried by common men, who rushed forward wherever an opportunity offered; the rest struggled as they could through the crowd, without order or devotion; last came the "Bishop of the Fire", an old man with a fine beard, supported by two deacons. After twice circling the Holy Sepulchre like a crew of bacchanals, the bishop was stripped of his vestments, and with difficulty pushed and carried into the Sepulchre, and the doors closed. Now came a few moments of phrenzied tumult, and then, with a shout that rent the air, the fire was welcomed as it was thrust out from the two holes made for this purpose, on either side of the door of the Sepulchre, in tin pierced globes with handles. The men who received these, hastened to light large flambeaux, and to scramble out of the church and off to Bethlehem and Marsaba, and other Greek convents. Meanwhile, the fire was rapidly passed from hand to hand, the pilgrims lighting small thick candles, or rather bundles of candles, which they held to their faces, hands, arms,

etc. Presently the bishop came forth from the Sepulchre and rushed forward, swayed hither and thither by the tumult, with a torch in each hand, towards the choir. He made gestures as if under a divine impulse, which put a most hideous crown to this blasphemous mockery. At this point the scene became too frightful to be endured any longer, and I retired from the window. I was told that the ceremonies of shaving some boys' heads, and a dance of women, followed ; but these I did not see.

The question has been much mooted, how far this dreadful exhibition is fairly chargeable on the clergy and Church of the Greek schism. Prejudice and feeling apart (for the latter, at least, is much involved in a judgment formed on the spot), I should say that it *is* morally chargeable on them. The upper clergy and the better informed of the priests here deny that they teach the people to believe in the miracle : it is equally true (for I will not impugn their veracity) that they do not contradict or expose it. The lower and less instructed priests probably believe, and certainly teach, that it is a miracle ; that is, by referring to it as a *note* of their Church, etc. The excuse of the former is, that they fear the people, and that their faith in other things might be shaken by an exposure ; both utterly indefensible. The excuse of the other class is either ignorance, or else none at all. As to the poor people themselves, I believe many are actuated by devotion, though certainly their manner of exhibiting it is most superstitious and most

unseemly. That the habit of many centuries, and the probable origin of the ceremony (the annual extinguishing of the lights, and the solemn consecration of the fire, as of water and other creatures, to the service of its Creator, still practised in the Catholic Church), afford a certain palliation of their offence to the clergy, while speaking of them individually, it would be uncharitable not to admit; but, as the allowed public act of a communion, it is in itself a blasphemous profanation not to be excused, and a strong point of condemnation for that communion. Indeed, nothing was more evident than that, while some individuals might be supposably influenced by devotion, the thing itself was a hindrance and a scandal to any but the profoundly ignorant, and engendered even in them a factitious and noxious imitation of a Christian grace. “By their fruit ye shall know them”, it is written; and nothing could be more striking than the contrast between this exhibition and the Catholic solemnities of the day before. By the latter, even the alien children of the Church, and strangers to her belief, were edified and raised in the scale of moral being; by the former, the very heathen (called in to moderate the excesses of fanaticism) were disgusted and scandalized, and the actors themselves both degraded and the degradors of what they deemed most to be revered.*

* Mr. Williams (*The Holy City*, vol. ii, p. 532) says, the heathen may teach us a “lesson of propriety of demeanour not to be learned from the worshippers” in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. I dare say Mr. W., with his feelings about the

It has been said that the practice has only the sanction of a *local* authority; but in a sect which possesses no supreme head (for the supremacy of Constantinople, and that of a general council, is merely a stalking horse against Rome), what authority is more than local? Unless the Greek Church pretends to a thousandfold infallibility in each of her bishops, I see not how she can escape the possibility of a universal toleration of such errors.

Monday, 6th. We took M. F—— to call on P——, an Anglican friend, who gave him much information about the Greek Church. He said, there was no doubt that the question of the

Church, did not deem it right to see Catholic services there. If he had, I am convinced he would not have passed this indiscriminate censure on them as well as the sects. Turks themselves have said to me, that they saw and appreciated the contrast between our services, and the conduct of our people, and those of others. In the same place, he stigmatizes the conduct of the "Latins" for calling in heathen aid to protect them against Greek violence in the church. In the first place, this conduct is not exclusively Latin; for on this day, when the Greeks have the whole church to themselves, the guard of Turkish soldiers are called in by them to keep order among their own people, excited to phrenzy by a sham-miracle. And secondly, if Mr. W. had seen our clergy absolutely hustled, and their sacred vestments torn off them at the altar, as he might have done when he was at Jerusalem, he would not have wondered that they too were compelled to ask for Turkish soldiers to maintain order. We ask it, however, not to keep our own faithful, but the deluded fanatics of Greece, from violence. Was it ever heard that "the Latins" kept order, at those times when we have exclusive admission to the church, by dint of Turkish soldiery? If not, let Mr. W. own that the cases are not parallel, and that his stricture is unjust.

“filioque” was one of dogma (not of the insertion in the creed), but that his view was, that there was a real agreement between the two Churches, and that he thought the Latin terms capable of bearing heresy on this subject. He talked long on the schism, and very well, but some of his facts were not correct. M. F—— did not agree at all; but, fully understanding his man, let fall an occasional remark, which evidently *hit* P——. Among other things, he (P.) said that a man must, now-a-days, be content to know that he is working towards truth, that he is realizing a part, and that an increasing part; that it must take years of study and thought to arrive at even a part, etc., to all which M. F—— did not answer, merely remarking, *en passant*, that meanwhile life passed and death arrived, which was inconvenient. I sat by and admired P.’s learning and skill, and thought how hard he was trying to get into the kingdom of heaven, and that perhaps his efforts would obtain for him the grace to see that he was at the wrong door. There was a friend too constantly by his side, whom he calls Consistency (but we had met him before, and heard him called Positiveness), who seemed to pull him up, so that he hit his head against the lintel, which confused him, though he did not perceive this himself, but was rather led to think us confused.

. *Tuesday, 7th.* We rode out of the Damascus gate and up to Scopus; hence, the view of the city, and down the valley of Jehosaphat, is magnificent: passing eastward, along the ridge of the hills which

sweep round to Olivet, we opened the valley and east side of the city more and more, while, on the other hand, the view of the descending summits of the hills, towards the valley of Jordan and the Dead Sea, the valley and river itself, and the long unbroken horizon of the mountains of Moab and Ammon, stretching some sixty or seventy miles along, was in its way equally fine. We turned to the left before reaching the church of the Ascension, and pursued the stony road to Bethany for some distance, and then, turning into the valley which runs southward at the back of the mount, into the valley of Kedron, quitted it about half way down the hill, and rode up towards Bethany, or rather towards a village beyond it, which we mistook for it. When we found our mistake we bore more to the left, across some fields, and came suddenly on Bethany. We visited the tomb of Lazarus, which is like the ordinary rock-tombs, with one exception—viz., that the second chamber (in which the body is always placed) is at some little distance from the first, being approached by some steps, and a few feet of passage through the rock. These steps descend from the floor, so that, as the Scripture says, the stone lay (contrary to the common form) *upon* the entrance; and the comparative distance of the inner “cave” accounts partly, other reasons being obvious, for our Lord saying, “with a loud voice, Lazarus come forth”. After paying our devotions at this sacred spot, we rode up the hill at the back of the village, which abounds in remains of the Crusaders’ work, by that

road which, from its directness, was probably our Lord's habitual path from here to Jerusalem, and, crossing the Mount of Olives, descended by the steep path which leads down to Gethsemane. We passed also the building occupying the place where our Lord wept over the doomed city, which, from S. Luke's narrative, appears to have been (as this spot is) near the bottom of the descent of the Mount.

Wednesday, 8th. We walked to S. Cross, a Greek convent, about half an hour's walk hence. It lies niched in a small valley, between the roads to Bethlehem and to S. John's, and is remarkably secluded. Like most Greek convents it has a well-to-do air, and contains several pretty courts, with fig, orange, and pomegranate trees. The church was rebuilt by the Georgians, I believe: it is remarkable for a splendid mosaic pavement, now much destroyed, which bears the stains of large pools of the blood of the monks murdered by Chosroes in his invasion (A.D. 614). Left of the iconostasis is a small chapel, said to mark the spot whence the wood of the cross was taken. We paid a visit to sister Emilia, the superioress of the Sisters of S. Joseph, from whom we learnt many interesting particulars concerning her order. She is anxious that it should be introduced in England; and I can hardly imagine any one which would be more likely to succeed there.

Holy Thursday, May 9th. Before dawn father Edward called us, and by five we left the gates, and crossed the valley of Kedron to the Mount of Olives. On its summit, in the small rotunda of the

Ascension, now in the hands of the Turks, two altars were prepared, and a great number of the fathers, and many other persons, had passed the night there in tents, and at midnight, after matins said, had begun their masses. We had the privilege of communicating at one, and attending two more. God grant that the suggestion of the day and place (to ascend with our Lord in heart and mind, and with Him continually to dwell) may not fail altogether of accomplishment in many who had this solemn privilege. As we returned home the city was gloriously lit up by the rising sun. In the evening we walked round the Mount, ascending by the valley which runs up from that of the Kedron on the east, to the summit, and returned home by the "descent" and Gethsemane.

Friday, 10th. To-day being Count B——'s last day here, we all went with him to communicate at the Church of Flagellation. Father F—— and father Edward said mass. Father F—— was so much affected at this, his last sacrifice in Jerusalem, that it was only by a strong effort that he could finish his mass. I thought, with shame, how often I had been thus affected by merely human attachments to persons and places, and how rarely like him by spiritual and divine ones. After this we all read the stations of the *Via Dolorosa*; one of the most affecting and awful privileges of this city. There is a plenary indulgence attached to each of the stations.* We tried to enter the Holy Sepul-

* For a list of the indulgences attached to the sanctuaries of the Holy Land, see Appendix IV.

chre, but it was not yet open. About noon we bade adieu, with much regret, to the abbés P——, L——, and F——, and to M. de B—— and his son. We hope much to see them in Lebanon, but it is uncertain. After their departure we took a ride with Mrs. ——. She is very kind, and takes great interest in us and our change of religion, which we found she did not know till a few days since. I wrote a long note to ———, telling him what I thought of “Puseyism”: that it is a very pleasing system of eclecticism, supported by no kind of authority, least of all by that of the existing Church of England; and that if no Church existed at all, it would still be imperative on “Puseyites” to quit their present position, as untrue to their oaths and antecedents.

Saturday, 11th. We parted with Mohammed, and engaged Daoud el Curat, a Maronite Catholic of Bigfeyah, in Lebanon, to be our dragoman when we leave this. W—— went into the Holy Sepulchre for the night: I was not well enough to do the same. To-morrow (Sunday) afternoon we intend going to Bethlehem and S. John's for two days.

Sunday, 12th. After vespers we called on Mrs. ———, and accompanied her to the pasha's house, from the top of which one of the best views of the city, and especially of the *enceinte* of the temple (the mosque of Omar), whence Christians are jealously excluded, is obtained. The relative heights and position of the hills of Zion, Moriah, Acre, and the New City, are also well observed from here.

We left about five, and rode out to Bethlehem, where we arrived shortly after dark.

Monday, 13th. We had the privilege of communicating in the præsepium again this morning: padre Abdallah celebrated. Afterwards we visited the other sanctuaries, and attended high mass. The daily celebration of high mass in these holy places seems to us an illustration of the Church's realization of the idea of worship of the highest order, and it is the greatest consolation to one to have seen and to remember the fact of this perpetual solemn sacrifice offered in these famed places. I talked this morning to one of the fathers about the propagation of the faith in these lands (à-propos of the number of scholars, I saw in the schools here, more than three hundred), and he said that one hindrance to the acquisition of larger numbers to the Church, was the strictness of Rome concerning the maintenance of existing rites.

A Syrian, or Copt, or Armenian, on becoming a Catholic, is not permitted to adopt the Roman rite, but is obliged to remain attached to the hierarchy, discipline, and rites of his own nation, which, to most, is distasteful—partly on account of their preference of the Latin rites, and partly because they remain under the local government; whereas, on admission to the Latin rite, they would be placed under consular protection. The Church, however, judges such motives inadequate, and moreover, desires that when sects are reconciled they should not be obliterated; and that though they are absorbed in the Church's unity, they should not lose their dis-

tinctive characteristics, so far as they are not in themselves wrong in fact or tendency. I could not help thinking how completely this policy gives the lie to the assertions of Protestants, as to the "destructive" and "self-aggrandizing" spirit of the Catholic Church, since she is here pursuing a course palpably the reverse of both. But I rather preferred to dwell on the positive features of this policy, and to reflect on her divine charity for souls, which will not suffer conversion to be simulated on unworthy grounds or insufficient motives (even though in their place good ones), and on her inspired wisdom, which will not impose a formal type of external agreement as a substitute for that spiritual bond of obedience and love, which unites the Catholics of every tongue and nation under heaven. The Church's practice here is only one more evidence of her true Catholicity and holiness. What a contrast to the *wooden* and *stupid* uniformity with which a local rite is imposed on other nations by the State Church of England, in her schismatical attempt to spread her errors wherever an accident of temporal power enables her to do so, with that moderate zeal which becomes the married gentlemen who propagate their belief (and names) in foreign lands. It is sad to see a writer, so able and competent to form a true judgment, as the author of "The Holy City" (Mr. Williams), led into the injustice of confounding the Church's procedure in reconciling schismatics, with the violent and heretical proceedings of the Greeks, who rebaptize, without condition, those who unhappily

join themselves to their communion. Mr. Williams, after mentioning this fact, generalizes on it, by saying, that from it one must judge what the *animus* of the contest between the Greeks and Latins is. With his pardon, I must be allowed to think it shows only the *animus* of the Greeks, as the contrary practice does that of the Latins, and of all other Catholics here or elsewhere.

We saw the marriage procession of a bride to the bridegroom's house this morning. The bride (only twelve years old) was veiled, and on horseback, and covered with the rows of coins which form the ordinary head-dress of the lower orders here. The evil of early marriages is very great, and the clergy of the Church have had the greatest difficulties in restraining the practice. They used to marry at six and eight years of age, and then there is an end to education and every good influence for some years. After dinner we went and sat at padre Abdallah's for some time. One of his brothers had had an operation performed, and with such instruments that it was wonderful how he got over it. Antonio, the younger one, had been busy making us two crosses, as a present: they are the best I have seen here. We also looked at the model of the Holy Sepulchre, which we have bought for the holy father. In the evening we bade adieu to our kind hosts, especially to the superior, father Raffaelle and father Abdallah, and after attending the procession and litany, rode to S. John's. We got there late, and found father Luigi already arrived. S. John's (in Arab, *Ain Kerim*) is the "Ænon" of holy Scripture.

Tuesday, 14th. Up before sunrise and off to the grotto of S. John in the Desert, now a very fertile valley, about an hour's ride from the convent. We had father Luigi and the portable altar with us, and had the privilege of hearing mass and communicating in the grotto. This is the place where S. John chiefly lived and preached. It abounds in the karuba tree (the "locust" which formed his food) and olives. The grotto has a spring of pure water near it, and the remains of a building, which was formerly a convent of Basilian nuns. We got back about eight, and passed the day chiefly in the church. We had some conversation with the superior and fathers Luigi, the curate, and Mattia, on S. Malachi's prophecy about the popes. That saint has given a series of characteristic mottoes for the popes for a number of years, which have all had their application. Thus, Pius VI (who went to Vienna to attempt to rescue his flock there from Joseph II's spiritual usurpation) was "*Pastor peregrinus*"; and the present pope is "*Cruz de cruce*", which may either apply to his sufferings of the last two years, and perhaps (which, God forbid) their continuance, or to the arms of the order of S. Francis (the saint's arms, and our Lord's, crossed, with a cross above them), of which the present pope is a member, being of the third order of S. Francis. The next pope is to be "*Lumen in cælo*". In the evening we rode into Jerusalem after the procession and litany. The valley looked lovely, as we turned on the brow of the hill to say good bye to father Mattia; and we

consoled ourselves with a firm resolve to ride over to S. John's once more, before we leave. The road from Bethlehem, by the tomb of Rachel and through the valley of roses, was most delightful; and that also we hope to see again.

Wednesday, 15th. Wrote all the morning. In the afternoon we were to have ridden with Mrs. —; but the high wind and dust prevented her from coming. We therefore rode down the valley of Kedron, and then bore up to the west, and gained a very high point, whence we saw Jerusalem, Rama, Bethlehem, and the Dead Sea, all at one glance. The sight of so many places dear to us by the holiest ties, bound us to the spot for some time, and we felt how completely all our expectations were realized by a species of moral fitness to their history, which we perceive more and more in these holy places. We rode down a steep pass to the valley, and crossing it, mounted that which leads up behind the Mount of Olives, and so gained the lower road to Bethany, by which we returned. We crossed a high stone wall on our way, and so left the little colt (following W.'s mare) behind, and had to return to fetch her. This practice of letting the foals run by their dams, always reminds me of the passage by this road into Jerusalem of her King, coming "into her, meek, and having salvation, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass."

Thursday, 16th. We went into the Holy Sepulchre to remain till Sunday (Pentecost) morning. On Friday morning we communicated on Calvary;

on Saturday and Sunday in the Sepulchre. The Armenians kept their *Dominica in Albis* (which they defer a week, to give the Greeks more room for their function on the real day), and made the most discordant noises all night in their part of the triforium. They fraudulently obtained this from the Catholics by a feigned submission to the Church in the last century. This night I did not rise at midnight (being much fatigued), but listened to the matin service. The voices and pealing organ sounded most beautifully through the church, especially at the Benedictus, when they make procession from our choir to the Holy Sepulchre. After high mass we left the Holy Sepulchre, and came home to dress, and then went to pontifical high mass at S. Salvatore. Immediately after it the *Te Deum* was sung for the holy father's return to Rome, and the reverendissimo gave the benediction with the most holy Sacrament. In the afternoon we went to vespers at the house of Caiphas (now an Armenian convent), on Mount Zion, where we have access once a year, at Pentecost; and then strolled towards Bethlehem with the French consul. The sirocco has made the heat intolerable for some days past.

Friday, 24th. The Queen's birth-day. We went to the consul's levee, and afterwards rode to Bethlehem with the French consul and Don Giovanni Gavazzi. As we neared it, we met Mrs. — and her party returning from the Dead Sea. We were in time for the procession and litany. All this month they have had the litany of our Lady, and a

sermon every evening, with the best fruits. Poor padre Abdallah looked rather worn with his work. After procession M. D—— went to take his farewell of the sanctuaries, and we paid a visit to padre Abdallah's family. As usual, it was a great pleasure to see these good people. Passing Mount Elias on our way back, we met a few soldiers, whom we hardly noticed at the moment; but when we went to the consul's in the evening, we found that he had gone out to Mount Elias to succour Mrs. G——'s party, who had got into a scrape on their way, and had not yet returned. One of M. B——'s party had let his gun fall as they were mounting in the court-yard of the convent, which they had been seeing: the gun went off, and lodged almost all the charge in a horse's leg. Unluckily some shot hit one of the Arabs in the leg also, who immediately set up such a howling that the whole neighbouring village turned out, and threatened to shoot the "hauajees". The monks pulled the lad and M. B—— in, and shut the door, leaving Mrs. —— and Miss R——, and one of the lads, outside. The Arabs mistook him for his brother (whose gun had gone off), and it was only by great courage and firmness that Mrs. —— managed to get him out of their hands, with the loss of his horse, and away to her encampment, near the Damascus gate. The rest of the party remained besieged in the convent, where they were joined by our consul, who however was equally unable to get out. Mohammed (whom Mrs. —— had taken as dragoman) at last managed to escape, and sent some soldiers

from the Hebron gate (those whom we met), who raised the siege, but not till near ten o'clock. The people, especially the women, were furious, and vowed they would have blood for blood. I suppose they must have been all inside the convent-yard when we passed.

The consul's party was thus not lively. When we went in we found bishop Gobat and all the mission, and a Russian, Prince Wiczynski (the poet and writer), whom I believe to be here on a mission from the emperor about the cupola of the Holy Sepulchre. He talked a great deal; told W. about the miseries of schism, but was not very definite in his ideas about unity. He said P.'s book had made a sensation in Russia. The case of the cupola is this.—About four years since, the lead began to peel off: the Greeks applied for a firman to repair it, and, as in many other cases, if they had succeeded, they would have laid claim (and probably obtained the Turks' sanction) to exclusive possession. Under these circumstances the Catholics obtained a counter firman to prevent the Greeks from repairing it; and, as they of course will not allow the Catholics to do so, the cupola remains in that sad state. The Greeks, meanwhile, have the advantage of laying the whole blame on the Catholics, to whom of course the legion of Protestants (including Williams, I am sorry to say) charitably impute "a miserable satisfaction" in seeing the decay of a church, built and redeemed over and over again with their wealth and their blood (in days when, as yet, the Greek "Church"

existed not here), and which they would now sacrifice everything but the sacred rights of religion to beautify and to liberate from the hands of the infidel. I had some interesting conversation with one of the missionaries (I believe Mr. Nicholayson), who has resided here twenty-four years. He said the decay of the Mussulman feeling in that time had been signal, but as yet nothing positive had taken the place of it. The evening wound up with "God save the Queen", which we sang very solemnly. — said the only thing which kept him awake was the bishop's *apron*, which tickled his fancy amazingly!

Wednesday, 29th. First vespers of Corpus Domini were celebrated pontifically in the Holy Sepulchre: for this festival we have exclusive possession of the church. After vespers, we went to the reverendissimo's *bacciamano* (levee) in the Latin chapel, and then in procession to all the holy places within the church. There were pontifical matins at midnight; but, not being very well, we did not sleep at the Holy Sepulchre.

Thursday, 30th, Corpus Domini. We went down with father Edward at six o'clock to the Holy Sepulchre, and M. D—— and I communicated at his mass on Calvary. W. did so in the Holy Sepulchre. After some coffee, M. D—— put on his uniform, and we went to pontifical high mass, which was said in front of the Holy Sepulchre. The service, especially the prose and antiphones of the day, seemed to have additional meaning here. After mass, the procession with the most Holy Sacrament

took place. About seventy of the clergy and frati, in magnificent vestments, the splendid *baldachino*, and the long train of devout laity, made a glorious spectacle. The hymn, of course, was that of the day, "Pange lingua"; and each time that we had encircled the Holy Sepulchre, and the Holy Sacrament was replaced on the altar, the two last verses ("Tantum ergo", etc.) were repeated. After the third time, we went round the stone of unction and by Calvary, and meanwhile the altar was removed, so that the reverendissimo went into the Holy Sepulchre.

Saturday, June 1st. At half-past four, we set off for Bethlehem. We had father Edward, the father-secretary, and father Leonard (who is a Belgian, and has just arrived from Gand to be French plenipotentiary here), with us. Father Leonard told us some very interesting European news; among other things, that we have now some Franciscan fathers at Bristol. Bristol is just the place where they will make a great impression. When we arrived at Bethlehem, we found them in church, and were just in time for the Litany and Benediction, which is given every evening till the Octave of Corpus Domini. On Sunday morning, father Leonard celebrated the second mass in the *presepio*: the Greeks having possession of the chapel of the Nativity, we are only able to have two masses there every morning; and we had the privilege of communicating again, I fear for the last time, there. The season (Corpus Christi) and the place, "the House of Bread", where the true Bread came down

from Heaven, both rendered it a most edifying and blessed act. After high mass, we went to the father-guardian's room (to wish him "buona festa", as they keep the feast here to-day), where we found the whole family, including the children of the choir, assembled. Two of them read two poems of the master's (a native of great talent) on the Holy Sacrament, and on our Lady. They were both very good; the former more dogmatic (as suited the subject) the latter more poetical. After dinner, I had a long conversation with padre Abdallah about the state of religion in England, which he shewed the greatest interest in. I told him how completely the English Establishment seemed breaking up into its elements. They say that no heresy was ever dominant in a country more than three hundred years. The Anglican communion dates from 1561 (the Act of Uniformity), and certainly seems to have no chance of outliving its tercentenary. It is sad to think of the number of souls that must be risked in the rough passage from truth to error. How many will be dislodged from some amount of truth, to take up with none! But every tree not planted of God must be rooted up; and anything (speaking merely of expediency) is better than that "agreement to differ" which is the sole unity known to the Anglican Church.

After Benediction, we walked, with Antonio Comandari, to the Grotto of the Virgin, and then descended the valley and crossed it to the monastery of S. Paula. The font, which I did not notice at my last visit, lies near the door of the ruined

tower. The present church is both small and mean, and the crowd was therefore painful, especially as we passed along the corridors of the convent, which were hung with silk, etc. The great church was really magnificent; but the Greeks have built a wall across the upper end, and the whole nave remains a sort of neglected vestibule. The Grotto of the Nativity, and the adjoining ones, are under the east end.

Monday morning. We communicated at the altar of the Holy Innocents. The grotto of the Nativity being locked, I was only able yesterday to visit it outside the door, which leads through to our part of the cavern; but to-day, after attending a second mass in the grotto of S. Jerome, we were able to take our farewell of the holy cradle, of the manger, and of the site of the Nativity, undisturbed. It was the saddest hour I have passed yet in Palestine. We bade adieu to the good father-guardian and his family, and (accompanied by fathers Leonard, Abdallah, and the father-secretary) went first to father Abdallah's house, and after a long visit there, set off after father Edward, who had proceeded us on foot. We turned on the hill of S. Elias, before entering into the convent, to look back on Bethlehem crowning its olive-clad hill—a scene which I trust death itself will never efface from my heart. The church of S. Elias (now Greek) is very lofty and handsome. They shewed a stone, believed to have been the habitual resting-place of the prophet. In the afternoon I paid a visit to a young Englishman, Mr. P., who is obliged to remain here by an

attack of ophthalmia. He is a Presbyterian, and began to talk about religion. I tried to get him upon principles, but (like most Protestants) it was not at all his line. He talked much about reason, as if there was anything more unreasonable in this world than the Protestant view about the Bible—depending, as it entirely does, on an assumption of what is incapable of proof, except on grounds borrowed from that other system which they reject as false. Like many Protestants, he was entirely ignorant of the nature and history of the Church, but was really quite open to instruction, which of course I did not profess to give him. The more I see of things everywhere the more convinced am I that we are on the eve of a period of great *decision* of religious questions; so that, ere long, the World and the Church will once more be ranged in open enmity. The development of the numberless sects of the “Reformation” has neared its completion; their negative character appears issuing in its legitimate results, of universal negation or universal subjectivity, in matters of belief.*

We walked out to the cave of Jeremiah, which we found open. It is just outside the Damascus gate, and is now in the hands of the Turks. The santon who keeps it, wanted his “backshish” be-

* The march of intellect and material civilization without religion, seems to have a twofold issue: First, a practical “*reductio ad absurdum*” (by means of social and political experience) of theories which cut off man from the exercise of faith; and secondly, a general liberality, and an explosion of conventional ideas, sham “first principles”, and prejudices.

fore he let us into the wall which surrounds the garden in front, which we refused. This saintly person, however, was civil, and shewed us the place, and pointed out to us the couch of the prophet on the left of the vast cave. There is a well of excellent water in the little garden. Meeting Mr. D., we strolled with him round the olive-yards north of the city, and came in by the Damascus gate. He lent us a treasure of "Guardians" and "English Churchmen". The state of the Establishment seems critical. M—— publishes a correspondence with the archbishop of Canterbury (in which that prelate distinctly avows the Protestant view of private judgment of Scripture, and ends by declaring that the only doctrine of the Church of England is that of the Holy Trinity: beyond that he declares that she defines and imposes *nothing*. This is most true. I only wonder how M. can remain an Anglican.

Tuesday, 4th. We heard mass, and communicated in the Grotto of the Agony, at Gethsemane. Father Edward was kind enough to say mass for us. In the afternoon we rode first to the valley of the Kedron, and attempted a sketch of the south side of the city, from a point a little below the well of Nehemiah. Afterwards we rode up the next (lateral) valley to that of Ben-Hinnom, and thence to the lofty spot whence we once before remarked a very fine view. From here we saw Bethlehem also, and saluted for the last time the humble birth-place of God Incarnate. What scenes are these! how the soul pants to drink in, and memory and thought

strive to imbed indelibly in our hearts, these holy spots. To-night I began to realize how dear they are to me, and how great a trial it will be to quit them.

Wednesday the 5th was passed in preparation for departure, till late in the afternoon, when we entered the Holy Sepulchre to pass our last night there. At the door we found father Abdallah, his good brother Antonio, and his two sisters-in-law, who had trudged in from Bethlehem with our model of the Holy Sepulchre to have it blessed. From eight to eleven, and for two hours in the morning, we lay down in the chamber of S. Helena, which the father-president had kindly prepared for us, partly on account of W.'s relationship by descent from the saint. The rest of the night was passed in wandering from Calvary to the Holy Sepulchre, and in visiting and revisiting again and again the holy places, renewing every vow, abjuring every sin, imploring every grace. From our chamber a window looks into the Latin choir, the sacred presence dimly revealed by a row of six lamps burning before it. At midnight we attended matins. The wondrous arrangement of the service (of the octave of *Corpus Domini*) never touched me more. From end to end of Scripture the spirit of God had ranged, lighting up in continuous unity the whole of that succession of teaching concerning the Holy Eucharist, which winds throughout the sacred pages. Moses and the prophets, history and psalms, hymns and acts, gospels and epistles, type and antitype, things past and things to come, were connected to

illustrate the doctrine of the festival. We had once more the blessing of hearing two masses, and of communicating in the Holy Sepulchre, and then, after many efforts, and with much sorrow of heart, we, in a kind of calm despair, walked forth, and soon were plunged in all the bustle of departure. After some hours of this we found it impossible to get away before the afternoon. This respite left us an hour to spare, and we occupied it (at the advice of father Bernardino) in looking into the Armenian church, where a funeral function was going on for their patriarch. I was shocked to hear of the poor old man's sudden death the night before—not without suspicion of foul play. It appears the convent had been divided into two parties, one headed by the patriarch, the other by the procurator, on some question about the division of the pilgrims' offerings, and that matters had gone such a length that they came to blows, and the Turkish soldiers were obliged to interfere. This was some time since. The patriarch was in perfect health a day or two since; last night he was found dead. The procurator is his probable successor. The body was laid out before the altar, and was then removed into the nave, where the people kissed the hand for the last time. The poor old man's face was marked in two places with blows, and looked to me unnaturally pallid. But it is right to say that the English doctor (not the Italian of our convent, who is the habitual attendant) was immediately sent for, which should tend to remove suspicion. The function was cold and

repulsive to me, though very magnificent according to their use. The English consul (and one of the missionaries) attended the funeral, which is customary I believe. The rest of our time was passed in the most painful of all duties—saying good-bye to our kind friends the fathers. Fathers Bernardino di Monte-Franco, Luigi, Angelico, the father-secretary, father Leonard, the father *Maestro de' Cere-monie*, and many more, took an affectionate leave of us. Father Edward and father Abdallah and Antonio accompanied us some way out of the gate, and then we said our last good-bye. When we got on to the rising ground, whence our last view of the Holy City was to be taken, I rode aside into a field, and, throwing myself from my horse, I cried as I used to do twenty years ago.

CHAPTER VIII.

CARMEL AND TABOR.

FIRST DAY'S JOURNEY TOWARDS NAZARETH — BETHEL —
SICHEM — SAMARITAN SYNAGOGUE ON MOUNT GERIZIM —
ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT — SEBASTE — PLAIN OF ESDRAELON
— HERMON AND TABOR — NAZARETH — SAPHURA — S. JEAN
D'ACRE — BAY OF ACRE — RIVER KISHON — CARMEL — THE
DRUSES — PLACE OF ELIAS' SACRIFICE — GIAFFA — THE
MOUNT OF PRECIPITATION — TABOR — CANA — TIBERIAS —
SAFET — PANIAS — PLACE OF S. PAUL'S CONVERSION —
DAMASCUS.

THE fountain of Elbeer, which is the ancient Breroth, four miles north-east of Rama, and about three hours' march from Jerusalem, is the almost invariable first day's journey towards Nazareth; so much so, that it is a matter of express stipulation with the horse and mule-masters if you go farther, which struck me as a possible illustration of a passage in the life of our Saviour. I mean that one where He was left behind in Jerusalem, and S. Joseph and His mother went a day's journey before He was missed. The well of Breroth was most probably then, as now, the first day's journey from Jerusalem; and its shortness would explain the slight difficulty which suggests itself as to what appears at first sight so long a time passing with-

out His absence being remarked. If S. Joseph and our Lady returned, moreover, the same night (as they would do), the *three* days of seeking may become virtually two, which suits probability better than *three* whole days, and bears a likeness to the "three days" of astonishment, after which his mother again "first found Him." But this is perhaps too fanciful. We found a great difference between our new servant and Mohammed, to-night, in pitching the tent, etc. He is very willing, but does not at all know how to set about things, and we are therefore glad that we have engaged another to meet us at Nazareth.

Friday, 7th. Our first point of interest was Bethel (if we were right in fixing its site), which lies off the path to the right. We found in the village the remains of a large square reservoir of Hebrew times; those of a small church of the Lower Empire, or perhaps of the early part of the Latin kingdom (for there is not much to go by in the apse, and two side walls, which remain undestroyed, about breast-high,) and a Roman gate, and part of the pavement of a short street. It is curious that such slender remains should illustrate three (or perhaps four) different epochs. The country here begins to assume a more green and fertile look than near Jerusalem. The villages are almost all situated on high spots, and are very picturesque. The hills universally bear marks of ancient terracing, and there are frequent remains, aqueducts and other buildings, of Roman and Latin-kingdom date. As we came down a long and wide valley, between

Leban (Lebouah) and Anabus, we noticed that the crops (now nearly ripe) were white, instead of gold-coloured, as with us, and presently we remembered that it was in sight of these very meadows that our Lord bade his apostles look upon their fields and behold that *they* were *white* to the harvest. Further on we saw Shiloh, and about five we neared the base of Gerizim, which towered on our left, keeping grim watch (as Ebal does on the other side) at the entrance of the valley of Sichem: a hundred yards from the road, just where it turns up the valley, is Jacob's well—the memorable scene of our Lord's interview with the woman of Samaria. The depth of the well, its distance from others, its nearness to Gerizim ("this mountain", the woman calls it), and Sichar, and to Joseph's tomb (*Gen.* xxxiii. 19, *Josh.* xxiv. 32), would all bespeak its authenticity, even were the voice of a constant tradition silent. On Gerizim the remains of the ancient schismatic temple are now imbedded in a modern one, which I believe is still used as such by the Samaritans of Sichem (Nablous) to this day. Nablous is a very picturesque and beautifully situated town, occupying the whole width of the valley, and embowered in trees and verdure. We wound through the narrow streets and bazaars to the house of a Greek Christian, who entertains travellers "tant mal que bien", and were not a little glad to find a decent room to sleep in. The master of the house, it appears, is half a Protestant, and has aided the Anglican bishop and Lutheran missionaries of Jerusalem, and set up a school here, to in-

veigle the Greeks from their patriarch, who has issued an excommunication against all who attend it. The English consul at Jerusalem, however, being a zealous missionary, and using his official position for such purposes, acts as a counterbalance; but still I believe the school does not do much. Most of our host's guests had written their commendations in his register, evidently the result of his Protestant connection.

Saturday the 8th. We were up early, and while the mules were lading, rode round by the Samaritan synagogue to see the ancient Pentateuch. We found them at their worship. One man stood in the middle of a spacious room, holding up the manuscript, which is on parchment and rolled round two gilt and arabesqued steel-pins or holders, with handsome heads at the ends. The rest stood round about, making a devout noise in a monotonous drone, and bowing to the Pentateuch, which is the only scripture they receive. All-powerful "backshish" brought out the old chief rabbi, and he showed us the manuscript, of whose date I am no judge; but the parchment on which it is written suggests no great antiquity. Certainly this sect is the oldest in the world; their schism began about 950 years B.C., and here they remain, themselves the most lasting memorial of their sin—the "beaux restes" of that ancient Erastianism, the national established Church of Jeroboam's kingdom—"Ita pereant omnes inimici tui Domine." We sent on the mules, and rode round through the beautiful valley to Samaria. Sebaste (as it is still called) lies

on a bold hill in the midst of the valley, and the ruins of its church stand proudly on the brow. This is one of the noble works of the Crusaders. It was a fine specimen of the transitional style of the early part of their kingdom. The long nave and side aisles are all unroofed, and the western part occupied by a paltry mosque: eastward, the three apses remain, and are admirable for their general effect and beauty of workmanship. The great apse is hexagonal outside, and exhibits an arcade of alternate round and pointed arches, of which the former are windows. The whole church was vaulted in quadri-partite vaults, and the piers appear to have been round, with four engaged shafts (having a square abacus). On the faces under the west end are considerable remains of domestic buildings, like the church of great strength and beauty of construction. We rode slowly down the hill, and passed on the left three sides of a very large square of Roman pillars, which I take to mark the site of a forum. About two hours after leaving Sebaste we halted near some water, during the noon-tide heat, which was really tremendous, and then crossed the eastern end of the mountains of Gilboa, passing Salmon on the left, and descending through a long valley to Djenin, which we reached about three. Here the plain of Esdraelon lay stretched out before us: the lesser Hermon, like an advanced sentinel, standing half way across the plain, concealed Tabor from our eyes; but the

- hills, in which Nazareth lay embosomed opposite, encouraged us to hasten across the hot fields, and not

without need, for we had six hours' ride still before us. Villages, which we identified with Endor and Naïn, lay on our right, and as we passed Hermon, the yet more isolated and majestic Tabor, "the mountain apart", rose before us. Night closed in as we reached the foot of the hills, and we had yet an hour and a half's stumbling over the rocks before we turned the last angle of the pass, and dipped into the lovely basin in which Nazareth, "the flower", lies hid. As we passed over the plain I noticed one of those slight illustrations of Holy Scripture which are so charming: this was a perfect fringe of magnificent thorns by the wayside; "stony places", also, were not wanting; and I pleased myself by imagining (or rather recalling) the gracious presence of our Lord, who must so often have trodden this way, and all the plain, in His last three years of suffering, as well as during the eighteen of His obedience at Nazareth.

Sunday the 9th. We were so tired that we did not get up for an early mass, and indeed were rather late for high mass. We were received last night by padre Michel Angelo, one of the curates of Jerusalem, who has been staying here some time, and were most capitally lodged in the hospitium, which lies just across the road from the convent—itself the first house one comes to in Nazareth. Our room is above the noise and heat of the town, and is most airy and comfortable. The convent is an irregular building, with two good court-yards, in the second of which is the west door of the church, a handsome structure of the last century. It con-

tains three bays of a central nave and aisles ; the choir is very much raised, and the high altar, advanced in front of it, is approached by some twenty steps. These are divided by the descent to the site of the holy house (now at Loretto), where the Annunciation and Incarnation took place. The altar is very handsome, and under it is a marble slab inscribed thus—"HIC VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST." After mass the padre guardian paid us a visit. In the evening we went to Benediction, and then returned the guardian's visit, and walked with him on the terrace of the convent. Nazareth is now a very small town, and has *subsided* down hill more into the valley. The inhabitants (about three thousand) are mostly Christian ; and of these, one thousand are Catholics, of the Latin and Maronite rites. The latter have a very neat little chapel, and two native priests, who are supported entirely by themselves.

Monday, 10th. We attended mass, and communicated at the altar in the second division of the sanctuary, whence a passage, which is said to have been the back way into the holy house, leads up into the town. After breakfast, we walked to the "bottega di San Giuseppe", as S. Joseph's workshop is called. It is (as usual in Eastern shops) merely a single chamber, not far from his house. The present walls of the chapel which marks the site, are apparently of S. Helena's time, much patched and added to. We also visited a large stone, on which our Lord and his apostles are said to have eaten more than once, before and after His resur-

rection: the tradition is unbroken, and the thing itself almost *à priori* probable. The synagogue where our Lord preached, we found locked, and so deferred visiting it. In the evening we walked along the "hill on which the city of the Nazarenes is built", in hopes of finding that brow from whence they attempted to throw our Lord. It is now called the Mountain of Precipitation, in memory of that event; but we were unable to find it, not having a guide with us. The whole length of the hill, for a mile or more, bears traces of many tombs and foundations of houses, proving the former extent of the city, and that the present town was merely an outer suburb. We returned by the valley, and found at home our three Jerusalem acquaintances, M. de L. and his Italian and English friends. They had just returned from an excursion to Tiberias, and go to-morrow to Carmel. We start early to-morrow for Saint Jean d'Acre, to sleep there, and proceed to Carmel next day.

Tuesday, 11th. At seven we were off for Saint Jean d'Acre. Father Michel Angelo kindly accompanies us to that place and Carmel. We had a delightful ride over the hills to Saphura (Sefora), where we stopped to see the remains of the Crusaders' church, which marks the spot where stood the house of S. Joachim and S. Anne, and therefore the probable birth-place of our Lady. There are now merely the apse and side chapels and the sacristy standing, and they are occupied by Arabs, who, however (contrary to expectation, for the village has a very bad reputation), were very civil in

letting us see the remains. The country hereabout reminded me much of England: as we advanced it seemed to get more and more verdant, and the fresh sea-breeze made me feel better than I had done for many days, for the heat had a good deal affected us. Northward we saw one snow-clad peak of Lebanon, and before us glimpses of the sea through low olive-clad hills, from which we emerged a little south of Acre. We soon approached its now re-fortified gates, and winding through the narrow, crowded bazaars, found ourselves at the convent about three o'clock. The convent has been a very fine one, built in true mediæval style round a large quadrangle, with a gate-tower. The terraced cloisters still appear here and there, while in the middle a large fountain supplies the soldiers, who occupy nearly the whole building, with water. The brethren now possess but one small corner of their own house. The father guardian and his small family (only two besides himself, one of whom is a lay-brother) received us most kindly. We found father Raphael from Bethlehem here also, on the sick list. After a brief repose we went out to see the church and schools. There are here about four hundred Latin, and as many Greek and Maronite Catholics, who have also their respective churches. That of the Greeks (who have a bishop here) is really handsome. It is very interesting to find, as here, Greek Catholics, who have from the beginning remained stedfast in the faith and obedience of Rome, retaining those ancient rites and observances which, when they are accom-

panied by orthodoxy of faith and discipline, are so venerable.*

I was pleased, too, to see the Greek priest. His outer-man, cap, and caftan, were precisely those of the schismatic Greeks ; but the moment you looked at his face, you missed that uneasy half-frightened and half-proud look which distinguishes schismatics generally, and the Greeks especially. The same may be said of the Maronite priest, whose church we also visited. The town is still a mass of ruins. The great mosque and minarets have suffered most, and are perfectly riddled with English shot. From the terrace of the convent we feasted on a sight of the sea, and inhaled its breezes with great zest. The bay seems about four or five miles across, and Carmel looks invitingly near. One of the fathers narrowly escaped with his life from the wreck of a Turkish boat last week. He described his night of constant apprehension, after the crew and captain had most pitilessly left him and his companion to their fate, themselves swimming ashore. Though repeated wrecks have occurred, no instance of *one* of the monks ever losing his life is known or recorded. We supped in the refectory with the fathers, and afterwards told ghost stories and facetious anecdotes. One of pope Benedict XIV, one of the most learned and most witty of pontiffs, amused me. At the coronation of the pope it is customary to light some tow, which speedily burns

* I believe this instance is almost the sole one in the East, though in Europe there are several such congregations. (See Appendix I, 6, "Greek uniates or Melchites.")

out, and the new pontiff's attention is called to it, with the words, "Sancte Pater, sic transit gloria mundi." To which he, in this instance, promptly replied, "Dum transit autem califaciamus!" as he stretched out his hands towards the brief blaze with a smile.

Wednesday, 12th. We were up by day-break, and soon bade adieu to our hospitable entertainers. Our road to Carmel was the smooth sandy beach: about half way we halted and bathed. I thought how different was the scene from that of my last sea-bath,—Portsmouth! About three miles from here (Carmel) we had to cross the mouth of the Kishon, which here falls into the sea. By keeping out into the sea we did so easily; but when the father-curate of Kaiffa (a Carmelite who accompanied us from Acre), Antonio, and father Michel Angelo tried to do the same, they went too near the river, and nearly got a ducking. Father Michel Angelo had mounted a camel which was passing, by way of keeping dry, but the creature began to kneel down with him, and the current would have carried him away far. Thus, "that ancient river" would have served him as it did (*teste* Deborah, in her song) the slain followers of Sisera some three thousand years ago. On the other side we had another adventure with a runaway mule, which ran over our mukero, who was trying to catch it, and damaged him, but not seriously. At Kaiffa, a bustling little port, with some trade in grain, which lies in the south-east corner of the bay, we rested, and drank lemonade in the little house of the father-

curate, and then rode on with him and father Clement, the doctor of this convent, through olive groves to the promontory of Carmel. The convent is magnificently situated, almost on the point of the southern extremity of the bay of Acre. The present edifice was begun about fifteen years since, and is not quite finished. It consists of a massive quadrangle, in the centre of which is the church, in the form of a Greek cross, with a high dome, and a bell-turret, from which the sound of the bells, so rare and so welcome in a heathen land (alas! that one must so call Palestine), cheers the traveller's approach. These buildings have been erected by father Giambattista, and are the result of a long and zealous quest, during about thirty years, chiefly performed by him and by father Clement, who now acts as "forestiero" here.

We found some Jerusalem friends here, and dined together, after which they left for S. Jean and Tyre. After dinner we visited the church and library, which contains many theological books, especially of the Benedictine fathers. A descent of a few steps under the choir takes you to Elias's grotto, which remains almost in its original state. In the choir, over the high altar, is the celebrated statue of the Madonna of Carmel, which bears innumerable votive offerings. On the south wall is a very nice French picture of the death of S. Louis, or rather his reception of the Last Sacrament. One of the side-altars is of S. Theresa, the foundress of the order, of which there are here nine fathers and mothers, and six more are daily expected. Their

habit is nearly that of the Franciscans, except a scapular, which was adopted in consequence of a vision seen by S. Simon Stock, an English member of this order. Father Clement told us there is a tradition that our Lord was here more than once, which indeed would be *à priori* more than probable, as it appears that S. Joseph had a small possession near here. At sunset I walked up to a higher point of the mountain, and watched the sun plunge into the sea, as it does in these latitudes, with a kind of apparent impetuosity.

Thursday, June 13th. We resolved to stay here over to-day. This morning we went to mass and holy communion in the church. Its size and magnificence, in this lonely and sacred spot, is extremely edifying. The heat kept us willing prisoners all day, for our windows command the most glorious sea view. In the evening we walked down to the sea shore, and strolled on the beach and picked up shells. When we returned (after dark), we found father Clement and Antonio just sallying forth to look for us. They were in some fear, for it appears there are many wild beasts on the mountain. Four tigers have been shot this year.

Friday, 14th. After high mass, for it was the Feast of the Prophet Eliseus, who seems to have dwelt here as head of the schools of the prophets, we reluctantly bade adieu to Mount Carmel. Since the days of Eliseus, Carmel has never wanted a population of holy cœnobites. This was the chief seat of the Essenes, and here, from Elias downward,

some who in a measure had his spirit and power dwelt ; till the long line was closed by Him whom he prefigured, and the great Forerunner issued from Carmel to prepare the way of One yet greater, whose shoes' latchet he, the greatest of those born of woman, was not worthy to unloose. In such a spot, the solemnities of the mass, ever celebrated not as to man, but as to God (for it is almost a solitude), were most edifying. Our servant Antonio played the organ, not without skill ; and the lofty cupola and empty nave re-echoed gladly to its pealing sounds. Just as we were leaving, father Charles came in. He had arrived the night before from Europe, where he had been for several years making a quest to complete the convent, and for other purposes. Among other useful and good things, he brings out a small library, to be placed in the guest chamber, which will be very acceptable.

We had intended going by the crest of the mountain, but Antonio was not sure of the way, so we descended by Kaiffa, followed the Kison some little way, and then ascended the mountain again. About noon we reached a small village of Druses* (a sect whose religion seems almost as unknown as

* They take their name from one Durzi, a Turk, who first gave divine honour to their founder, Sultan Hakem, a Fathimite caliph of Egypt. Their religion is now a strange mixture of Christian and Islamite doctrines. They have a sort of freemasonry, moreover, in which only a limited number are initiated. Their hatred of the Maronites is great, and their alliance has been courted by all anti-Christian powers in the East for ages. I wish I could say that England had not ranged herself with these.

that of the Caffres), among whom is one Catholic family, that of the sheikh of the village, who received us very hospitably, and insisted on giving us lunch. We had excellent flap-bread, fresh butter (which we had not tasted for months), and coffee. When we had rested two hours in his house, he sent his son with us to guide us to the place of Elias's sacrifice. It is on the brow of the extreme south-west angle of Carmel, commanding a magnificent view of the plain of Esdraëlon on the one side, and of the sea on the other. This spot, like so many of the sacred places of this land, fully answers, or rather transcends, the previous picture formed by one's imagination. The result of Elias's venture of faith would be visible here to assembled thousands; and as the flame from heaven shot up again into the sky in triumphant mockery of the false priests, all Israel almost might have witnessed to this new triumph of the true God. The spot is marked by an altar of roughly-hewn stones, on which the most holy sacrifice of the mass is yearly offered. We descended into the plain by a precipitous path overhung with trees and shrubs, and came very shortly to a beautiful spring of water, which it would seem must have been that whence the prophet drew to pour over the sacrifice and altar. Down this path, too, he must have caused the idol priests to have been hurried to their slaughter at the brook Kison below. We crossed it among a perfect grove of very fine oleanders. It was perhaps down this path also ("through the covert", Scripture says) that Nabal's wife hurried to meet

David, and appease his wrath and that of his men for the churlishness of her foolish husband. We had a very pleasant ride across the plain, and reached Nazareth about half-past seven, after a most pleasurable excursion.

Saturday, 15th. Our only *memorabilia* were a visit to Giaffa, where the site of the house of S. James the greater is shewn, and to the Mount of Precipitation. Giaffa is very prettily situated, at a mile from here. The Mount of Precipitation is rather farther, being the brow or front of the range of hill on which Nazareth is built. Like many others, this place has been at one time marked by a church or chapel, of the Lower Empire, apparently. The front of the precipice has been also hollowed out, so that the altar, in front of which the remains I allude to form a platform, is in the rock. The height above may be about forty feet; that below this recess some thirty more.

Sunday, 16th. We went, after Benediction in the Bottega di San Giuseppe, to the synagogue, now replaced by a modern Greek (Catholic) church, and to the fountain of our Lady, which lies to the east of the town. We afterwards walked round the crest of the hills home. Nazareth looked lovely by the light of the setting sun.

Monday, 17th. After mass, at about half-past seven, we started for Mount Tabor. The road lies along the hills, with occasional beautiful glimpses of the plain, and Carmel and Gilboa beyond. In about an hour and a half we crossed the valley which divides Tabor from the adjacent hills, and

began the ascent ; and here we also began to appreciate the entire *suitableness* (if we may say so) of the mount to the wonderful event which ennobles it. In spite of its great height, there is no abruptness about it, but on all sides an almost gradual ascent would mark that majesty which becomes the sometime Throne of the visible Glory of God, even without the isolation and vastness of the mountain. The contrast between Tabor and Sinai seems wonderfully to testify the character of the two dispensations : as Keble sings—

“ When God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riven—
Half darkness and half flame.

Around the trembling mountain’s base
The prostrate people lay :
A day of wrath, and not of grace—
A dim and dreadful day.

But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime,
Hover’d His holy Dove.

‘The fires that rushed on Sinai down,
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Winged with the sinner’s doom :
But these, like tongues, o’er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come.”

Sinai is rugged and terrible in its majesty. Tabor equally majestic, but smiling and gentle. In the

one the power, in the other the love, of God seems shadowed forth. We ascended, finding more and more verdure as we neared the top, in about an hour and a half, and crossing the oval plain on the summit to the south-east, mounted a prominent part of the ruined wall which surrounds the whole plain. Northward, hill upon hill, and mountain upon mountain, lead up to the great Hermon, snow-clad even now, and the range of Antilibanus; to the north-east, the sea of Tiberias shewed its deep blue waters,—and Jordan, feeding and fed by them at either end. Nearer was the valley in which Cana lies hid, and “the plain of the ears of corn”, as that is called through which our Lord and His apostles walked on the Sabbath when they plucked and rubbed the ears, just as one sees done now in this country. There we saw the Mount of Beatitudes, and many little villages, leading the eye round to the south, to wander over Esdraëlon, girt in by Carmel and by Gilboa to the south and east, and studded with villages and towns of sacred fame—Naïn and Shunem, Jezreel and Apheh and Endor, with the lesser Hermon rising in the midst. To the east lay the hills from which we came, shrouding Nazareth from our view. But soon our wandering eyes were recalled, even from so goodly a scene, by the thought of what took place here, “*Bonum est nobis hic esse*”; nor did we leave the mountain without an aspiration that He who here appeared in glory would vouchsafe once more to visit permanently (as He does still annually, on the Feast of the Transfiguration), not only this moun-

tain, but all this His once chosen residence, It was deeply painful to reflect on the present state of the poor population of this favoured land, and to look around in vain for a single Christian tower within the vast range of view. The opinion of Quaresmius, on the authority of several fathers, is, that it was to this mountain that the mysterious king of Salem came forth to meet Abraham on his return from the slaughter of the five kings, to offer the prophetic types of the Church's sacrifice for sin, and to bless (as the lesser is blessed by the greater) in Abraham the transitory priesthood of the Law. Abraham had been as far as Damascus on that occasion, so that Tabor was no great distance for Melchizedek to go to meet him. I confess I had always thought that Salem itself (Jebus or Jerusalem) had been the scene of that remarkable event, on which S. Paul seems to rest almost his whole proof of the inferiority of the Levitic priesthood and sacrifices, to those of our Lord on the cross and at the altar.

The ruins of Tabor seem to indicate three several periods, the Jewish, the Roman, and the mediæval. With regard to what I have just said, it is remarkable that the Jewish city (Tabor) is mentioned as a Levitic one. Of this city I take a considerable number of large bevilled stones to be the remains. Upon these are small remains of Roman masonry; but the chief trace consists in the Roman defences, with the vallum, towers, etc., of that nation. The Crusaders' walls are traceable all the way round, as are the foundations of some of their churches, for they

had three here ; one account of which (S. Bede's) states that in them the proposition of S. Peter, " Let us build three tabernacles, one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias", was literally accomplished, their respective dedications being to our Lord, to Moses, and to Elias. We remained about two hours on the mountain, and then reluctantly returned to Nazareth. We called on the father-guardian, with whom we found prior Giacomo, who had kindly written out for me the Litany used here, as a memento.

Tuesday, 18th. Our last mass and communication in the sanctuary of Nazareth. We have been so kindly treated here, and the associations of the place are so deeply interesting, that a week seemed too little to give to it, but time presses. We did not leave till near noon (having sent on the mules), and the heat was intense. To add to our sufferings, my umbrella, long ailing, suddenly gave way, with such a complete break up of its constitution that restoration is hopeless. Our first point was Cana, which lies in a sweet valley, with abundance of water, and bears traces of sometime considerable extent. In a church once Catholic, but now (like so many more) schismatic Greek, built on the site of the house in which our Lord's first miracle in Galilee was performed, are two stone water jars, built into the wall, which are shewn as two of those mentioned by the Evangelist on that occasion. It is certain that two such were shewn in Catholic times here, but whether these are the same I do not know.

Shortly after leaving Cana, we passed through those fields “*Dei spighi*”, “of the ears of corn”, which I have mentioned, and as we descended towards Tiberias, we came to the stones from time immemorial venerated as having once served our Lord and His apostles as a table. A little to the left of our road lies the mountain of Beatitudes—another instance of that fitness to their history which I have mentioned before as characteristic of so many of these holy places. The mount is a double-crested hillock of some seventy feet of gradual ascent from the plain (itself a lofty down) through which the road lies. The divergence of S. Matthew and S. Luke’s account is perfectly accountable, taking S. Luke’s “descent into the plain” to mean a descent on to this down, which is, with regard to Tiberias, still a mountain—with regard to the hill of the Beatitudes, a plain to which you “come down” thence. Shortly after, the “blue wave” of deep Galilee came full in view. The general character of the scenery is exactly what I expected. On one side are rounded hills, with an occasional rocky face and dell, but generally covered with green sward, or crops now “white to the harvest”. Opposite is the long horizontal line of hill (which, on a much grander scale, similarly skirts the Dead Sea), with the lateral rocky valleys of Dalmanuthar and the country of the Girgesenes. These frame the deep lake, whose surface we saw, as we neared, lashed into white billows by the gusty mountain wind. But how vain it would be to attempt to describe the crowd of thoughts which rendered this

view so enchanting. Every wave seemed hallowed, every coast made glorious, with the memory of those gracious acts of One who "did all things well" here; and here, to His chosen and to the poor, who heard Him gladly, "spake as never man spake." Now a single white sail on the sea recalled that day of grace, when, to such a ship, sailing like this one towards Capharnaum, our Lord came walking on the water, and bade all within S. Peter's bark not to fear, because in every peril, and in all loneliness, it is ever He who will come to her and be with her, and cause them to be at length at the haven whither they sigh to arrive. We saw Tiberias below us, enclosed in its mediæval *enceinte* of towers and wall, now "a world too wide" for its shrunk dimensions; and, turning into a deserted gate, after half an hour's stumbling descent, found our tents pitched within.

Here we found a German Jew lad, who guided us about a mile along the lake southward, to the hot sulphureous springs, over which Ibrahim Pasha has erected a handsome bath, now, as usual, squalid and ruinous. We bathed in the water (which is very hot), and then rode back, watching the setting sun's light on the water and the long range of hills opposite. We called on the Franciscan father, who lives here all alone in his little house at the side of the small mediæval chapel by the waters, and delivered our letter. He seemed a very good and superior person, and pressed us to use his house. He told us that there are more than six hundred Jewish families here now, there being an idea among them (as among so many Christians) that

this century will not pass without some great change in their position taking place. These are of all nations, but mostly Germans. From the roof of his house, we had a most delightful evening view of the lake, and of Capharnaum, Chorazin, and the whole opposite coast.

Wednesday 19th. Before sunrise we bathed in the lake, and then went to mass. After it, we sat and conversed long with the father, chiefly on the signs of the times. He said it was a very general opinion among Catholics, that the next would be the last century; and certainly the march and development of both good and evil principles appears to indicate, by its rapidity, some great and speedy crisis. We had a very hot ride along the banks of the lake, which is at this season a perfect oven, passing Medjal (Magdala) and Gennezareth, and then ascending the mountains towards Safet. The grandeur of the scenery was imposing, especially some very irregularly formed sand and limestone cliffs, overhanging a deep ravine. At every turn, too, the view behind them became more extended. Tiberias and the valley of the Jordan, and the mountain of Beatitudes and valley of Cana, were beneath our feet; Tabor and Esdraëlon, the little Hermon and the mountains of Samaria and Judea, piled one behind the other, stretched in almost endless succession towards the south; while to the north the great Hermon towered above our upward path. We reached Safet in about ten hours (including a very long midday halt), and encamped near a fountain, with the village and castle on either hand, and

through the valley had a glimpse of "deep Galilee" far below.

Thursday, 20th. Safet (which we left this morning about half-past six o'clock) is one of the places claiming the name of Bethseba; but it seems to me clear that the pass in which that city lay, was not between Syria and Galilee, but between Galilee and Samaria; to put it at the most northerly point compatible with the encampment of Holofernes, "between Geba and Scythopolis" (*Judith* iii, 10, and other passages). The heat continued intense, in spite of a fresh breeze, which fanned us during our midday rest in the valley of Bahr el Hule (the lake Merom), through which we passed, leaving the site of a Seleucia on the north, and that of Harosheth of the Gentiles on the south, or left of our route. The form of the mountains on that side, and at the head of this valley, I have rarely seen excelled for grandeur and a wild symmetry, most difficult to describe, but very striking. The whole valley is overflowed in winter, and the paths are so various in consequence, that we rather wandered, I suspect. At length we crossed the boisterous Bahr Banias (Jordan) by a very good Saracen bridge, built of stone, with four or five pointed arches, and began to ascend through park-like ground to Panias, or Banias, as the natives call it. We arrived about seven, and found our camp pitched under some fine old olive trees close to the river, which here forms several cascades, after hurrying down the stern glen above. We strolled about, seeking a bathing place for to-morrow, and

found abundant Roman remains, especially an aqueduct, various quays, and the bridge and paved road by which we arrived. Pnias is said to be Cæsarea Philippi: it certainly was a place of considerable note. On the other side of the stream, where is the village, there are remains of castles, I think mediæval. Can Banias (to quote the Arab pronunciation) be “Balneæ”, or “ad Balneas”? Considering the profusion of water, and the connexion of the remains with it, this struck me as possible.

Friday 21st found us early *en route*, after a delicious bathe in a deep place with large Roman steps leading down to it. We clomb the mountain across the north-east side of Gebel-el-Sheikh (Hermon), and shortly after passing the level of the castle-crested crag of Pnias, entered the scudding clouds, which gave us a welcome shelter from the burning sun. On the highest ridge of our route I turned to take a last look down the broad valley towards Galilee, and then we hastened to our much-needed repose, under some deeply shady trees in the valley below the village of Medjel. The descent into the plain is comparatively small, it being in fact very lofty down land; and Hermon, which from the Holy Land towered so high above us, was here almost close by our side. We noticed a complete change (very difficult to define, but very perceptible) in the character of the country, which here seems a huge plain, with hills of picturesque forms running in every direction through it. We

encamped at Kefrhanar, after a hard day's work, owing to the intense heat.

Saturday. Last night we could hardly persuade ourselves to retire into the tent, and to quit, first the deep shade of a thick plantation by the side of a running brook, and then the moon and star-lit view of the mountains. The little dell near which we had encamped was a dense mass of fig, pomegranate, and olive trees, vines, and walnuts ; but the villagers did not look so nice as their country, and kept up a noisy quarrel a great part of the night, in which the dogs, as usual, took a considerable share. We left about seven o'clock, and had the hottest ride across the plain I have ever undergone ; and that in spite of a very fresh breeze, which benevolently accompanied us from the hills. We halted near a stream for lunch, and let the poor mules (who trudge away bravely under their burthens) precede us to Damascus. On the right, the plain in which S. Paul's miraculous conversion took place was shewn us. It is on the lower and more direct road from Jerusalem. I pictured to myself "the persecutor Saul" riding in his glittering armour, on a steed proud apparently of its noble burthen, as he himself was, in his mistaken zeal and purpose, of his own charge from the chief priests of his nation. Thus he pricked forward across the hot plain, in all the excitement of speedy arrival, heedless of the noonday glare and fierce heat which fanned his cheek, flushed with yet fiercer passion from within ; when suddenly, "above the brightness of the midday sun", a light from

heaven smites him to the earth, and rolls horse and rider, in their brilliant trappings, in the dust which they seemed just now to spurn beneath their feet. Trembling and blind, and yet for the first time truly brave and truly seeing, he is raised from the earth by his astonished followers, and led slowly by the hand into Damascus. The outward change was great; yet how much greater that of the inner man. Was it a mere conceit to draw some parallel between this event, and one equally unexpected, though less signal before men, which happened to two Syrian travellers to the Holy City, not so long since? We galloped in very desperation the last two or three miles into the city, whose minarets had long appeared from among the surrounding gardens, or rather, I should say, into the shade which their trees afforded; for we had still two or three miles to ride, between mud-walled gardens, before we began to slip and stumble through the long, straggling, crowded streets and bazaars of Damascus.

We stopped at the Hôtel de Palmyre, a very good one, built round a court, into which our rooms look. In the middle is a large tank, and under the shade of a few orange and fig trees, trots about a pretty little gazelle. We were hardly settled, when M. de L—— and Baron —— came and called.

CHAPTER IX.

LEBANON.

DAMASCUS—MURDER OF CHRISTIANS BY THE JEWS—PLACE OF S. PAUL'S ESCAPE—BARRADA—BAALBEK—MASS OF THE GREEK RITE—METUALIK VILLAGE—MOUNT LEBANON—THE CEDARS—PEOPLE OF LEBANON—DUMAN—VISIT TO THE MARONITE PATRIARCH—LEGEND OF S. MARINA—MASS OF THE MARONITE RITE—CONVENT OF KANUBIN—MAR-ANTONIUS—EDEN—TRIPOLI—DJENIN—BEYREUTH—BIG-FAYEH.

Damascus ; Sunday, 23rd. I was so much tired with the journey, that I could not sleep, and went therefore to a late mass at nine this morning. The church is very simple and ugly, being, in fact, merely the "divan" of a large house. In the evening we called on the father-president, whom we found a very amiable old man. The other fathers (four in number) are also agreeable persons: one of them, father Manuel, speaks French and Arabic, besides his own language (Spanish) and Italian. The father-president leaves for Jerusalem on Tuesday. He has been here thirty-five years, and his health is much affected by the great variations of the climate.

Monday, 24th. After mass and Holy Communion, we accompanied the two Nazarist fathers who are

here to their house and church. They are both French, and the national taste and neatness comes out in the arrangement and decorations of the house. As usual, they have very large schools, and have taught the children French, so that that language begins to be much spoken here. The Protestants have also a mission, and disseminate their Bibles and other books, but without much effect: the people take them for the sake of the covers, and burn the insides! These missionaries are always called “Ingiliz”,* though many are Americans and Germans; and the name is used as one of opprobrium (among both Turks and Christians), tantamount to “infidel” or misbeliever. In Damascus there are many Christians. The Catholics are, Latins,† Greeks,‡ Syrians,§ Armenians, and Maronites; the schismatics, Greeks, Armenians,|| Jacobites,¶ and Copts. We called on our consul to-day. He is absent; but we found his chancellor in one of the best houses here, built round two large courts, paved with marble, and filled with trees, flowers, and fountains. The drawing-room is beautiful, and has a fountain in the lower part, the upper, as usual, being a large divan. We also looked into the great square of the mosque, once the cathedral of S. John Damascene, which has been a cruciform church. The court appears to have been surrounded by a magnificent cloister, of

* *Vide* Appendix II, letter F.

† *Vide* Appendix I, letter B.

|| *Vide* Appendix II, letter B.

† *Vide* Appendix I, letter H.

§ *Vide* Appendix I, letter C.

¶ *Vide* Appendix II, letter C.

pointed arches on Roman marble columns. We were rather disappointed in the bazaars, which, though very extensive, are poor after those of Cairo. I believe many shops are shut at present, on account of the excitement which prevails, owing to the conscription now being made for the army. W. is unwell to-day, and we sent for M. L——, the French physician of the Quarantine. We are both suffering from the extreme heat, and from the heavy air of Damascus, which the doctor ascribes to the great quantity of water in the town constantly evaporating, so that at night a perfect fog forms over the city. The consul goes out daily to sleep at Salhiah during the heat, which I should think very expedient, as I have not slept since I have been here.

Tuesday, 25th. W. was so much better this morning, that we were able to go to mass in a chapel which occupies the site of the house of Ananias, where the conversion of S. Paul was completed by his baptism, and where he received his sight again at the hands of that saint. It was a great privilege to a recent convert to communicate in this spot. After mass, we went to the Armenian Catholic church, once occupied by the Capuchins. The last of this order here was father Thomas, who, with his servant (an Arab Catholic), was murdered by the Jews in 1840. He was a skilful physician, and was inveigled into a Jew's house on pretext of seeing a sick man, and then bled to death. It appears that the Jews here used the blood of Christians, or others, to put in their unleavened bread for the pass-

over. This seems almost incredible,* but it came out, in the *procès verbal* of this case, that father Thomas's was so used. Three of the Jews were condemned to death, but were allowed to escape. Such is Turkish justice. There are two Catholic Armenian priests, who received us very kindly, and gave me a print of father Thomas and his servant. Neither could speak any European language, and one could not speak anything but Armenian and a little Turkish. Their church was most neatly kept, and the Holy Sacrament reserved in it.

We spent a great part of the morning in buying some Damascus silks. The khan in which our silk merchant lived was a fine one, but not so much so as that of the banker, which consists of a large

* I have from all quarters the most indubitable testimony of the truth of this horrible charge. A friend who was at Damascus again last year, tells me he saw and perused the whole evidence on the trial, in the hands of the English consul. He asked that gentleman his opinion on the subject, and received the significant answer, that his predecessor had lost his position *for having an opinion* on it. But he mentioned that bishop Alexander and his chaplain, who had come with minds by no means prejudiced against the Jews to Damascus, laid down the evidence with a silence more expressive than words. Another person assures me that the prosecution was dropped by Mehemet Ali, at the instigation of several European Jews (one an English baronet of celebrity on Change), who sent M. Crémieux, late Minister of Finance in France, with certain weighty reasons, on a special mission to the pasha. Of course I am far from regarding this as a national stigma on the whole of the Jews; nevertheless, the evidence shews that the grand rabbi was cognizant of the crime. Let us trust its origin was purely local and individual, and founded on misapprehension of a Talmudic precept.

quadrangle, roofed in and divided into six arcades, supporting as many domes. Round this space, in which is a range of shops or chambers, there runs a gallery, corresponding with one on the ground-floor, in front of which, on wooden divans, the shopkeepers squat and transact their business. We also visited the jewel bazaars; but I saw nothing worth having. The bazaars here are very extensive, and almost all roofed in. Some are handsome, but on the whole they are decidedly inferior to those of Cairo. We went to a café to eat ice, or rather milk and snow from Hermon, which is its substitute here, and found a large shed built over running water, opposite the castle (a fine Saracen building, with great towers), in which various groups were reposing on the divans. In the evening we went to the convent, bade adieu to father Manuel (now superior of it, as the father-superior left yesterday), and visited the place where S. Paul was let down from the wall. To this place we were accompanied by two of the fathers. The wall, or rather tower, for it was a tower flanking an old gate towards the south-east, exhibits great remains of the old structure, with the usual bevilled stones of Roman work; and about forty feet from the ground is a sort of window-lintel, which is pointed out as indicating the precise place of the descent. A hundred yards from this spot is shewn the grave of a soldier, who is said to have been instrumental to the apostle's escape, and is still locally venerated under the name of S. George. He is said to have been converted, and martyred at this spot. We also went, about

as far again westward, to the Catholic burial-ground, which it seems is now generally regarded as the true place of the conversion of S. Paul. Certainly the account seems to imply a much nearer vicinity to Damascus than that shewn us on Saturday.

Wednesday, 26th. We did not leave till three p.m., to avoid the heat, having sent on the mules to Zib-danieh, about seven hours' journey from Damascus. After leaving the gate, we rode through a long road, flanked by gardens on either side, and began to ascend at the suburb of Salhie, the favourite *villeggiatura* of the Damascenes. As we mounted the hill, we had a noble view of the plain, and of Damascus, embowered in its groves of profuse verdure. We crossed the ridge to the north-west, and then descending gradually into the valley of Barrada, reached Suk-el-Barrada about sunset. The beautiful verdure on its banks, and the refreshing rush of the waters, recalled to my mind the boast of Naaman, "Are not Abána (this river) and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" As we advanced up the valley, its beauty became greater, and the features of the scenery more grand. Near nightfall we crossed a very pretty old Saracen bridge, above which the sand and limestone rocks, rising a great height, were most picturesque. Against their face we noticed frequent tombs, cut in the rock, and decorated with pillars and pediments. From the bridge we ascended to the north, and dined on the side of the hill, near the highest part of the pass, whence we descended into the

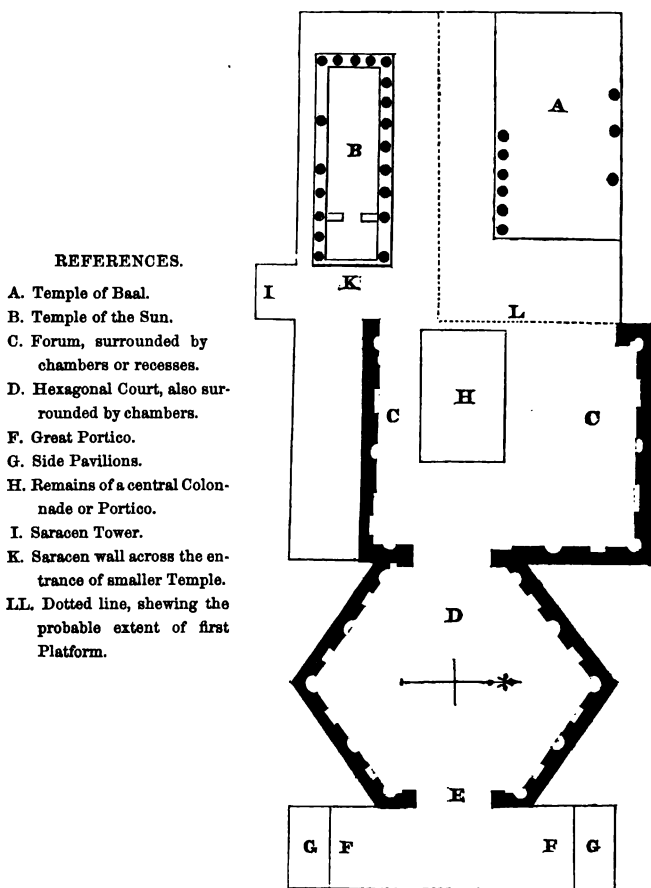
valley of Zibdanieh. About nine o'clock the moon arose, and shewed us, with almost daylight clearness, Anti-Lebanon on the opposite side of the broad valley, in whose fertile lap cornfields and vineyards and orchards alternate. We got to Zibdanieh about ten, and spent near an hour in a vain search for our encampment, which we had ordered to a certain spot, where it did not appear. At last we knocked up a good-natured native, who guided us to the camp, which Chalil (our head-muleteer) had placed on the upper or hill road. It was near midnight, however, before we got to bed.

Thursday, 27th. We started late, but the shade of the high hedges and groves of the valley, and the fresh breeze over Anti-Lebanon, rendered the heat by no means intolerable. We halted for lunch by a beautiful stream, under some poplars, and near a hedge of the sweet white roses which abound throughout this region. The pass of Anti-Lebanon is grand, and the view of Lebanon and the intervening valley, as we descended, very striking. Lebanon rises in a long saw-like ridge, with only one apparent break (of any size) between its summit and the plain; and its sun-clad crest seemed heightened by a long bank of white clouds, which glistened in the evening sun till it sunk behind them. The last hour was rather tedious, as one hill rose after another, and we looked in vain for Baalbek. At last the moment arrived: we turned the shoulder of the last hill, and saw below us the noblest single mass of ruin which I have ever beheld. The *enceinte* of the temples of Baalbek consists of a huge

and lofty platform about a thousand feet in length, on which vast masses of ruin repose. Of these, the most prominent is a row of six columns, supporting a frieze and entablature, which tower from afar over the plain, as their height (about one hundred and twenty feet) would lead one to expect. On arriving at this magnificent remain, we found the usual camping ground already occupied, and speedily recognized the tents of Mrs. ——. We found they had been detained here a week by the serious illness of Mohammed (our old dragoman, whom Mrs. M—— had taken at Jerusalem), who lies ill of a bilious fever. They were lucky, however, in finding here a Greek physician (Signor Lemonidi) in the sultan's service, who is now on a tour of medical and general inspection, and who proves a very able and attentive doctor.

Friday, 28th. We have spent a long morning in seeing Mrs. —— off to Aimhatta (as she has decided on leaving Mohammed behind, in the Greek Catholic convent here, where he is well cared for), and in visiting the ruins. They are admirable: indeed, I have rarely seen such remains of Roman magnificence, hardly even in Rome itself. The platform on which they stand seems one thousand by six hundred feet, and is of irregular shape, and apparently of different epochs. The shape is about that indicated in the accompanying plan. The construction seems to indicate three separate eras. The part to the north-east is of Cyclopean masonry, of the largest size I ever saw. Egypt, Sicily, Pæstum, Fiesole, have nothing to compare

with it ; which will appear when I say that in the west face are three stones, of such huge dimensions,



that their joint length exceeds one hundred and fifty feet. One was measured by Irby and Mangles, and was found to be sixty-six feet long, by twenty high, and twelve deep. These repose on a base of

six huge stones ; and others of the same sizes make up the whole west front, till it inclines a little to the south-east, and to my mind exhibits traces of another epoch—forming, in fact, that south-west addition to the platform on which the second temple is built ; while on the north side the same Cyclopean masonry extends for a distance of more than one hundred yards, and there ceasing, seems to fix the approximate dimensions of the first platform, on which was a temple (of Baal ?) now replaced by the magnificent Roman one, whose six remaining columns tower above the whole mass of ruins, and give Baalbek its distant majesty. Besides the south-west addition, above alluded to, a large mass of masonry, supporting about half of the Forum, has been added to the eastward ; and to this again a hexagonal and an oblong one, on which the terminating eastern gallery, with its flanking angle towers, is erected. My reason for assigning two epochs to these parts of the platform respectively, is, first the enormous size of the above-mentioned stones, and their rough handling ; and secondly, the distinctly *joined-on* appearance of the other parts, formed of very large, but bevilled and carefully adjusted stones. Under the whole of the great parallelogram run vaulted passages, two of them longitudinal, and two lateral, of great breadth, and apparently affording approaches (by steps) to the platform in various parts. The six columns of the great temple, from their lofty position, attract the first notice : they are plain Corinthian on stilted bases, and support a magnifi-

cently carved cornice and frieze, with which they rise to a height of one hundred and twenty feet from the plain. They are the easternmost pillars on the south side of a vast peristyle, of which those on the other side stand nearly on the north verge of the platform—or did stand, for only a few bases and some yards of shaft here and there are visible, built into the Saracen wall of fortification. But the gem of the ruin is the second temple, that of the Sun, which consisted of a peristyle of some forty Corinthian columns, supporting a coved soffit elaborately carved, and surrounding a naos with a portico, in *antis*, of four rows of similar fluted columns. Passing through this (of which only a few bases remain), you come to the magnificent portal of the naos, before which the barbarous Saracen has built up a huge stone wall; and through this portal (of which the key-stone has slipped, so that it seems to hang imminent over your head) you arrive at one of the noblest Roman halls I ever beheld. Its side walls are divided into compartments by engaged columns of the whole height of the room, between which are two ranges of alternately round and pointed pedimented niches. At the end are the remains of a screen, which divided off the upper end or sanctuary; and there appear to have been colonnades down either side, which I conjecture to have been covered in, while the centre was probably hypæthral.

Leaving this beautiful building, we walked across the court in front of it (eastward), and scrambling up a higher level of the platform, entered the large

court, which I have called the Forum. On either side run ranges of beautifully adorned chambers—alternately oblong and semicircular, which seem to have been calculated to serve as places of resort for merchants to transact their business. In the middle of this court, and facing the east end of the great temple, are vestiges of a central colonnade or portico, whose dimensions I could not ascertain, but which I suppose conducted to the great portal leading into the hexagonal court. This has also been a mass of gorgeous decoration. Niches, pedimented and containing statues, run in two lines, above and below a rich cornice, along the four sides of the court; while a lofty portal, opposite to that through which we entered, and now built up by the Saracens, conducted into the great east gallery. This, about two hundred feet long by forty broad, may be called a portico in antis, the antæ consisting of two angle towers or pavilions, separated from the gallery by lofty and elegant screens. The front of the gallery, to the east, commands a noble view of the valley and Lebanon; but this must now be peeped at through holes in the Saracen wall, which is built just high enough to prevent one from seeing over it. The effect of the thirty or forty columns which closed the gorgeous vista from within, with a transparent screen shewing the view beyond, must have been wonderfully grand. Their bases remain, built into the Saracens' wall.

This afternoon we rode round the ruins, and were able better to discern from without the disfigurements and additions of the Saracens, who

turned the whole building into a fortress, by pulling down part for materials, and blocking up all the outlets on the ground level, erecting towers, heightening external walls, etc. These barbarities are the less distinguishable at first, because time has now cast the same mantle of colour and vegetation over the whole, and because the stones used are mostly the large bevilled ones of the Roman period. We rode up to the springs of the beautiful river of Baalbek, which merit a visit. The whole channel through the town (or rather village) exhibits marks of Roman care and appreciation of its healthful waters; and at the source baths appear to have been erected. On our way we called on the Greek (Catholic) bishop of Baalbek, a venerable old man, who received us very kindly, and readily acceded to our request that he would say mass for us early to-morrow (being S. Peter and S. Paul's Day) before we leave. He and his priest live in a house of small pretension, adjacent to the church, and commanding the noblest view of the ruins and valley, and of Lebanon's lofty ridge. We visited a beautiful but much ruined little temple in the lower part of the town. It consists of a semicircular adytum with a rich cornice, externally forming alternate square and concave divisions. This building is very difficult to describe, but the effect is singularly pleasing and rich. In Pocock's time it was still used as a Christian church, and the traces of paintings of saints may yet be seen. We next rode across the plain to a marabout or sheik's tomb, formed of four syenite columns sawn in half and placed round an

octagon, to support a clumsy limestone plinth. It is marvellous how these columns, in their entire state, some thirty feet long, can ever have been brought over Lebanon, to say nothing of their transport from Assouan to the sea, and thence to Tripoli or Bayruth. But the chief marvel of all we had yet to see ; namely, a stone in the quarries about a mile from here, not yet quite detached from the rock, but evidently almost ready for removal, three sides and the ends being worked smooth. We measured, and found it seventy-three feet nine inches in length, by eighteen feet in width and depth. How this was to be removed to rejoin its fellows (of almost as great dimensions) at the temple, is a problem towards the solution of which it seems impossible even to direct a conjecture. An architect who was here estimated the weight of one of the large stones in the platform at more than eleven hundred tons. How can such stones have been raised from their bed, transported to their present site, and raised twenty and thirty feet from the ground ? It seems strange that any one who has seen these remains should doubt that they are of two distinct and mutually remote periods (not to speak of the Saracen work), namely, the third Cyclopiian, and the best period of the Roman empire. Nothing can be more Roman than the whole of the existing temples, Forum, etc. ; and nothing in its kind (that I have seen) can compare with its beauty.

Saturday, 29th, Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. We went to mass at seven o'clock. It was the first time I had assisted at the Greek mass. It is

in all things (even the use of leavened bread) precisely that of the schismatic Church; but all the service, except the actual consecration, the Kyrie, and Sanctus, is translated from Greek into Arabic. The curtain is drawn over the holy doorway at the communion only. Of course the utterly strange language, and the novelty of the rite, are drawbacks; but still the service was an edifying and striking one. The practice of shewing the chalice and paten to the people (at the holy doors), before the oblation, and after the consecration, was very imposing, as also the Benediction with the Cross. The bishop has a very striking figure. After mass we paid him a visit, and he gave us coffee, and wished us a "buona festa"; which we did not return, as they use the Greek Calendar. We sat for some time talking of European affairs. He told me there are about two hundred Catholics here, mostly poor, and a few schismatic Greeks. He and his priest (a very pleasing person) are the only clergy here. After breakfast we had a visit from signor Lemonidi, and are to make an excursion with him before we start for Aïn-natta, where we pitch to-night. I attempted a sketch of the six columns, but they are too high a flight for my skill. We passed a long time in the ruins, and by climbing on to the north (Saracen) wall of the great temple, discovered that the great stones of the platform on that side, advance some twenty feet from the Roman work, and that the space behind has never been filled in. It was near three o'clock before we left the ruins, and went up to the doctor's to return his visit.

We then, with much regret, left Baalbek and rode across the plain, with many backward looks, towards Din-el-Achmar, a Metualik village, whose sheiks, to our surprise, greeted us in good Italian. These Metualik are said to be the descendants of the ancient Syrians; they are, as their name denotes, Mohammedans of the sect of Ali, the anticaliph, and detest the Turks (who, like the Arabs and Egyptians, are Sunnites, or followers of Omar) almost as much as they do the Christians. The Persians are also Ali-ites, or, as they are called there, Shieites. The Metualik are daily diminishing in number. As we came here, we diverged from the path to the right, to look at a single column in a field. It is a Corinthian shaft, mounted on a square base of several steps, with which it rises to a height of some seventy or eighty feet. An inscription, about half way up, is now entirely defaced; and I suppose earthquakes (the great natural enemies of Baalbek, too) have shaken it: but the effect is very grand. At a distance, we thought it possible it might be one of Sesostri's stelæ; but it is clearly Roman, and would seem likely to commemorate some victory.

After passing Din-el-Achmar, we had a delightful ride of three hours over the low range of hills at the foot of Lebanon, looking over the plain forward to Lebanon, and to the west to the little lake of Liemon. This lake is thought by some to cover the site of that city (Aphek) which was dedicated to Venus, and of which Zosimus gives so curious an account in his first book. There was another

Aphek in the plain of Esdraëlon. We encamped late at Aïn-natta, in a nice basin among the hills, with a brook running through it. We lit a large wood fire, which was not unacceptable, it being past eight and the mountain air keen, and amused ourselves by making our soup while the tents were being pitched. After we were in bed the wind rose, and about midnight, while we were in our first sleep, it suddenly blew over the whole tent. Crack went my bed to the ground; smash went a table, with glasses and bottles, etc.; while the musquito-curtains rent and fluttered in the breeze; and I could not forbear laughing at the spectacle we presented, lying quietly *sub dio*, with the wreck of our furniture, etc., about us, the tent flapping about to leeward on the ground, and the quiet moon *enjoying* the whole scene. I got up, and, with Medjem's and the Muckeris' assistance, we set things straight; but, in about half an hour, it all happened over again, save that I was now lying on the ground, and so had not to fall to it. This time, however, they made the ropes more fast, and we lay down till morning.

Sunday, June 30th. About seven we were in motion, and had a most delightful ride over the crest of Lebanon. The view of the valley and Anti-Lebanon, and of the amphitheatre on the west side, is magnificent. We passed through several patches of snow, and found the air proportionately cold. From the crest of the mountain, the broad valley of B'scherri looks like a rocky glen: the village of that name, and Eden, appear to the right. Higher

up the valley spreads, and near the right flanking mountains the deep green cedars are nestled. We arrived about ten o'clock, and found Mrs. — and Miss — encamped under the trees. In the midst of them is a rough square chapel, from which the (Maronite) priest and his congregation emerged as we arrived. He comes up from B'scherri every Sunday, to say mass for the few inhabitants of the outlying houses. We had some talk with him, and gave him some money towards the enlargement of his chapel, which he is about to commence.

The cedars appear about two hundred in number, of which some eight or ten are very large. We measured three of the largest, and found them respectively thirty-seven feet ten inches, twenty-eight feet, and thirty-one feet in girth. On the north side of the four knolls on which the cedars stand (and in the midst of which our tent is pitched) is a deep ravine. The general effect from here is beautiful. On the whole, I should say that the associations and the general effect of the cedars render them well worth a visit; but, in themselves, travellers have a little overrated them. This evening we have been watching the sunset from one of the trees, in the fork of whose huge branches, or rather trunks, we sat. Between two of these we had a view of the valley and sea-horizon beyond, lit up by the changing sunset lights, and of one single bright star, among the delicate foliage of the trees, which I shall not easily forget.

Monday, July 1st, 1850. We left the cedars with some regret that we had not resolved at once to

stay there some days. I went up to the chapel, and the priest came to me as I was going away, and gave me the benediction, laying the Gospels on my head. He also made me a present of a small cornelian antique seal, which I shall cherish as a pleasant remembrance of him and his mountain charge. At eight o'clock we started for Duman, a summer residence of the patriarch of the Maronites,* where he now is. To reach it, we had to cross the head of the valley, and descend it for three or four miles on the south side. As we got lower, we found the ground more cultivated and very fertile, and the views most beautiful. Looking back, we saw the glen or ravine of grey limestone rocks, along which we were scrambling, terminated in an advanced amphitheatre of richly-tinted sandstone, above the centre of which the deep green cedar grove was seen ; while, far above, the grand semi-circle of the highest range of Lebanon swept round. Its warm colouring was patched with snow here and there, contrasting with wonderful beauty with the deep blue sky above. Looking before us, the winding glen yawned below. Its broken grey crags are set off by verdant patches of corn, and by vineyards and mulberry groves, and intersected in a thousand places by clear streams of water, glittering in the sun, or sometimes foaming like threads of milk down some narrow passage on the opposite side of the valley. Eden was hid from us by a projecting hill ; but B'sherri and many other

* *Vide* Appendix I, letter A.

villages were perched about on either side. But if nature, thus prodigal of beauty, charmed the way, much more was it beguiled by the moral aspect of the inhabitants of Lebanon. At every mile we saw the small chapel, neatly built of squared stones, surmounted by its modest bell-gable; at every turn the courteous but hearty greeting of the peasants, a cheery pleasant-faced race, reminded us that we were once more in a Catholic country.

The high state of cultivation about these rocky villages, contrasted not more agreeably with the lazy neglect of the Turkish and Metualik valleys which we had just left, than the active and intelligent look of the people did with the contemptuous air of their heathen neighbours.

We arrived here (Duman) about one o'clock, and were most kindly received. One of the patriarch's priests, father Giuseppe, speaks Italian perfectly, and entertained us in the divan till the patriarch could receive us. It was not a little edifying to find a simple mountaineer, bare-footed, and clad in the coarse habit of his class, ready not only to give us the most ample and exact information on the present state and history of his Church and nation, but to meet and go beyond one on all other subjects on which it was fitting for a priest to talk. When he heard we were English, he spoke of our ecclesiastical history and writers, in a way which I am sure few of the Anglican clergy, who are certainly not an ignorant body, could have done concerning the Maronites. He informed us that the patriarch is the metropolitan of the Maron-

ites, his see being Antioch, in which he is the sole legitimate successor of the vicar of S. Peter, Evadus. The patriarch holds immediately under the pope, who sends him the mitre and pallium; and it is the boast of the Maronites, that they alone, of all the eastern Churches, have held fast to the faith from the beginning, and remained unshaken in their allegiance to the holy see. S. Maroun, their great protector against the wolf-like invasions of heretic and schismatic bishops, in the great apostacy of the East, and S. John Maronius, his disciple, and their first patriarch, are in consequence devoutly venerated by them. The patriarch has eight diocesan suffragans: he has also two coadjutors, who aid him in his metropolitan and diocesan functions. His present seat is in Kisrewan, as there are but few Maronites at Antioch, and the Greek Catholic patriarch lives there: and he resides chiefly at Kanoubin (a monastery in the valley just below this) in the winter, and here in the summer. The number of clergy is about fifteen hundred; of the laity, about one hundred and fifty thousand. Of the clergy, but few are regulars; the great majority are secular parochial clergy. The ancient discipline of the East prevails as regards marriage, that is, they may marry *once* before receiving holy orders, never *after*. Bishops are always single or widowers. Many of the clergy (besides the regulars) have ever remained single; and, in the seminaries for clergy, celibacy is enforced. In these they learn the Syrian and Latin (and often Italian) languages. There are also colleges and

schools for the laity, mostly under the charge of Jesuit and Lazarist fathers, and the average instruction of the people is high. The chief order is that of S. Anthony, abbot of Keshajor, where his convent continues to be the largest in Lebanon. The Maronite clergy are usually poor, and of the peasant class, but their influence is deservedly very high among their flocks. Though usually not learned men, there are among them *alumni* of the college of Propaganda, distinguished for learning as well as goodness. Among these, I can name one, my friend and godfather, the apostolic missionary of Cyprus, where there are a few Maronites.

After the lapse of half an hour, in which I heard the above facts from father Giuseppe, he conducted us to the patriarch, whom we found seated on a divan under a verandah, or shed of reeds and branches, on the terrace of the convent. He is a tall and dignified person, of imposing presence and manners, and received us with graceful courtesy. He was dressed in a crimson caftan, or loose cassock, such as is worn by the clergy in the East, under a dark blue or black cloth gown: he had the usual Maronite turban, of black, wound round a cap, which I likened to that common pudding form *which seems to suggest the slices to a carver*, and under this was a black skull-cap, with a sort of lappet behind. Round his neck he wore, suspended to a gold chain, the usual archiepiscopal pectoral cross, containing a relic, and on his right hand the ring. Opposite to him several priests and secretaries sat, with books, writing materials, etc. We

paid our respects, and apologized for arriving without a letter of introduction, as our baggage had gone on to Eden. He said he was equally glad to see us, and pressed us to stay the night, an invitation we gladly accepted. The convent is a small but neat little building, and the patriarch apologized for the want of accommodation, mentioning that it was merely a house where he remained during the hot weather. He inquired for European news, of which we had but little to give, and informed us that the sultan is now on his way to Egypt, to pay the pasha a visit. The view from this divan was most beautiful, and the patriarch called our attention to the numerous caves visible in the rocks, which he said had once been peopled by holy anchorites, who gained the valley its name Wadi Kadischa (or more properly, with the Syrian termination, Kadischo), "the Holy Valley". Through a glass we saw a small chapel, built in one of them, which had been the house of S. Marina, a holy virgin, whose life is so edifying, and so little known, that I shall repeat it here.

Her father, a patrician widower, having resolved to leave the world and retire into a monastery, was embarrassed by not knowing what to do with an only child, a girl, whom he loved too well to leave. Least of all did he wish to leave her in the world; but of course could not take her into the monastery. He therefore hit on the expedient of dressing her as a boy, and calling her Marinus. In the course of years the (apparent) youth begged, on the death of his father, to be admitted into the order,

and was accordingly received. A wicked woman of the neighbourhood, seeing the novice on some occasion when he was abroad, made an attempt similar to that of Potiphar's wife on Joseph, and with a like result. She attempted some time later to revenge herself on his indifference, by attributing her shame to the supposed Marinus. The saint's modesty forbade her affording to the monks any disclosure of her sex. She pleaded her innocence, but in vain ; and at length was ignominiously expelled from the monastery (that of Kanubin) to this neighbouring cave, where for three years she endured every hardship, and the ignominy of her supposed sin. Meanwhile she brought up the offspring of her bitterest enemy in the faith and fear of God, and counted it gain to suffer unjustly, and to repay good for evil like Him. At length she besought the monks for re-admission, pleading her sufferings, and the signs of penitence she had shewn. After some delay she was re-admitted, but it was only to die within the convent, instead of in her solitude. After death, the brethren who had to prepare her body for the grave of course discovered her sex, and it may be imagined with what compunction they gave themselves up to penitence for so great a sin—one, however, which in the end redounded so much to the glory of God, that we may hope it has been for ever blotted out from the great account.

This is just the sort of history that tourists would like, if one could say how wicked the monks were ; but *unluckily* they not only did worthy penance

for their mistake, but received the saint's forgiveness after, as they had long received it before, her death.

We went to the evening prayers in the convent chapel about six o'clock. It is a neat square building, containing three altars, and has a sacristy attached. The patriarch said they were forced not to decorate it so much as they wished, owing to the snow soaking through the walls in winter. The prayers were the vesper office, consisting of Scriptures chiefly from the Prophets, a short gospel (which was read with two lights), and some prayers said by the priest kneeling in front of the altar; the rest was chanted by him and various laymen and boys, from a square desk. The altar was censed twice. The censer is much used in the eastern liturgies, as it was in the elder Church. The priest merely put on a stole (several of which hung by the altar) for this office, but wore no other church vestment. While we were sitting with the patriarch, two men, accompanied by their priest, from a distant village, came to ask justice in a case of breach of promise of marriage. The pleading was very earnest, and sometimes funny; and they all went away quite satisfied with the patriarch's sentence, which was delivered in writing.

After prayers we strolled out, and enjoyed a glorious sunset from a crag below the convent, commanding the whole deep glen, and the sea beyond. We dined with the patriarch and father Giuseppe, and an excellent dinner it was. The sweet Lebanon wine was very good. After dinner

we sat on the terrace till near ten o'clock, giving an account of the Catholic movement in England, and hearing of the numerous conversions to the Church which are now happening, especially among the Greek schismatics, here. The patriarch seemed well aware of the differences between Anglicans and other Protestants. The sultan has recently allowed liberty of conscience, but the Mussulmans are slow in taking advantage of it. Some of the Druses are more prompt: they number about thirty thousand, and have a distinct prince from the emir of the Christians.

Tuesday, July 2nd. About half-past six o'clock the patriarch said mass. He was vested in front of the altar, on which the vestment lay, not only (as with us) when a bishop celebrates pontifically, but also for priests' masses. The vestments are almost precisely like ours. The patriarch wore his pallium: it is the first I have seen, and consists of a white woollen stole; it is very narrow, and has one pendant behind, and two in front; on it are five black crosses. The mass approaches to ours, but is in Syrian, save some parts (epistle, gospel, etc.), which are read in Arabic. The oblation comes nearly at the beginning, and the elevation is made turning to the people. They ring bells at the ter-sanctus, and during the whole of the canon up to the consecration, beating them in a sort of *tattoo* with a steel pin, and we were told this was done to a much greater extent on great festivals: the noise was distracting to me. The gospel was read by the patriarch himself, with his mitre on his

head, and his staff in one hand, the metropolitan crozier being held by a lay clerk by the side, and two acolytes holding the candles. He stands in the middle of the altar, facing the people. This part of the rite was very imposing, as also the Benediction, given with a cross in the hand. The whole was chanted in that peculiar nasal groaning tone which is universal in the east, and to western ears is by no means pleasing. The chant is traditional, but not written. Altogether the Maronite rite is dignified, and approaches nearer to ours than most in the east. I believe it is very little altered from the primitive form.

After breakfast we paid our respects again to the patriarch to take leave, and thanked him very much for his kind hospitality. He was most gracious, and gave us a letter to the sheikh of Eden. We enjoyed this visit much, and went away most favourably impressed with what we saw of the patriarch and his clergy. We had a beautiful scramble, partly on foot, down the glen below the convent into the main valley of Kadischa, and up the opposite side to the small convent of Kanubin. The guardian, a very intelligent primitive-looking monk, had been at Duman, and preceded us thither. The convent, consisting of one double range of cells on each side of a low corridor, is built against the face of the rock, and commands the most exquisite views up and down the valley. The church is a simple vaulted oblong chamber, built in a large natural grotto or cave. Opposite to it, on the other side of a small court, we found a couple of chambers

and a cloister adjacent to a terrace, on which we reposed under a shed, and ate our *mezzo giorno*, (some game, etc., which the patriarch had sent with us). This meal was further improved by the hospitality of the father superior, who gave us all that his house could provide. After a stay of an hour in this beautiful spot, we set off for Mar-Antonius, the chief convent of the Maronites at Keshaja, which lies in the next valley. Our road, or rather the broken steep staircase up which our horses clambered, gave us at every turn the most varied and grand prospects, till we reached the top of the cliffs, whence the three great glens of Kadischa, Mar-Antonius, and Eden, were visible at once. A descent of an hour and a half brought us to Mar-Antonius; near it, we met a Lazarist brother, who had walked from Eden to see the convent, and told us that M——, the father at Eden, was absent that day, but expected to return to-night. As we approached, we found some of the fathers superintending the improvement of the road, which here dips through profuse verdure into the depth of the valley. Like the Carthusians of Europe, these fathers exercise manual labour, and cultivate the fields, which hereabout belong to them. The government does nothing towards the road making, or other public works, so that they are the chief labourers in such things, at least in their own neighbourhood. We crossed the brook which invariably runs at the bottom of these valleys, and ascending a few hundred yards, found ourselves at the convent gate, which is approached by steps

overshadowed by a magnificent walnut-tree. The convent consists of two parallel ranges of small cells, on either side of long low corridors, and is built against the rock in which the large cave of Saint Antony, the first abbot and founder, is excavated. The church is very neat, and contains a good picture of the saint over the altar. The superior was absent, but one of the fathers did the honours for him, and pressed us so kindly to stay a day or two, that we really had difficulty in getting away, which we were obliged to do in order to reach Eden to-night. We visited the cave of Saint Antony, in which mad people are confined, and very frequently miraculously cured of their complaint, I suppose when it is of the nature of possession of evil spirits. The number of fathers in this convent is about sixty, of lay brothers forty; but at this time many are absent on missions, or on the secular affairs of the convent. Nothing can exceed the simplicity of their dress and mode of life, which recalled to me what one reads of the primitive cœnobites. I can imagine Saint Basil the Great, or the Gregories, just such persons in appearance. We left the convent after a short stay, and rode over the mountain (another scramble of three hours) to Eden. As we mounted, we had the most glorious sea view, Tripoli and its bay on one side, and Batrun on the other, with a foreground of lofty crags, behind which the sun went down. We found the tents pitched under some fine walnut-trees in front of the sheikh's house, and on our road passed two churches, that of the Maronites, and that of the Lazarist mis-

sion. We heard the bells of both this morning (July 3rd), early, but were too overpoweringly tired to get up for mass.

Thursday, July 4th. We remained enjoying the shade of our walnut-trees till about two o'clock, and then clambered and slid down the mountain towards Tripoli. When we reached the plain, we were delighted to find that the road ran along the winding valley through which the Kadischa finds its way towards the sea. We thus escaped the still hot afternoon sun in some degree, and enjoyed the sight and sound of the water running through fields of mulberry-trees (cultivated for the silk-worm), and the continual borders of myrtle and oleander which skirt the running waters of Syria. Near Tripoli we crossed some fine olive yards, and descended again to the river, which we crossed by a noble Saracen bridge, and then passing a Roman aqueduct, festooned with luxuriant creepers and dripping veils of water over every arch, ascended the brow of a low range of hills, and found Tripoli picturesquely niched into the bank below us. Tripoli is the most picturesque and the hottest of towns; though the sun had long set, we could hardly breathe as we slipped through the narrow and ill-paved bazaars to the convent, where we were welcomed most heartily by the father superior, and by his sole companion, a lay brother who looked as hard-worked and attenuated as himself. The commotions in Europe have been most detrimental to the interests of religious houses, and not least to the establishments of Terra Santa, which (like those of

all mendicant orders) depend entirely on foreign aid, especially here, where there are perpetual outgoings and no income. We passed a sleepless night owing to the heat, and were up early to hear mass. The chapel is a long room in the house. Afterwards we went with the superior to see his schools, for children of both sexes, and looked at the great mosque, once a Crusaders' church. We were then reluctantly obliged to cut short our visit, owing to the oppressive air of the place, and bade adieu to the convent about eleven o'clock. We halted at two under the shop of a coffee vendor, who also supplied "*hobble-bobbles*" (Turkish for hookahs) and kibaubs to his customers, and were in the full enjoyment of these oriental luxuries when Mrs. ——— and Miss ——— overtook us. They had been two days encamped above Tripoli, and had found their position as cool as ours in the town was the reverse. We rode on together, and got to Batrun (the ancient Bostrys) about seven o'clock. The road was delightful, now skirting the rocky shore, and now diving into a glen with running water and rich verdure. Batrun lies just south of a high rocky promontory, over which a most picturesque pass is effected, on a road sublimely bad, but shewing traces of Roman work. Above Batrun we descended into a valley, on an isolated rock in the midst of which stands a small (probably mediæval) castle, reminding me of the Pfalz on the Rhine; from it to the sea the road was hedged with myrtle and oleander, so thickly, that it seemed an artificial work. Our tent was pitched close to the sea, so

that we walked out of it in the morning scarcely ten paces to a delicious bathing place in the small sandy bay south of the town, which is a wretched-looking place.

Friday, 5th. We had a seashore ride, enlivened by an attempt to shoot some large turtle, which we saw disporting themselves close in shore, to Djebbeil (Byblus), a very picturesque little place, surrounded by handsome Saracen walls, and dignified by a ruined castle. At every pace we lit upon Roman remains: sarcophagi used as troughs, broken columns, etc., etc. We halted in the little bazaar to eat snow and milk, the Arab "sorbetti," and then rode on across the sands and up a hill to a marabout or santon's tomb, under a fine karuba tree, where we sat and feasted on the view and the cool breeze. Here we left Mrs. —, as her mules were still behind, while ours had been sent on to Djenin, and rode forward to reach that place, still four hours distant. About five o'clock we rounded a rocky point, and opened a beautiful bay, at the further side of which lies Djenin, while the long low point of Beyruth is visible at the extremity of a second reach beyond. Lebanon, dotted with a hundred white convents and villages crowning every projecting spur, overhangs the bay, and looked magnificent in the red evening light. As we advanced, Arissa, Kisrawan, Ghazir, and other convents appeared; and (most sweet to Christian ears) their bells rang out the Angelus over sea and land, the best of welcomes. We found our tents pitched close to the sea again, and enjoyed a moonlight evening and an early bathe.

Saturday 6th. We skirted the promontory of Djenin, and passing through splendid gardens of vegetables and mulberry-trees, reached the mouth of the Adonis (Nahr-el-Kelb, "river of the dog") in an hour and a half. Here we rested under a shed almost in the sea till the mules had gone forward. I know not whether the winter waters above bring down the red ferruginous earth of the mountain, but certain it was that the Adonis was quite guiltless of any blood-like stain as long as I saw it. There has been a Roman road and bridge here, and the former continues to be the common road of the coast; for want of the latter, we waded the stream, now broad but shallow, and crossing the point of the opposite promontory, opened the wide sand-girt bay of Saint George. The horses seemed to know they were near the end of their journey, and we indulged their impatience and ourselves by a gallop over sand and surf, which soon brought us near Beyruth. A bad torrent-channelled road across the northern horn of the little haven took us in a few minutes to its walls, and pushing through a complete mass of bipeds, quadrupeds, and bales of goods, along the rotten wooden and stone quay, we dismounted "*chez Battista*" about twelve o'clock. The first person we saw was Count B——; he told us D——, and fathers F—— and L——, had gone on to Latichea and Aleppo, and that he himself was quietly awaiting their return at Bigfayeh. Bad news of his second daughter's health, from Paris, makes him change his plan, and return next month to Italy,

whither she is ordered for change of climate. At Count B——'s instance, we have determined to take a house near him at Bigfayeh. It is a very nice village in the mountains, about four hours from here, where the Prince of the Maronites lives, and where there is a Jesuit mission. We paid the Jesuits a visit this afternoon. There are here but two or three, and no more at Bigfayeh, but they have produced great results among the hybrid and native population, especially by education of the middle class. F——, who is superior at Bigfayeh and of all the Jesuits in Syria, is a very striking person; and it will be a great privilege being near him at Bigfayeh, where we hope to stay a month.

Sunday, 7th. To mass at the Jesuits', with whom we also breakfasted and dined. After dinner they invited us to a meeting of their congregation of young men employed in the various commercial houses of Beyruth. This confraternity has the excellent effect of producing, or rather directing, that *esprit de corps* which is so great an element for good or evil in the society of young people. They have also formed a more extended association, to which persons of all creeds are admitted, and which meets for literary and scientific purposes once a week, and thus gives to those who are well disposed the advantages, without the evils, which are afforded by an institution of the same kind, set on foot by the American Protestant mission. I was asked to address the congregation in French, which they all understood (and most spoke well), on any subject which would be useful and edifying to

them. I gave them a sketch of our pilgrimage to Jerusalem, touching on the spiritual sense which is so easily attached to all travel, and especially to that journey, and alluding to our conversion to that faith which they were so blessed in receiving at the hands of their admirable instructors. After some well expressed thanks, the secretary read a very good essay, in excellent French, on the general scope of their literary association. It had been written for their first meeting by himself.

Tuesday, 9th. Mass at the Franciscans', after which we paid the superior a visit, which we had too long delayed. They are but three in family. The other orders, Jesuits, Lazarists, and Capuchins, seem more practically engaged here. The convent is a nice one, but the church small.

Wednesday. We were to have left at twelve o'clock, but were delayed till four. We bade adieu to Mrs. —, who sails to-morrow or Friday for Constantinople. She told us (from the *Morning Chronicle*) that Maskell and H. Wilberforce have come to the Church. This speaks much: many more must be come, or coming very speedily. Indeed, the issue of the Gorham case, the rejection of the bishop of London's bill, as an infringement of the royal supremacy, and that of Gladstone's attempt to introduce the same measure by a side wind in the colonies, shew both what the royal supremacy is, and what the Establishment will bear, so plainly, that all honest "Puseyites" ought to regard them as a plain "μεταβαίνωμεν ἐντευθεν" for them.

We did not reach Bigfayeh till nine p.m., and

therefore did not get into our house, which Count B—— had secured for us, but supped and slept at the convent, where we found Count B—— and Monsignore the bishop delegate, a very agreeable Franciscan Spaniard, whose house is near here, but who comes frequently to stay with the fathers, being too much accustomed to the *vie de communauté* to enjoy living long by himself.

Thursday, 11th. We took possession of our house, which consists of two large and two small rooms, opening into a little cloister of two arches, on a terrace formed by the projecting lower story of the house, whence we have a most glorious view. In front (north and west) lies the ocean, some three thousand feet below us; to the right we see hill upon hill, and mountain upon mountain, separated from us by the deep valley of the Adonis, at the head of which tower the still snow-dotted heights of Lebanon; in an amphitheatre opposite are the convents and churches of the Kisrawan district; and looking up the valley (eastward) those of S. Elias, of the Basilian nuns, etc. Close around lie the houses of the village, embosomed in mulberry trees and vineyards, terraced up, and plentifully irrigated. Immediately below our terrace is Count B——'s, with his tent; and a little further the English consul's. To the left, about a hundred yards off, is the convent, with its unfinished church; and at the back of the whole village an abrupt stony ridge, whence we have a view of the whole place. There are no roads, nor even paths, but the houses seem all *thrown down* at random.

CHAPTER X.

THE LEVANT, GREECE, AND VENICE.

BIGFAYEH—ILLUMINATION IN HONOUR OF THE ASSUMPTION
—THE ARAB TRIBE OF SPAS—BEYRUTH—RHODES—MUR-
DER OF AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER AT MAKRI—QUARANTINE
—SMYRNA—BURNABAT—SYRA, THE OLD TOWN AND CATHE-
DRAL, CHURCH OF THE JESUITS—CHARACTER OF THE
GREEK ISLANDERS—ATHENS—MARATHON—THE PIRÆUS—
TOMB OF THEMISTOCLES—THE PARTHENON—TEMPLES OF
JUPITER OLYMPIUS, AND OF THESEUS—THE ACROPOLIS—
ELEUSIS—SALAMIS—POLITICS OF GREECE—NAUPLIA—
TIRYNTHUS AND ARGOS—TOMB OF AGAMEMNON—MYCENÆ—
CORINTH—PATRAS—CORFU—CATHOLIC BRITISH SOLDIERS
—TRIESTE—VENICE—THE MANFRINI GALLERY—NOTICE
OF CARDINAL POLE—PADUA—VERONA—CONCLUSION.

Bigfayeh; Wednesday, July 31st. Our life for the last three weeks has presented few incidents to record. We go to mass about six o'clock, sit at home the greater part of the day, and stroll out in the evening. Count B—— kindly gives us the benefit of his cook's services, and we dine and lunch together daily, save when we dine with the fathers, which is not unfrequent. On Thursday week we began our eight days' retreat, under the guidance of padre Estéve, the superior of the convent. I certainly expected a great deal from the

spiritual exercises of S. Ignatius, but they very far exceed all I had imagined. I wish every one who has a spark of good will could go through them ; and if they could, I am sure much schism, and many of its bitter fruits, would cease to divide “homines bonæ voluntatis”.

Thursday, Aug. 8th. We find that there is a quarantine at Malta, on account of the cholera which has shewn itself there, and have therefore decided to take the Smyrna and Athens route, thence crossing to Corfu and Italy. The papers bring important news from England : among other things, Sir Robert Peel’s sad and sudden death. The last newspapers have also an account of the final decision of the Gorham case against the bishop of Exeter. The present government seem bent on maintaining inflexibly the “royal supremacy”: it is too useful an engine for the introduction of their plan of state instruction to be dropped. Meanwhile, they are unconsciously doing the work of the Church, and so far I cannot wish for a change.

We paid a visit to the prince the other day. He received us very courteously, and “called for his fiddler” to amuse us. The said musician volunteered European music, and gave us “Marlbrook s’en va-t-en guerre”. His house was built by Fra Buonacino, who is also the architect of the church ; it is very pretty, especially a court, with a fountain and broad arch, commanding the sea view. We have walked and ridden up to S. Elias, on the crest of our ridge of hill, and down the valley to Beib’ Schebal. The infinite variety of hill and

valley, mountain and sea, of pine and vine and mulberry trees, is wonderful, and most beautiful; the only drawback being the state of the paths, which are a series of broken rock-stairs, of every degree of steepness.

Friday, morrow of the Assumption, August 16th, 1850. The night before last, the whole mountain was in a blaze, to celebrate the Assumption. In other words, the convents, of which very many are visible from hence, were illuminated. Ours displayed a Cross with four limbs (so that it shewed from all sides), which was mounted on the chancel-arch of the new church, completed just in time. We went to the convent in the evening, and found the fathers and numbers of children singing hymns and litanies on the terrace. The scene was very pretty, and the singing better than usual. Yesterday Monsignore Delegato, Count B——, and ourselves, dined at the convent at noon. They were full of the return of England to the faith; indeed, everything seems tending that way, though no doubt the bulk of the nation will at present remain where they are, or rather go further from the truth. D—— had returned the day before from the excursion, which he, father F——, and abbé L——, had undertaken, to the Euphrates. He gave a most interesting and amusing account of their adventures. They had reached the Euphrates, where they saw the passage of the river by the Spas (one tribe out of the thirteen who compose the Aniseeh nation): they numbered one hundred and twenty thousand fighting horsemen, with dromedaries, etc.

innumerable. Their range extends from Hama to Mecca. Like the other descendants of Ishmael, their tribes have never been conquered; and Napoleon even condescended to make an alliance with them, which, if the Russian campaign had succeeded, would have enabled him to summon them to his standard, and lead them on to subdue British India. The pact was, that they should have unlimited plunder. M. de Lascari, Napoleon's agent for this matter, happened to die (at Cairo, I believe) under British protection, and his papers are consequently in the possession of our government. They would afford some curious revelations. I apprehend M. de Lamartine makes mention of these facts, in his *Voyage en Orient*.

We left Bigfayeh on Sunday the 18th of August in the afternoon, in order to have a whole day at Beyruth. It was with great regret that we bade adieu to our friends, father Estéve and Monsignore Delegato, Count B——, and Père F——. The two latter we hope to see again at Rome; the others probably never in this world. Bigfayeh too, and its inhabitants, will always have a pleasant spot in my memory,—our quiet terrace, the daily walk past the new church in the morning to mass, and in the evening up the hill, the courtesy of the people, and the friendliness of the fathers, have left the most agreeable impressions. We often turned to look back as we rode down the hill, and saw for the last time the scattered village peering through the mulberry-trees, the prince's house, the convent, and F. Buonacino's *capo d'opera*, the new church.

Monday, 19th. Beyruth. Went to mass at the Franciscans'. We found the father-president still suffering from an attack of fever, which had much reduced him. He confirmed the report which I had heard from Mr. C—— (acting consul at Damascus, whom we had seen again at Bigfayeh) that Abraham Simon, the Jew banker, who had given me bad gold at Jerusalem, had tried to run away with two hundred doubloons (about £650) belonging to the convent, and that the Turks as usual were half-inclined to let him go, for a *backshish* to the pasha. Luckily Mr. Heald, the banker here, is also a creditor, so that the affair will not be so easily managed. We were busied all day in preparation for our departure, and in the afternoon had a visit from D. B——, and paid one to the Jesuit fathers. We sat and talked long with M. L—— and the fathers L—— and B——, about England, the Bishop of Exeter, etc.

Tuesday, 20th. We went to our last mass in Syria; it was a very sad privilege, but I could not look back on the period of our stay without feeling how grateful I ought to be for the immense benefits which have been conferred on us during it, and how the future is thereby rendered bright and peaceful—thoughts which have power to tranquilize every emotion and control every impulse. The good fathers took leave of us with the utmost feeling and kindness. D—— B—— dined with us, and we went on board the Austrian Lloyds' boat the "Asia" (one of their best and largest), about five p.m.; the faithful Nedjem accompanied us on board,

and left us with much sorrow, which we also shared. He is an excellent servant and good Christian. We found ourselves the sole first-class passengers, and one-half of the poop railed off (as is the Levantine custom) for the accommodation of the third class, some sixty Turks, Jews, Arabs, etc., who squat day and night on their carpets, "making kef" (doing nothing, as we more passively express it) with an *ensemble* quite wonderful to behold. *Pastechi* (great water-melons), coffee, pipes, dominos, and story telling, seem their food, moral and physical; and the emphatic prayers of a few devout Mussulmen the only interruption to their succession. The captain and lieutenant are both very civil and well-conditioned men.

Wednesday, 21st. At seven, P.M., we were off Larnaca of Cyprus. We went on shore partly in hopes of seeing our friend Don Michaelle Cyrilli, and partly to look at some coins which a person has for sale; we only accomplished the latter, and bought one or two of the Syrian coins of the dynasties of Alexander's generals. After we had returned on board we had a visit from Don Michaelle, who had heard of our arrival, but was detained by the death-bed of one of his fellow-priests: not being in *pratique*, we could only talk with him from the ship's side, which was unsatisfactory, but he said he had hopes of seeing us at Rome, whither some affairs might shortly take him.

Thursday, 22nd. At sunset we were off Rhodes. The next morning we had a good view of the town, which looks very interesting. The aspect is still

very mediæval, and the remains of the knights' influence has, as usual, impressed its main characteristics on the town. The church of St. John (a long triple-aisled building, with a wretched minaret perched on the western end), the grand-master's house, and another church, are widely seen. The coasts of Cyprus and of Rhodes are striking, consisting of abrupt limestone hills, with that cast of contour which is now rendered familiar by the vignettes in Byron's works, and a hundred different "annuals" and "keepsakes". At Rhodes we took on board a Florentine, M. Biliotti, who has been appointed English vice-consul at Makri and for Anatolia. He told us how his appointment took place, which, as it is equally to his renown and that of Lord Palmerston, I will briefly relate. About four years ago two Englishmen, Sir John Lawrence, and Captain Twopenny, landed at Makri, intending thence to proceed over land to Ephesus and Smyrna. M. Biliotti, being the only European in the place, received them, and tried to dissuade them from their intention, owing to the danger from robbers. They yielded to his instances, and went on board a felucca which was to take them back to Rhodes; but the wind being unfavourable, they were tired of waiting, and after two days' delay, returned to their original plan. They had left Makri at noon (it being in winter), and about midnight M. Biliotti was awakened by a voice calling on him for God's sake to open and succour some one without. He did so, and found Captain Twopenny scarcely able to stand, and his clothes saturated

with blood, at the door. At first he could only say that his friend and their servant were dead, but after a little while he was able to explain how it had happened. They had halted for dinner, when they were overtaken by six men. The dragoman suspected their purpose, but as they saluted them and went on, they took no further precaution beyond sending the dragoman up a hill to look after them ; they did not appear, and the travellers proceeded, but had hardly advanced half a mile, when six shots, fired from behind some bushes, brought Sir John Lawrence and the dragoman dead to the ground ; Captain Twopenny was also brought down severely wounded, and left for dead. The extreme cold at night stopped the bleeding of his wounds, and he was thus enabled to drag himself back to Makri. M. Biliotti behaved most kindly to him, and by great efforts succeeded in bringing the murderers to justice. It was in consequence of his disinterested kindness and exertions that Sir John Lawrence's family asked for and obtained his appointment as English vice-consul for Anatolia.

To-day we passed Budrun, the ancient Halicarnassus, a white Turkish town, lying at the bottom of a bay in the northern promontory of the gulf of Stanco. Hence Samos is but an hour's sail ; and the prolixity of the great historian of Halicarnassus on its history, and of that of other neighbouring states of as little importance, becomes at least natural when one takes this into consideration. The Samotes have been in revolt lately, because the Turkish government had given them a Greek go-

vernor. It appears that they find it more congruous to be bullied by a Turk than lorded over by one of their own nation. The sun set behind Patmos, shewing us with the aid of a glass the great Greek convent which crowns its heights. If time permitted, we should certainly have paid a visit to a place of such transcendent interest, but sailing boats are very uncertain, and Patmos is nearly a hundred miles south of Smyrna, and out of our course to Syra and Athens. The Ægean here assumes the appearance of a series of vast lakes, with the most striking outlines of coast.

Saturday, 24th. We opened the gulf of Smyrna early, and passing Mitylene (to the north), steamed down to Smyrna by noon. The city looks extensive, but not imposing, from the sea. It is finely situated near the head of the gulf, which is surrounded by hills extensively cultivated. We were steamed back at sunset to the quarantine, which is about a mile from Smyrna by the sea side, and is rather better than the usual run of lazarettoes; but the intense heat renders the confinement irksome. Here we are to remain till Wednesday morning; the quarantine being of five days, that is, three whole days besides the day of arrival and that of departure.

Smyrna, Thursday, 29th. We finished our quarantine yesterday morning, and heartily glad were we to escape from the confinement. Our three days passed monotonously enough in reading, writing, sleeping, eating, etc. My chief reading was Marsollier's *Life of Saint Francis of Sales*,—a life full of

edification and consolation. It seems to bring the possibility of saintliness home to one; in his life there was nothing singular, no prodigies of asceticism, no signal violence done to nature, and yet few saints have shone more in life and after it. The evening before we left quarantine we had a visit from a schismatic Armenian priest, who had come with us from Beyruth. He spoke English, and said he thought he had seen us at Jerusalem. He supposed us Protestants, and in consequence *fraternized* very readily, and made some curious revelations as to the relations which exist between his sect and that of the Anglicans at Jerusalem. He said that the English bishop and consul had convinced them that there was little or no difference between their communions, the chief disagreement being concerning the Eucharist; that the late patriarch was so convinced of this, that he had applied through bishop Alexander to be made a British subject, with a view to nearer relations; and that the bishop had undertaken to procure this when he had left for Egypt, and died in the Desert. With a view to our edification, he proceeded to explain away their practice of invocation of saints and confession, which latter, he said (probably quite truly), consisted merely in a general confession of sins past, and in an imprecatory form of absolution. He stoutly maintained that his Church was orthodox on the doctrine of the hypostatic union of two distinct and perfect natures in our Lord; which I suppose may have been partly from ignorance, since the Armenians are well known to be heretical on

that point, and partly from a desire to symbolize with the Anglicans; from the same motive, I suppose it was, that he explained holy baptism as a mere figure, for I never heard that the Armenians denied the grace of baptism; on this point he seems to have learnt Lutheranism from the bishop or consul. He said that his sect gave passive communion to the Anglicans, and they to them, and seemed to anticipate something more ere long. We pressed him for his view of unity, and he said that they considered all episcopally governed bodies as parts of the one Church. I asked in what this unity consisted? He said in *spirit*. This phrase (*more Anglicano*) he did not explain, but confessed it did not exist in doctrine, in inter-communion, or in any apparent way. He said that the different Churches (Latin, Greek, Armenian, etc., etc.) were for different tongues. I said, the first effect of the gift of the Holy Spirit to the *one* Church was to remedy this diversity; and that our Lord and his Apostles never by any syllable or deed gave us to understand that there could be more than one Church, which by consequence was also universal. He said that the unity of the Church was like that of man and wife, who are mystically one, but visibly two. I said that Saint Paul had told us (after our Lord) that that unity was a type, not of the unity of the Church in itself, but its unity with its Divine Head, which was indeed what he falsely said of the other, viz., an invisible unity. When pressed as to who gave his patriarch *jurisdiction*, he acknowledged it was the sultan. On the supremacy of

Saint Peter, he said it was a primacy of honour. I asked him what his "illuminator", as they call Saint Gregory, held on that point, and what his hymns (which they still use) put into their mouths? On this he shuffled off to accusations against Rome. I asked him how it was he asserted the preferableness of a literal interpretation of scripture on the institution of the Holy Eucharist, and rejected it on the promises to Saint Peter? and said that all the sects were unscriptural, because they could not meet scripture; and that his and the Anglican were moreover illogical, since they admitted contrary principles, and applied them when it suited their purpose. This priest seemed to me very cunning, and full of his new views about agreement with the Protestants. Their object (and Lord Palmerston's) is purely political: that of bishop Gobat and his coadjutor, probably mixed "Church and State", that is, in fact, "*State and Church*".

We had a delightful bathe in the sea, came up here in a boat by eight o'clock, and are comfortably lodged at Miller's hotel. We passed the greater part of the morning in reading the English papers. The *high-Churchmen*, or rather "tractarians", seem to have done their worst in passing a series of resolutions deprecatory of the Gorham judgment, and appealing to the Queen to grant them a convocation. They mustered from all parts of the kingdom, but could only get one bishop to shew; of course it was the worthy Dr. Bagot; I should think the effort will be quite fruitless. The papers express indignation at this meeting voting itself "the Church

of England". There lies the *acus* of the whole matter. That respectable communion as a communion takes the whole thing quite quietly, but not so the Tractarians; they *ought* never to be easy till they get to Rome. We called on the consul and on the Franciscan fathers, who have a spacious church and nice convent. They had heard of us, and were very cordial. In the evening we followed the stream of Europeans towards the bridge, and sat and ate ice on the sea side. Smyrna does not impress me favourably. This quarter is quite European, and crowded with mercantile people. We stay till Monday, when the boat goes to Syra and Athens. This morning I went to the Lazarists, and after one mass to the Franciscans. In both churches were large and devout congregations, especially in the latter.

Sunday, Sept. 1st. The day before yesterday we rode to Burnabat, a sort of mercantile *villeggiatura*, where all the chief men of Smyrna have villas. It lies at the head of the gulf, or rather of the valley which encloses it, and the road through olive yards and hedges of myrtle is very pretty. Yesterday we made an excursion up to the castle, a mediæval building of Genoese work, whence the most noble view of the city and its environs is obtained. Smyrna shews its half-European character in the general retreat which the mosques seem to have beaten into the upper and older part of the town. The gulf, and the mountains of the mainland, Mitylene, and the other islands, present a most striking sunset view. Yesterday we found some

newly-arrived English papers. The chief subject of interest to us was of course the Gorham case. Mr. Gorham has been instituted in spite of his diocesan's protest; and the archbishop of Canterbury, petitioned by two thousand seven hundred Tractarians to reverse the judgment of the Privy-Council, replies that the question is once for all decided; and that he conceives that in so doing the Privy-Council merely declare what the Church of England has always allowed, liberty within certain limits on the dogmas of the faith. The Tractarians petition for a convocation, and it is answered that there is no need of one, as the mass of English Churchmen are quite content with the decision as it stands. What they will do next is now my wonder. I suppose subside into lethargy again for the most part; some few will join the Church, and some try to set up a free church, which no bishop will probably join.

Sunday, Sept. 1st. As we were sitting eating ice in the vain hope of cooling ourselves, Baron A—— came up. He had arrived from Constantinople three days ago, and was disappointed in that city, save in the general view of it from without. We went to benediction at the Lazarists' this evening. There was a sermon by one of the fathers in modern Greek, and we were astonished to find how much we could understand, in spite of the modern accentuation and pronunciation.

Monday, 2nd. Baron A—— came, and I had a long talk with him about the Jesuits. He is furious against them; in spite of this, I think he is more *tête montée* than bad. He spoke despondingly of

his chance of return to his country. I fancy he is the sort of person that an amnesty would convert. We went on board the "Germania", the worst Austrian steamer I have yet seen, about five o'clock, and had a very rough passage of fourteen hours to Syra.

Tuesday, 3rd. Syra is a very picturesque town, built in a pyramidal form, on the north of its little harbour (in which we found several ships, and among them H.M.S. "Frolic"), on the opposite side of which is a very good lazaretto, wherein I now write. We are to stay here till Friday, when we have pratique; but we find the Lloyd's agent at Smyrna has misinformed us, and we shall not get a boat to Athens till to-morrow week.

Friday, 6th. We have met a nice Lazarist priest here, a M. B——, who has been twenty years at Constantinople, and is now going to visit their mission at Naxos and Sandrin. He has a better opinion of the Armenian schismatics than is usual, and mentioned that he had had some conversation with their patriarch at Constantinople, in which he avowed that ignorance was the chief obstacle to their reunion to the Church. The negotiation for reunion was advancing very well at Constantinople when the revolution's of 1848 put a stop to them, and recalled the papal legate from Constantinople.

Saturday, 7th. At length we emerged from our prison this morning, and established ourselves at the Hôtel des Etrangers till Tuesday. The vice-consul, Mr. W——, recommends an excursion to the Lesser Delos, which is only three hours' sail

from here, and is full of remains. We walked up to the quaint old cathedral, which crowns the height of the old town. It is dedicated to St. George, and is served by Capuchins. The whole of this old town is Catholic, and of the Latin rite. It contains about five thousand souls. The streets are chiefly narrow stairs, with occasional landing places, and the people very primitive-looking, but very civil. We found out a small church of St. Mary of Carmel, served by Jesuits. As usual, we found them equally intelligent and obliging. There are two fathers and two brothers. It being a Saturday, the church was full of people waiting to go to confession. We came down westward from the old town, and visited another new church, St. Sebastian, which contains nothing remarkable. The new town, or marina, is separated by a small space from the old, and presents a totally different character. It has all sprung up within twenty or thirty years, and bids fair to become the central emporium of Greek commerce, or, to speak more exactly, of the Levantine carrying trade. It seems to be what Delos was before Mithridates crippled its resources, and the Athenian reprisals after the Messenian war (for it was a Messenian colony) gave the *coup de grâce* to its importance. The new town contains but two or three hundred Catholics, and one church (of the Assumption); the rest are Greek schismatics. In the casino we found Greek and French papers. In one of the former I read of the murder of M. Korfistakis, the minister of instruction at Athens, last Sunday, and the formal recognition of the independence of

the Greek national Church by the patriarch of Constantinople. This move is obtained chiefly by the "young Greece" party, who are liberals and *philosophers*. It appears probable that it will end in a real schism between the Greek and Russian and other schismatic churches. Thus on all hands "philosophy" and Protestantism are dividing and overthrowing false systems, and levelling the way for the Church. Greece seems just entering on that course which England has so nearly run; but three decades now-a-days will probably accomplish what three hundred years has not quite accomplished with us. The *Lutheran* queen was present at the solemn Te Deum which was sung on the occasion; what an auspicious augury for the Church of Greece of the future! In the evening we had a visit from M. B——, and a young deacon of the bishop's, who invited us to pay him a visit to-morrow.

Sunday, 8th, Nativity of our Lady. We went to mass at the Jesuits' church. There are an immense number of communicants. After three masses, we took coffee with the fathers. They took the greatest interest in the progress of things in England, and were quite *au fait* at the "Gorham case" and its results. M. B—— came in, and conducted us to the bishop's, where we were most kindly received by the bishop-coadjutor, Monsignore Albertis, a Smyrniote, and by him presented to the bishop, an old man of eighty, but full of intelligence. We sat nearly two hours there, and heard a great deal about the state of the Church in

the isles. The bishop-coadjutor is quite a young man, and most striking in appearance and manners. He is apostolic vicar of all Greece Proper, save a few of the isles, which have (like this) their own diocesans, who are under the metropolitan of Naxos. We talked of the Anglican Establishment, and he took so much interest in what we said of the remains of Catholicity which are perceptible in her forms and liturgies, that I translated the Communion Office, Litany, and daily service of the Prayer Book into Latin, and sent it to him next day. We said we thought there was ground to hope that these *débris*, so manifestly incomplete, and, as it were, stolen from the Catholic Church, had led, and would lead, many to the truth. It was difficult to make him understand how completely the spirit of the Establishment was anti-Catholic, so very unlike is it to the letter of the services. This is consolatory, as enabling one to look with charity on others, who (like ourselves) were long deceived by the *species* of that which has departed from the Anglican Church, namely, the dogmas and discipline of the Catholic Church.

Monday, 9th. We walked to a pretty village of villas called Piscopio, from its being on the estate of the bishop, and were pleased to see how much cultivation this little island can shew. One broad valley is quite a picture of southern industry, being a series of vineyards and oliveyards. Interspersed over the whole country, on every height, are small chapels,—the bishop said seventy in number,—where mass is occasionally said. We afterwards

walked about the town. I confess I do not admire what I see here of the Greeks. They seem very clever, but shallow, grasping, vain, and idle. A greater contrast to the Turks can hardly be imagined. Their gravity, politeness, and strict honour and probity, are allowed on all hands among those who really know them. Certainly the contrast between the respectful but dignified salutations with which one is greeted in the streets and ways of Cairo or Damascus, and their respective dependencies, and the rude stare and impertinent remarks of the Syraotes, struck me unpleasantly enough.

Tuesday, 10th. We ordered Epaminondas and the donkeys at two o'clock, to take us up to Purgos, "the Tower", which is the English surveying officer's *cairn* of stones, erected on the summit of the highest mountain in the island. A toilsome scrambling ride and walk of two hours was amply repaid by the view, which takes in nearly the whole of the Cyclades, Negropont, and the line of coast ending with Cape Colonna, which was dimly visible. To the north we had the stern hills of Negropont in the far distance, and all around nearly the whole of the Cyclades. The peculiar forms of the limestone rock, of which the hills of the isles almost exclusively consist, are eminently picturesque.

Wednesday. We paid our farewell visit to the bishop. The old bishop gave us his benediction most affectionately; and we had a long and very interesting conversation with the coadjutor, who kindly invited us to communicate with him by

letter from time to time. M. B—— was about to leave for Naxos, but his boat not being ready, he and the bishop's deacon dined with us before embarking. We bade adieu also to the Jesuit fathers.

Athens ; Thursday, 12th. At five o'clock this morning we were in the harbour of Piræus, after a rough ten hours' passage from Syra. The harbour is (for its size) the most perfect, I should think, in the world. Certainly its adoption instead of, or rather in addition to, the adjacent Phalerum and Munichium, was not the least benefit for which Athens had to thank Themistocles, and did not. How wide seems the application of that law which, by denying their reward to good and useful works in this life, points to some future condition, where this shall be rectified. Great robberies, bloodshed, and injustice, seldom fail to challenge the regard and obtain the rewards of the world, or, more properly, of its prince.

We stood on deck watching the grey dawn, as it revealed the outline of the coast and that of Salamis ; and the charm of Greece dawned with it, indefinable and inexpressible, that most subtle and refined *genius loci*—that mastery of our souls, which sways them with a rod so strong, and yet so gentle, that to escape it is at once beyond our power and beside our will. In a letter of L——'s, which I got in Egypt, he talks of the *Nilosity* of the Nile : it is a good expression. Athens has also its *Atticity*. Its sway increased upon me as we drove up from Piræus, while W—— pointed out the headland where Themistocles lay buried ; the strong substructures of the long walls ;

the sweet groves of the Academy; the long range of Parnes, with the dip through which winds the sacred way to Eleusis, on the left—Cithæron, gold-fringed to the rising sun; the round thyme-clad Hymettus, and the lofty marble peaks of Pentelicon, on the right. As we near the city, and open the Museum hill, the Pnyx and Areopagus appear; while the temple of Theseus (the most perfect specimen of its style in the world), and the Propylea and Parthenon, on the Acropolis above, claim alternately our regard. The sun meanwhile kept seconding my desires, and revealing more and more of these glorious scenes, till it emerged to view, and darted its bright slanting rays over the whole plain. These rays disclosed at a glance all that scene of the struggles and development of the human mind, in the beauty and majesty of its blighted perfection, to which the civilized world looked for ages, as to the source of all wisdom and knowledge, the model of martial prowess, and the type of every form of poetry. Here Plato walked; here Socrates lived and suffered; here sang Æschylus and Sophocles; hence went forth Miltiades and Themistocles, to fight and conquer by sea and land. Here lived a race who conquered their conquerors, and captive at last in body, brought under captivity the proud spirits of their victors, and through them of all mankind. This is the sacred place of *humanity*, the temple of man's intelligence, and the centre of its history. Rome, once the mistress of the world, lives again by the force of that divine system to which her fall was as a temporary scaffold; but

Athens, ruined, trodden down, oppressed by the yoke of a foreign invader, and now made ludicrous by the feigned friendship of foreign allies, by the force of her past history, and the might of her ancient intelligence, yet rules in the minds of men, and sways the destiny of nations who despise her present weakness. How I *wish I could wish* her greatness restored ; but this is as impossible, as it is to a Christian undesirable. Whatever attempts have been made in that direction, have been so plainly “ philosophic”,—that is, in the French sense of anti-Christian,—that it seems manifest that we must look back on the times of pagan Greek intellectual sway as passed (and happily so) for ever.

We drove nearly through the town, which is wonderfully formed, considering that twenty years ago it was a mere Turkish village, to the Hôtel d’Orient, which is opposite the English Embassy, and is a very good one. I found a good many letters waiting for me. In those which spoke of my conversion as to be regretted, I noticed a very different tone from that which they would have had some years since : there was mention of the “ spiritual barrier” thus placed between us, rather than allusion to the civil consequences, which I take to be a very good sign. In my answers I have rather dwelt upon the fact, that as there was before no real spiritual bond between us, so now none has been broken. In the afternoon I called at the Embassy. Mr. and Miss W—— were out, but I received an invitation, and went there in the evening.

Friday, 13th. We had a visit yesterday from

Baron A—— and M. F——, who invited us to accompany them to Marathon. We started therefore in a carriage, about five o'clock a.m., and drove in two hours to Kephisia. We passed on the way the Cephisus (now a dry channel), and close by the western gate of Pentelicon. The road over the plain is a very fair one, and lies partly through olive-yards and fields of Indian corn. At Kephisia we found the horses we had sent on, and, as they were good ones, we reached Marathon in two hours, though the road is bad and very hilly. We were close upon it before we saw the plain. Is it possible, was my thought, that that small marshy plain, hemmed in by the hills, and looked upon by, rather than "looking on" the sea, can have been the scene of that wonderful victory, in which the love of country, and the jealousy of fair fame, checked, by the hands of a few thousand Athenians, the haughty attack of millions, and put to flight the proud conqueror of the East? We descended into the plain, and (one of our party being a German) dined immediately under a tree. After the Teuton had reposed, we mounted our horses again, and rode across the plain to the tumulus which covers the ashes of the brave Athenians. From here the disposition of the field was intelligible. The small number of the Athenians prevented their occupation of the whole length of the plain: they therefore took up a position slanting obliquely from its south-east towards its north-west angle, so that their right flank rested on the hills to the south, and their left on the marsh which runs across from

the north-east to the sea. The Lacedemonians came too late for the fight ; something like another nation, of more modern date. Pausanias tells one of the few ghost stories of antiquity about Marathon. He says that the spirits of the departed warriors haunt the plain at night, and often scare the watching shepherd, or the benighted wayfarer, with their pale apparitions. The moonlight of a Grecian night was the only element we wanted to make the scene a fit one : the day was very cloudy (the first we had seen for many months), and our horses started at the grumblings of a distant storm, as we rode from the tumulus to the tomb of the slaves (marked by a few scattered stones), and back to the hills. As we entered the carriage at Kephisia the rain came down, and poured on till we reached Athens, at about five o'clock. We found in the inn Captain V——, of the "Frolic", and some of his officers, and young F——, a friend of his, whom I remember seeing at Jerusalem ; a Mr. O——, who is the *Times'* correspondent here ; a Spartan deputy, M. D—— ; the Spanish consul, etc. These form a pleasant and amusing party at the table d'hôte. Mr. O—— and the deputy are the chief talkers. The Spaniard is a very nice person. He told us a good deal about his country, which makes me very desirous to see it. He was a pupil of the great theologian, the abbé Balmez, who was (too soon for his country) removed from this life about six months ago. Mr. O—— has been here during the period of the blockade, and has espoused the cause of Greece very warmly. He

declares that the good feeling of the people towards England has never been interrupted, and that the blockade was regarded as incurred and inflicted solely by the respective governments. The consequences to Greek trade have been very serious, and, with the effects of last winter's excessive severity, have sadly impoverished the country. M. D—— is a clever, but not very profound, little man, a representative of one of the great Palio-kari families (the Mauromichalis), who have been suspected as implicated in the late assassination of the foreign secretary, M. Korfistakis. He was poignarded at his own door, the Sunday before last. We are strongly dissuaded from making long excursions just now: the fever is very prevalent, and one poor man, who was acting as attaché here, died of it the other day, owing to an imprudent excursion to Thebes.

Saturday. We drove down to Piræus, and paid a visit to Don Marino, the Catholic curate, to whom we had a letter. He told us that the Misses L—— (one of whom I had met at Dr. ——'s house) had become Catholics, and were living near him. We walked over the promontory of Piræus nearly to the tomb of Themistocles, now merely a sarcophagus hollowed in the rock, and looked out on Elgina and Salamis, and over the bays Munichium and Phalerum. We also visited to-day for the first time (for me) the Acropolis and the temple of Jupiter Olympius.

The Parthenon is admirable: as the expression of the highest possible *merely human* ideal, it is unrivalled and apparently unapproachable, not only

in general effect, but also in its details. Vast as it is, the impression is yet not of vastness, but of perfect symmetry and beauty. That the material aids this very much is undeniable, but the spirit which animates it is that of the most civilized people which heathen antiquity produced; it is the result of a climate, of a civil polity, of a social condition, which has no parallel in history, of a national mind animated by those aspirations after truth and excellence, which a Plato and Socrates could illustrate and define, but which nothing merely human could satisfy. Short of inspiration, I can imagine no forms of poetry more complete than the architecture and sculptures of the Parthenon. From this day we visited the Parthenon daily till we left Athens, and the effect on the mind was wonderful. Its ruins seemed to me like the fall of some noble and beautiful man, in whom, while the commands of religion and the love of virtue bid us abhor what is evil, the voice of nature prompts us to pity the evil, and to love whatever we dare. The Acropolis, in its glory, must have been the most magnificent and lovely of man's works. None but an inspired apostle could have dared, looking up to that proud front, over which towered the colossal form of the virgin patroness of Athens, to denounce from the Areopagus below, the false gods of so beautiful a superstition. Therefore perhaps it was that the great apostle of the Gentiles was bid raise his voice from the hill of Mars below, and declare to the wisdom of the Greeks a truth they had not ere now dreamt of, and which should transcend their own lofty

aspirations even further than they did those of their fellow-creatures.

From the Propylea we had most glorious sunset views of the fair plain, the goodly homes, and craggy mountains of Attica. The temple of Jupiter Olympius is as completely Roman as the Parthenon is Greek. I do not mean to say that the work is not Greek, but the idea is Roman. Hadrian, who completely rebuilt this part of the town, and added a new suburb to it in this direction, must have done more than complete the great temple of Jove, whose history would be almost that of the Athenians, from the age of Pericles to that of Hadrian. The impression conveyed by twelve or fourteen remaining Corinthian columns of the temple, is of Roman grandeur and power, dealing with the materials which the quarries of Pentelicon and the art of Athens placed at their disposal. The difficulty of reconciling what Pausanias says about this temple, with the idea conveyed by the ruins themselves, and Hadrian's inscription on his neighbouring gateway, is great. But may not Hadrian have pulled down the cella and peristyle of the temple ?* We again visited the temple of Theseus ; its proportions and size seem to me to second the idea of the Doric temple most completely. The eye and mind take it in altogether as a whole, at one glance : no building I have ever seen is so thoroughly satisfactory in its kind.

Sunday, 15th. This morning I went to mass at

* This inscription sets forth that Hadrian was the *builder* of this temple, and of the whole new quarter of the city.

the little parish church. It is unworthily small for the capital of a Catholic sovereign ; but the king (who is a very good Catholic) has a chapel in the palace, and so, though the ground for a new church has been bought, it is not yet commenced. The congregation was small but devout. After breakfast we walked with the Spanish consul to see the procession of the 3rd of September (old style), the anniversary of the last revolution. The queen, as regent in the king's absence, went in state to hear "Te Deum" in the Greek cathedral. She is a very nice looking person, and is very popular. We saw two brothers of the emperor of Austria, who are here on a visit. One is strikingly like the emperor ; neither of them very intelligent-looking. In the evening we walked out to hear some music near the favourite promenade of the Athenians. The only thing I heard was the air of a national dance—the Romaic, which is the modern representative of the Pyrrhic. I cannot say much for it, save that it is characteristic. I have heard no national music in Greece, and I believe there is none. Whatever airs they use are either Turkish, which one hears in every *cafeneion*, or modern Italian. Thus the man who drove us from Argos to Nauplia sang the "Diavolo" song, from "Fra Diavolo", to Greek words.

Monday, 16th. Chiefly passed in the Acropolis, and in reading and writing. In the evening I went to the Embassy. Talked much to Mr. W—— about the state and prospects of Greece. He corroborated what I heard from the curate, father Constantine, as to the state of public and private morality here.

Tuesday. Drove to Eleusis with Baron A—— and M. F——. Looking back on Athens and its plain, from the highest point of the pass, backed by Hymettus and Pentelicon, I thought the view charming, even without its associations; but the mind peopled the winding road, as it stole down the pass and across the plain to the Academic groves, with the solemn pomp of some thousands of gallant and gay Athenians, setting forward, priest-led, and clad in glittering robes and bright garlands, to bring their yearly offerings to kindly Ceres, and fancy gave “enchantment to the view”. We stopped to look into a Greek church of the Crusaders’ time, in which the Byzantine form had prevailed over the builders’ native traditions, and almost mastered their customary details. Shortly afterwards we emerged from the pass, and still tracing the sacred way in certain cuttings through the rock, drove along the bay of Salamis. The plain of Eleusis was before us, with its village, port, and Acropolis; and on the left that memorable bight of sea, on which Xerxes beheld from the neighbouring promontory his goodly galleys sunk and captured by the masterly attack of Themistocles. That the great historian of Athens, and the poets and authors generally, of his nation, may have exaggerated their hero’s prowess, I think more than probable; but on what reasonable grounds we can doubt that the victory of Salamis was a hardly-contested one, and very nobly won, I know not; and I was therefore not inclined to check the enthusiasm with which I looked on those narrow waters,

the scene of so great a triumph. The ruins at Eleusis are considerable. The most interesting is the masonry of the port, which must have been small, however. Still, the plain and "seat of Ceres" well repays a visit. We passed the evening at the Acropolis, and on the neighbouring heights.

Wednesday. We drove down to Piræus, and paid a visit to father Marino, and to the Misses L——. Their account, both of their own reception, and of that of many of our acquaintances, into the Church, was most interesting. They had a good deal of quiet suffering and persecution to go through, and seemed (as we heard from several quarters) to be bearing it admirably. We paid them so long a visit, that I had hardly time to look round the Acropolis at our return to Athens.

Thursday, 19th. Our last day at Athens, as we have resolved to go with the boat to Nauplia, thence by land to Corinth, and so to Corfu. We took our sad farewell of the Acropolis, and then scrambling down by the theatre of Bacchus, revisited the temple of Jupiter Olympius, and hastened before sunset along the banks of the Ilyssus to the Stadium. Here turning, we saw the sun set over the loveliest landscape and foreground conceivable. In the far distance were the outlines of Ægina and the craggy mountains of Morea, then a long reach of the gulf of Ægina, the headland above Phalerum, and a wide tract of the olive-clad plain, framed in by Hymettus and the Museum, with its crown, Philopappus' monument, while nearer towered on the right the ever-glorious Parthenon on its lofty seat.

The tall white columns of the Olympian Jove's gorgeous shrine stood out against the crimson sky, and seemed to ask a reflexion in the now dry bed of the Ilyssus, which meandered beneath our feet. We walked once more through the streets of the tripods, saluted the graceful monument of Lysicrates, and returned into the city.

Before returning home we called on the curate, and were sorry to find that he was still confined to his room with the fever from which so many of his flock were suffering. Young F—— is to join us in our excursion to the Morea. In the evening I went to the embassy. Mrs. —— had just arrived from England; she said that the conversions to the Church were so numerous, and of such distinguished persons, that we might soon look for conversions *en masse*.

I talked again with Mr. W—— about the state of Greece; what I hear from him, and every body else to whom I have spoken on the subject, convinces me that the prospect of this country taking a real national position among other European states, is either very remote or almost entirely visionary. The same fatal party divisions and lawless state which were the result and produced the protraction of the war of independence, rage unextinguished at the present day. And this (I will say unhappily), not because they are unextinguishable, but because a weak and unprincipled government dreams of security for itself in the intestine war and moral degradation of a nation; and because two of the three powers who guaranteed the independence of Greece, sacrifice her welfare to

the vain glory of their ascendancy, or to more definite hopes of territorial acquisition. The system of Colletti has become in the eyes of the Greek government a necessary evil ; they have not faith to believe that the sacrifice of place and patronage for a time would be, though an immediate, a far less enduring evil to themselves and the country than the corruption of every department of the public service, and the undermining of the religion and morals of the whole people. The systematic irritation of parties, the complete corruption of every branch of the public service, the tampering even with the sacred functions of the judge and the priest, are the maxims which France has imposed on the Greek government as the safeguards of the palladium of authority, and which that government is infatuated enough to accept and maintain. Nor does Russia meet the crying evils of her *protégé's* condition with other remedies than those which have produced her sickness unto death. It is party against party, intrigue against intrigue, corruption against corruption.

English prejudice and jealousy may be alleged as the grounds of this view, but I appeal to the most evident facts. If it is a fact that even murderers have received, and are receiving, the patronage of the court and government for political services and influence,—if it is a fact that justice has been tampered with by the chief of the government, to afford protection to notorious offenders whose influence was needed to counteract that of others,—if it is true that the source of public instruction is polluted by the introduction of French infidel philosophy,

and the press and literature of Greece poisoned by the infusion of French morality,—then, I think, my case is established: and these facts are notorious to every one who has been but for a week at Athens *with his eyes open*. The people are not spoilt even yet; but a system of corrupt centralization which places power in the hands of men the most unscrupulous and most unfit to yield it, disgusts those spirits to whom alone Greece should look for safety and greatness. The ostracism of heterochthones, and the corruption of the elections, has banished from public affairs the only two decentralizing elements which Greece possesses, that of the commercial and that of the agricultural interests. Every swaggering ruffian of a palikari, and every rascally half-educated *gamin*, who has learnt to despise authority and truth in Paris or in Italy, has a chance, nay a preference, as a public man, which all the adjuncts of position, worth and talent fail to afford to honest men; and the reason is, because they who fear nothing but poverty, and love nothing but their own interests, are ever the readiest and most unscrupulous tools of a corrupting government. If it is said that English ascendancy would be no better for Greece than that of France and Russia, I answer that to say nothing on that head (though I do believe that English constitutional principles, and English *respect for law*, would not be without effect for good in this country), it is, and ever has been, foreign to the intentions of England to set up and maintain a rival foreign ascendancy here. It is against *all* foreign ascendancy that she protests;

and the blame which I have heard bestowed on our present representative, that he *creates no English party*, is to my mind his highest praise, and I am sure his own dearest object. What English influence might do, and I trust will do, is to support whatever is true and right, and to expose and denounce lies and injustice, and fraud, and homicide, wherever and by whomsoever committed. These are principles which, if consistently maintained, by any appreciable proportion of a nation, *must* work upward; and if England can foster or inspire a regard for virtue and respect for law in one Greek's mind, she will have done more for his country than all the boasted philosophic and civilising influence of France, or all the Russian protection of her Church and government, by dint of much money and diplomacy, can ever effect. The strengthening of whatever is commonly moral, or at least not flagrantly immoral, in this poor country, is too stale and plain a plan for regenerating society to be adopted by the philosophic and disreputable representative of the great republic, or for the crooked policy of the great autocrat. I wish I could say I had seen among the Greeks many who seemed to believe that patriotism could consist in the commonplace virtues catalogued in the ten commandments.

The saddest part of the story is that they who should lead in this great work are themselves astray; I mean the clergy, as a class the most inefficient and ignorant men of the whole community. This I assert not on the testimony of Catholics, but on that of Greek laymen themselves. If their tes-

timony is excepted to, as of men of vicious habits who are prone to vilify the clergy, I could name two at least of my informants, one an autochthone, and the other a heteroethone, diametrically opposed to each other on political subjects, who are quite above such a suspicion. I will say, moreover, that such accusations, even of enemies, do not commonly proceed on grounds utterly false, simply because they would then be self-detected. Thus, for instance, no French socialist, however savage against the clergy in France, pretends that they are ignorant or inactive; he knows that facts are too plainly against him, and urges more congruous objections:

Friday, 20th. We were up at three o'clock, and drove down to Piræus before five. Being very late, we only had time to greet father Marino, who had kindly been on board to see us off, and to receive from him a letter which Miss L—— kindly sent us, containing a long list of new conversions to the Church. That of our friends the A——s was very welcome to us. We had a very nice ten hours' passage to Nauplia. Athens has certainly an inexpressible charm about it, and under other circumstances I should not have got away so soon. Ægina with its Doric temple, and the high peaks of the mountains of Morea, kept us company during the first part of our voyage, and then the islands of Hydra and Spezzia. Hydra is a very striking town, of considerable size, built in a double theatre round the steep banks of one of the snuggest-looking harbours I ever saw. The cultivated look of the country, and newness of many of the houses, sug-

gested the idea of a flourishing place. Spezzia is also a nice island, with a fair harbour. We steamed up the gulf of Nauplia (di Romania) about four. The Palamede, the Acropolis of Nauplia, is a very strong-looking place, and gives one a great notion of the heroism of the poor Greeks, who wrested it by sheer valour and impetuous assault from their Turkish oppressors. Answering to this lofty rock, at the opposite bend from the bay, stands out the Acropolis of Argos, and midway between the two, on the fertile but half-cultivated plain, the eye detects Hercules' home of Tiryns, now a wide heap of earth. In the extreme background of the plain, a division in the lower range of the great rocky hills which hem it in, nearly reveals the distant Mycenæ, the home and tomb of Agamemnon. We waited awhile to fill our sight with this eventful scene, and then landed, and got into a carriage, which our active little servant Demetrius had procured us, and drove off to Tiryns and Argos. Tiryns, the home of the most definite of Varro's forty-three Hercules, viz., the son of Jove and Alcmena, is about four miles from Napoli, and scarce a hundred paces off the road to Argos. It consists now of an irregular heap of earth, faced with Cyclopean masonry of the first period (that is, the irregular polygonal), where the depressions of the rock which gives it consistency required the defence of a wall. On the further side from the road may be seen a doorway with two flanking towers, which I suppose are as early a specimen of fortification as any known. On the opposite side is the doorway with an arched head,

about which so much controversy has been stirred, some thinking that the principle of the arch is detected in it, and others not. I think it is not, but that the mere form is given (as in the temple of Deer-el-Beree at Thebes) by hollowing out the horizontal layers of stone.

We drove across the rich plain of Argos, enjoying the magnificent scene of plain and mountain, sea and land, which varied as the sun hastened to its bed, and just reached Argos as it quenched its light behind the high mountains above the Acropolis. The theatre is truly Greek, being carved out of the hill side whose rocky bed is further eked out on either side by artificial structures. The ranges of seats are almost perfect to the top in some places, and so well disposed for sound, that one of us on the stage was plainly heard at the top without effort to himself. There are two large masses of Roman brick which seem to have flanked the stage. A little to the north of the theatre is a basilica carved in the rock. It still has the bema with its conched apse, and places for the assessors, about half the length of the hall. It is very small, but in so perfect a state as to be well worth a visit.

Saturday, 24th. We slept on board, and went on shore before sunrise this morning. By six o'clock we were in our wretched little calèche, and on our way to Mycenæ. The road is very fair nearly all the way, and lies through the middle of the fat plain of Argos. About nine o'clock we got to the end of the "carrossable" road, and mounted our horses and rode on in about twenty minutes to

Mycenæ. The remains have the air of the most remote antiquity. The first object we come to is the tomb of Agamemnon, or treasury of Atreus; for it is called by these and half a dozen other names. It consists of a large conical circular vault, of some twenty feet diameter, sunk (whether originally I know not) in the earth, entered by a door over which was once a triangular stone pediment. It is now lighted by a round hole at the top. The masonry is of the third Cyclopean period (that is, of quadrilateral, but not rectangular, stones), and the construction appears to me very curious. The whole converges with great regularity to the centre, where, however, the *key-stone* is wanting. Within this chamber is a rock-hewn quadrilateral one, which inclines one to suppose it is a tomb. If so, why not Agamemnon's?—a thought which made one enter reverently the possible resting-place of that “king of men”.

Near this we noticed another cone-shaped chamber sunk in the earth. As far as I could see, the stones here were not layed horizontally, but in converging wedges, so that the arch principle was clearly used. The other remains consist of a large portal, with a flat architrave, and a pediment of a single stone of some eight feet high, on which are two rampant lions; and large remains of walls with another portal, of the second Cyclopean period, of multangular stones with hewn faces.

Mycenæ lies in the mouth of the gorge through which the road to Corinth passes, and seems at once to command the plain and to guard the moun-

tain pass. The way from hence to Nemea is beautiful, lying chiefly by the side of a murmuring brook, through a succession of oleanders and myrtles. We halted to lunch under some vines at noon, and then rode on to Nemea. The temple lies in ruins, the most regular I ever saw. The drums of the columns are in lines, and their bases in their original positions: this being the effect of an earthquake. The temple was Doric, and of considerable size and admirable proportions. On the brow of a hill to the south-east is the cave of the Nemean lion, a well-chosen residence on the part of that respectable beast.

Hence we rode to Corinth in about two hours, and arrived at four o'clock. As we emerged from the hills, and overlooked the plain and gulf of Corinth, I had rarely seen a finer or more interesting view. Below us was the fertile belt of olive-clad plain; on the left, the apparently interminable vista of the mountains of Morea; and before us, the lake-like gulf, girt in by a double range of mountains. Parnassus to the north-west, and Helicon over against us, and Parnes and Hymettus showing dimly to the north-east, shine pre-eminent in height and interest. Then came the isthmus and the white huts of Corinth; and, on the right, the lofty and vast wall-girt height of Acrocorinthus.

Sunday, 22nd. Corinth, once proud and luxurious to such a degree that its expenses were proverbially too great for most men to reside there in the habitual splendour of its inhabitants, now receives its guests in an inn so squalid and small, that it might have

done for "great Villiers" to die in, and that it nearly killed us, great and small; for here we were joined by Baron A—— and F——, and had to sleep two in one room, and three in another. To-day was very hot, and we were very tired, poor F——, also, was very unwell; so we only saw the temple. It is said to be of Venus, but I should think it was rather of Neptune, from the site (on the isthmus) and the style, which is very early Doric. About eight columns remain, and are remarkable from the very large echinus. In the evening F—— and I rode up to Acro-Corinth, and hence we had a most delightful view, from Acarnania on the one hand, to Attica and Athens itself on the other; and to the south over a great part of the Morea. The *enceinte* of the fortress is large, but I should think modern engineers would not consider it strong, as it is commanded by more than one height, though certainly at some distance. The isthmus looks a span across, and I should think might be easily canaled.

Monday. W—— and I rode over to Callimachus, on the other side of the isthmus. Before we left, Dr. D—— and some friends of his came in. He told me some Oxford news, especially the death of the president of Trinity, which I regret to hear. F—— and the others rode straight down to Lutrachi. We visited, *en passant*, the Theatre of Corinth, which is excavated in a natural dip between two rocks (like the Stadium at Athens), and appears to have been but slightly aided by building. Near Callimachi is Cenchreæ, the haven

whence S. Paul departed on his return from Corinth; but, as there are no remains there, we did but look at it from a distance. Nearer Callimachi the road passes through the great Stadium of the Isthmian games. The remains are very wide-spread and extensive, and seem to indicate, beside the Stadium, the existence of a Forum, with numerous adjoining buildings, and long walls. At Callimachi we found that the steamer had arrived, with our luggage, and a number of passengers. We were on the point of starting, when B—— (an Oxford friend) and another man appeared. They had landed from their yacht at Lutrachi, and were on their way to Athens. B—— told me, among other things, that he approved of the Catholic religion, (!) but he thought he should *stick to the old shop* at present. However, he was very kind, and asked us to visit his yacht. We then parted with Dimitri, who is really a good guide, and drove over to Lutrachi. The steamer did not start till sunset. Meanwhile, we and M. M——, a very agreeable Greek from Bucharest, whom we met at Athens, went on board B——'s yacht, whence we carried off a pamphlet of his on Ithaca. He told me he had got up a seminary for the Greek clergy at Corfu,—which I afterwards heard was a failure.

Tuesday, 24th. We had a delightful voyage down the gulf to Patras, where we stopped long enough to take a Turkish bath, and wander about the town buying *rhatlikum* ("lumps of delight"), a very nice sort of "pâte de jujube" which the Turks make. The fertile and cultivated plain, and the noble

mountains which enclose it, are very beautiful. Patras was the scene of S. Andrew's martyrdom; but there are no traces of any ancient church, so far as I saw. The mountains on the opposite coast of Acarnania have a volcanic look. We were off Missolonghi at three o'clock, but too far to see much of this modern Marathon, as it surely may be called; for its defence against the Turks, in the spring of 1826, should put it on the same level of fame. We stopped but for a few moments in the admirable harbour of Zante, at midnight. A bright moon shewed us somewhat of this most fertile, if not most beautiful, of the Ionian Isles: not but that its beauties seemed also considerable.

Wednesday, 25th. Passed S. Maura, with Sappho's Leap, which Mr. A. de Vere was so shocked at hearing a fellow-passenger call "the scene of a deplorable accident"! and in the afternoon we got into the *comfortable* harbour of Corfu, in the middle of a violent thunder-storm, which obligingly ceased just in time for us to land. We went to the "Bella Venezia", a clean, quiet, and not too English, inn.

Thursday. Went to the mass at the Duomo. After mass, the priest who said it spoke to me. I asked him for a confessor who spoke French or English, and he kindly took us to the abbé S——, Catholic chaplain to the forces, with whom we had a long conversation. Our friend abbate M—— told us that there are six thousand Catholics here (about a tithe of the whole population), but much oppressed and annoyed by the fanaticism of the Greeks; and that the archbishop, Dr. Nicholson,

was, and had been for some time, in England, to try and get the injustice of the Ionian law towards Catholics ameliorated. Abbate S—— kindly asked us to dine with him, which I accepted; but W——, having to sail this morning for Ancona, was unable to profit by his hospitality. I accompanied him on board the steamer, and felt not a little uncomfortable when I returned alone to the island. Ten years of constant companionship, during which I had every day fresh experience of his excellent and admirable qualities, rendered his departure a real trial to me. In the evening I went to Benediction at the garrison chapel. It was the third day of a tridium, appointed on account of the menacing approach of the cholera, which is already very bad at Zante and other of the islands. The litanies and “*Pange lingua*” were sung with fervour by a large congregation, among whom was a number of soldiers. But the most pleasing thing to me was, to see the altar served and torches held by the red-coats. It was the first time I was among fellow-Catholics of my own tongue and country, and the interest was the greater, as these good soldiers reminded me of one near and dear to me (of whose conversion I was then unaware). The garrison chapel is very handsomely restored, entirely by the self-denying contributions of the poor soldiers; and their excellent chaplain could not be loud enough in their praises. Here was another point—for there are very many indeed—on which Church membership enabled me to take so new a view, and detect so great an error, that I was quite startled—I mean

the state and character of the Irish nation. Their very misfortunes are to many English people merely a subject of scorn and reproach : so sadly does sectarianism pervert and blind the moral sense. How gladly now one recognizes (with Mr. Godolphin Osborne, an Anglican clergyman, and therefore surely an unprejudiced witness) that their religion is a treasure which bears them up triumphantly under oppression and wrong and calumny, and controls an excitable and passionate people, where every other check would but chafe them into open resistance ; whereas before one used coolly to overlook the wrongs heaped upon them during centuries, and for the most part still existing, and talk of them as an injuring, rather than an injured people.

Friday, 27th. To mass early, and I then bade adieu to MM. S—— and M——. F——'s uncle, who is secretary to the Lord High Commissioner, came down with us to the boat. His chief does not seem popular, either with the English or the natives. I imagine he is a severe ruler ; but I confess I think his conduct in the late *émeute*, not only *justified*, but necessary. By dint of Lord Palmerston's manœuvres, and Mr. Freeborn's puppets, Corfu had become the *foyer* of revolutionary movement ; and if Sir H. Ward had not hung a few of his indigenous malcontents, "pour encourager les autres", much blood must have been shed before order could have been re-established.* On board

* One cannot, however, but admire the versatility of the Foreign Secretary, who shoots Corfiotes, for trying that which

of the steamer we found several English officers of the garrison, going home and elsewhere, on leave, and many of our previous fellow-passengers.

Sunday, 29th, Trieste. At two o'clock, P.M., after a prosperous voyage, we once more set foot on European terra firma. It was within a day of ten months since I left this same port for the east. I could not land without emotions of gratitude for the protection and great happiness afforded me during that time, and was glad to find myself just in time to join the multitude of worshippers in the great church of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus at benediction. Most of them seemed Styrian peasants, who had come into the town for the day. They all sang the "Pange lingua" in their own tongue with wonderful *ensemble* and great devotion. After benediction I inquired for letters, and finding none, determined to leave next morning for Venice, there to await them. After dinner, at the table d'hôte, F—— and I walked up the hill on which the cathedral stands. We found the church shut, and it was too dark to distinguish more than that the west doorway and base of the tower shewed romanesque details of great beauty. Returning into the town, we stopped at the Exchange buildings, which are very handsome, and include rooms for reading the papers, conversation, billiards, and refreshment. The town looks very thriving and prosperous, in spite of the recent political events which affected

he encouraged every one (except British subjects) to do, namely, rebel against their rulers.

its commerce so fatally for a time. When the young emperor was here in the spring, this exchange was illuminated with various devices, and among others the emperor's initials, F. G. I. (Francesco Giuseppe Imperatore), which some rueful wag on Change interpreted to mean, "fallito generale inevitabile"! (universal and inevitable bankruptcy), an augury happily not yet justified.

Monday, 30th Sept. We left most of our fellow-travellers here, but F—— accompanied me this morning to Venice. We had also on board K——, an Oxonian, and G—— of the Engineers. We had a roughish six hours' passage, with much rain. Venice is not nearly so imposing when approached from this side as it is from the other; perhaps, too, my memory had, during ten years' absence, rather overcoloured the picture of the "sea Cybele's" glories which I had so long carried with me. We settled at the "Hôtel de la Ville", or "de l'Empereur d'Autriche" (for the landlord seems to keep a Janus-like signboard to meet political emergencies) on the Grand Canal, and found it a very good one. Here I passed nearly three weeks, waiting for my letters, which owing to a variety of accidents were delayed nearly that time, and beguiling the hours by daily visits to one "lion" or another, whereof, as Mr. Murray affords account enough to recall them to my mind, I shall here write no detailed description. I found I had forgotten much—S. Mark's, for instance, was not nearly so large as *my* S. Mark's; but, on the other hand, the gorgeous effect of the whole roof and cupolas covered with brilliant mo-

saics on gold grounds, was like a new and before-unseen vision of semi-eastern magnificence. I usually went to high mass on Sunday at St. Mark's. After it, the cardinal patriarch* mounts the marble pulpit, on the south side of the choir arch, and gives an instruction. He sits, and his chaplain and cross-bearer stand a little behind him. The whole nave was crowded with attentive listeners, chiefly of the lower class. His discourses (a series on the Creed) were admirably clear and simple, and yet such as the most learned might listen to with advantage. The picturesqueness of these assemblies in the glorious basilica was wonderful. I went daily either to San Samuele, close to the hotel, or to some other church, to mass, and conceived a very high opinion of the piety of the poorer inhabitants of Venice. Of course here as everywhere the pious

* There are in all six patriarchs of the Latin rite (besides the numerous Catholic patriarchs of other rites) exclusive of the pope, who is "patriarch of the West". These are, in the East, the patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem: the last alone being a resident patriarch, with ordinary jurisdiction, and the other three titles conferred "*in partibus infidelium*". In the West, two patriarchs, of Venice and of Lisbon, are resident, and have ordinary jurisdiction. The patriarchate see of Venice was transferred thither from Grado in 1451, by Pope Eugenius IV: that at Grado had been erected by Pope S. Gregory VII, in 717. The patriarchate of Lisbon was erected by Clement XI, in 1716. There is a title of honorary primacy (analogous to that conferred on Constantinople, with regard to the existing patriarchates of the East) called the patriarchate of the Indies, which is bestowed by the supreme pontiff on one of the Spanish bishops. It is now held by the bishop of Carthagená.

are in the minority, but it seems a very large one. In the evening I found large congregations in every church for the rosary and litanies. They seem to be always said in Latin. The Venetian is too vulgar and unformed a tongue, and Italian would be unintelligible to the common people. The presence of thousands of Austrian soldiers accounts for the absence of any shew of political feeling, but I believe it exists chiefly in the upper classes, the *mezzoceto*, and nobility, not in the mass of the people, especially in the country. The reason is obvious; the Austrian policy has been to check all attempts at advancement in the career of the liberal professions on the part of the natives, and to throw difficulties in the way of commerce and agriculture. To the day-labourer and workman, the restrictions which gail his betters are of small moment; so that he gets paid for his labour, he cares not very much whose hand bestows his wages; but the upper classes, especially the impetuous and highly-intellectual Italian youth, writhe under civil disabilities which preclude them from the legitimate exercise of political and social rights. Certainly this is a very rotten state of things, and one which cannot last; but the excesses of some, and the extreme opinions of almost all of the Lombards and Venetians, render it nearly impossible for Austria to alter her policy. The only chance seems a sweeping administrative reform, and the gradual restoration of the natives to political rights; but they spoil their game by their fiery and intolerant hatred of the government, and so force it to go on with the old

coercive system. I doubt not that many of the Italians are estimable and reasonable men, but these are not the men who are heard or respected in a popular movement. Here, as everywhere else, curses not loud but deep are uttered *by all parties* against the recent foreign policy of England; it is their sole point of agreement that they have been betrayed into a hundred errors by the representations of England. The advantages purchased at the price of general distrust and hatred must be solid indeed to be worth the cost.

The Manfrini gallery is about to be sold, and I therefore visited it several times; it certainly is one that contains less *trash* than any I know, yet I confess few of the pictures are pleasing and interesting to the eye of one who does not pretend to be a connoisseur. Of those which I came back to with pleasure, I remember a Holy Family of Gregorio Lazzarini, and a St. John Baptist of Cavdone, a picture which preaches to one in the very spirit of the holy and ascetic Forerunner. Utterly unconscious of self, he seems to gaze with prophetic eyes into space, as though "seeing" Him whom he heralded, "but as yet not nigh". Then also there is a crucified Christ, of Turchi, treated with startling reality. A Holy Family of Maratta, exquisite for feeling and expression. A sweet Madonna giving the Saviour to St. Simeon, by Giovanni di Udine; and one with a sleeping Christ, by Salvi (Sassoferrato), not more admirable for the beauty of the painting than for the expression. Here also are the two Carlo Dolces, the Magdalene and S. Cecilia,

which are in duplicate at Dresden. The S. Cecilia is the best, but even her one would not be at all surprised to meet in a drawing-room: a matronly married woman. How annoying it is that correct drawing and painting seem so generally attained at the expense of a lofty ideal! Why should well-drawn, and well-painted, and beautiful saints, always be such *mere* men and women; and those holy painters of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, who seem to hanker after some vision vouchsafed them waking or sleeping by heavenly visitants, rarely appear able to draw them with possible proportions and attitudes? I look to Overbeck and his school for a leading towards that desired combination of holy and lofty ideal with technical skill in execution, which Raphael glided through (not without leaving glorious traces) in his first style. There is a very touching picture here, by Gessi, representing some wounded and slain infants (Holy Innocents, I suppose) lying heaped together in most piteous beauty; and one of the finest Rembrandts I ever saw. In the Accademia I passed several mornings; it would be endless to attempt to recall its treasures; Titian's Assumption, great in colouring and composition as it is, so that one sits and drinks in its beauties by the hour, is not satisfying in expression. Our Lady is not (if I may say so) *respectfully* treated, so that to criticize her figure and expression would require irreverent strictures. But the Presentation of our Lady is all that we can wish for. Her figure and mien as she walks alone up the great steps of the temple, the admired of all be-

holders, is transcendently beautiful, and forces one to join in the general "Ave!" which seems to burst forth from the surrounding groups below, and from the venerable high-priest at the threshold of the temple.

I had a letter to Mr. R. B——, and he was most kind to me during my stay. He has lived here seventeen years in ever-increasing enthusiasm for the glorious Venetian republic of old times, whose archives have formed the subject of his investigations. I respect an enthusiasm beyond everything (and proportionally dislike people with "well-regulated minds"), and especially one which venerates the mighty dead, and loves to make their good deeds live again, to cheer and encourage us in this work-a-day world. Mr. R. B—— quite lives among those noble old Venetians, and I hope will some day give to the world some more of the results of his long intercourse with them. He has already published the *Diaries and Itinerary of the noble Marin Sanuto*, an ornament of the signory in the fifteenth century. Of all his collections, I was most interested in those concerning our last archbishop of Canterbury, the saintly and learned Reginald, Cardinal Pole, who had so much connexion with the great and good of Venice in his exile. In all that dreary period, the latter years of Henry VIII, Edward, and Mary, the mind has but three or four characters on which it can rest with pleasure among the odious crowd of sycophants and apostates which throng the pages of English history. Sir Thomas More, the holy bishop Fisher of Rochester, Queen

Mary herself, and her "good cousin Pole", as she affectionately calls the cardinal-primate, are indeed as oases in that "howling wilderness" of fierce passions. Pole is perhaps the most lovely of these holy people; so firm and yet so gentle, so brave to suffer, and so tender to inflict suffering. Mr. B—— lent me his transcript of some manuscripts of the cardinal's intimate and attached friend, the noble Venetian Ludovico Priuli, in which he gives an account of his receiving the pallium for Canterbury at St. Mary Arches church in London. That place was chosen, as it appears, because the queen feared to give offence to the Protestants by having the ceremony performed at Canterbury. The cardinal had appointed a preacher on the occasion, but as he entered the church, some of the parishioners (some whining puritans, I should guess from their language) besought him to "break the bread of the word to his flock". On this he expressed himself not only willing but most happy to do so, and preached an excellent sermon, explaining the meaning of the pope's sending the pallium as the means and type of unity. Speaking of the misery of religious division, he alluded to the late schism which he had recently terminated, and said warningly, "If ye had known, at least in that your day, the things which regard your peace", with such emotion and pathetic tones, that all who heard him were moved, and many, like himself, to tears; and then he seemed to glance prophetically forward to the coming evil days of the scattering of his sheep, when it would have to be added concerning so

many of them, "but now they are hid from your eyes". Another letter describes his death, which (like that of his cousin and sovereign good Queen Mary, on the same day) was the death of the righteous. I hope Mr. R. B—— will be persuaded to give these, and a series of hitherto unpublished documents illustrative of English history, to the public.

I made two excursions to Padua, the Oxford of Italy, and made a fruitless search for some memorials of Cardinal Pole, who studied there, and became the intimate friend of some of the greatest scholars of that or of any other day. In the courtyard of the University, under the cloisters, are the armorial bearings and names of the most distinguished students for centuries back, which reminded me of the little black tablets in the College at Winchester, and the less regular memorials at Eton and Harrow. Many of the names are English, and carried me off in spirit to far distant scenes and associations of days now utterly vanished. G—— was with me the first time I was at Padua, but the second time I went alone, and passed the greater part of the day in the Botanical Garden, looking at the manifold cupolas and towers of St. Antonio's church and city. Padua took my fancy very much; it is a place in which one would like to live out the last feeble days of life. Petrarch was a canon here; I think few in this cold material age understand him. It is so pleasant, too, to despise, that many prefer it to admiring anything, especially anything that they do not quite comprehend. Hence the

Protestant tone of despising the Catholic religion and practices ; they cannot understand mysteries, so they despise them.

On the 19th of October I left Venice, with much regret. Passing Padua, I strained my eyes to catch a last glimpse of Giotto's chapel, the most interesting monument of its kind in Europe, and arrived at Verona late in the evening. I had forgotten its situation, but remembered enough of the town to wander out by moonlight without fear of losing myself. The modern details, of shops, etc., were lost in the deep shadows of the night ; and the broad outlines and masses of the churches and great buildings, belonged to the middle ages rather than the present.

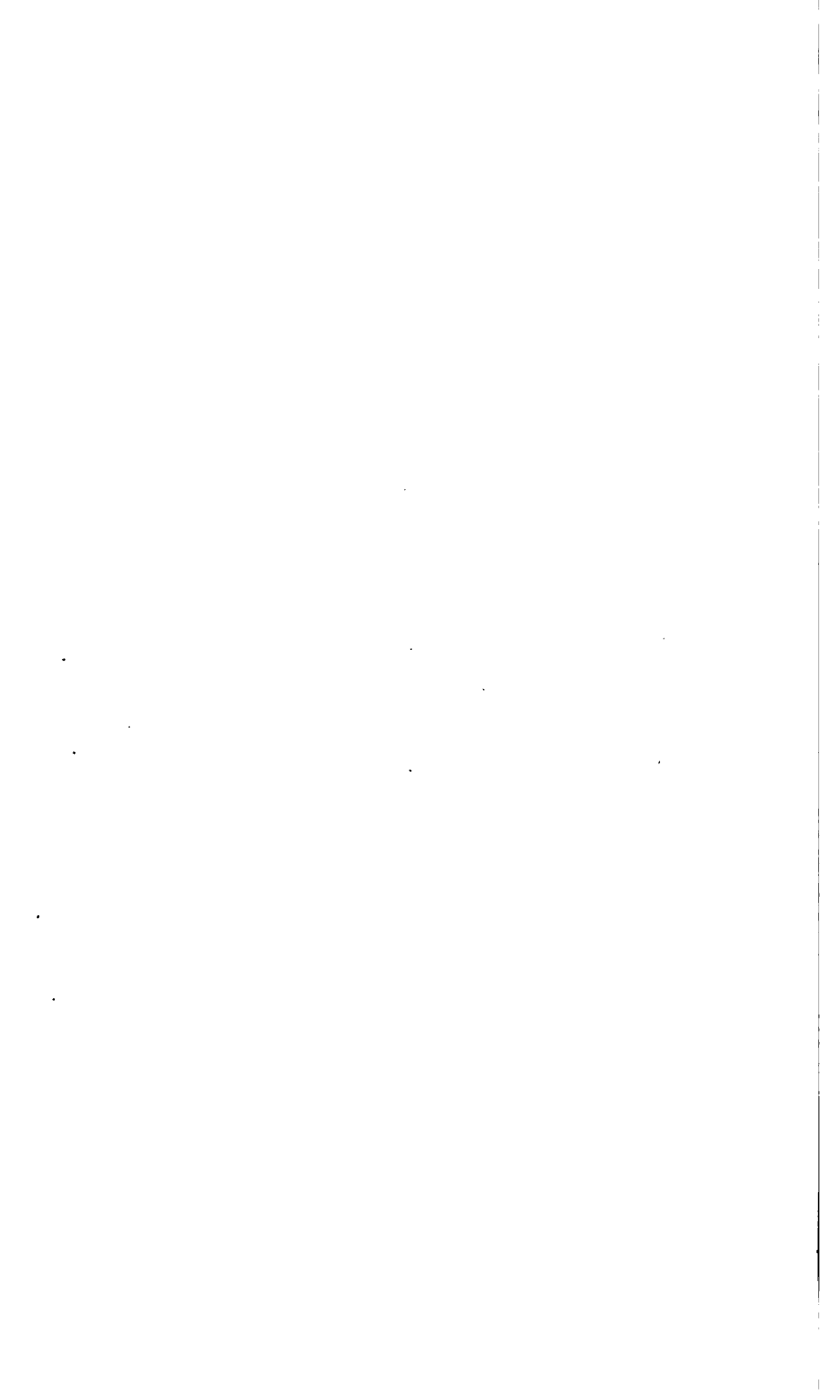
Sunday, 20th. I was at early mass in the cathedral, and here, as at Venice, rejoiced in the crowd of fervent worshippers and communicants of the lower class who thronged to the altars. Late in the day I heard another mass, in a fine first-pointed church. After I left the church, I asked a passenger its name, and was not a little pleased to find it was dedicated to S. Thomas of Canterbury, our first pattern in the long career of suffering for conscience-sake, which they who will not render to Cæsar the things that are God's have been called on to undergo in the "island of the saints". As I neared home, and met more and more of my countrymen (among them many acquaintances of former years), I had begun to feel the painfulness of that kind of suffering. Cold courtesy, and silence from good words, welcomed me back to Europe and the

society of my own nation ; and I had perhaps winced under these pains. The example of this truly glorious martyr, at whose shrine I had first, three years since, broken the bonds of heresy on one point, and dared to ask the help of those who reign with Christ, brought strength and courage to my weakness. A year had elapsed this very day, since, at Dresden, once a familiar and much-loved place, I had begun this record of its pilgrimage ; and the events of the year were full of matter for eternal gratitude and cheerfulness.

I hastened to prepare for my northward journey ; and with many a confident "*Sancte Thoma, ora pro me !*" was soon speeding towards the snow-clad Alps, which I had to cross and re-cross, in order to be at Rome before the now approaching Festival of the Nativity.

DEO GRATIAS.

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

No. I.

THE CATHOLICS OF THE EAST.

THERE are in the East eight different Catholic rites, possessing distinct hierarchies, in union with the Holy See. Agreeing in the obedience of the same faith, and recognizing in the successor of S. Peter the supreme and infallible authority of the one Church of Christ, they differ in their mode of worship, and more or less in the discipline which they have respectively received from their forefathers. Of these eight rites, the five following, the Maronite, Melchite or Greek, Syrian, Armenian, and Chaldean, have the normal or regular diocesan form of Church government, being under patriarchs or metropolitans, immediately subject to the Holy See, and their suffragan bishops. Two more, the Coptic and Abyssinian rites, are governed by vicars, or prefects apostolic; and the remaining rite, which is the Latin, partakes of both those modes of government, being partly under diocesans, and partly governed by apostolic vicars and delegates.

(A.) THE MARONITES.

The Maronites are governed by the following hierarchy. *Patriarch*—Antioch. *Archbishops*—Saida, Beyruth, Cyprus, Damascus, Baalbek, Tripoli, Aleppo (Eden is not now filled up).

There are also six or seven archbishops and bishops “in partibus”, of this rite. One of them, Murad, arch-

bishop of Laodicea, is procurator of the rite at Rome ; two are usually resident with the patriarch, to assist him in his functions, diocesan or patriarchal ; for the dioceses of Gebail and Batrun are under his diocesan jurisdiction, and the others are presidents of the various colleges of the rite. The patriarch holds his jurisdiction immediately from Rome. The number of the secular clergy is 1,200, who serve upwards of 350 parish and other churches and chapels. There are 1,400 regular clergy, who live in sixty-seven monasteries ; and about 300 female religious, who inhabit fifteen convents. The bishops and the regular clergy are obliged to the celibate, but the secular clergy may be married, of course before taking holy orders, and to one wife only. A large and increasing number, however, are single ; and in some dioceses a very small proportion are married. The single monastic order of the Maronites is that of S. Anthony. The discipline of the regulars is primitive and severe. They are often occupied in manual labour ; but at the great convent of Keshaja, they also work a press, from which large quantities of elementary, religious, and other educational books are issued.

There are four principal colleges for the education of clergy. The most ancient is that of Ain Warka, in which between thirty and forty pupils are educated. They are taught Arabic (their vernacular) ; Syriac, which is the liturgical language of this rite ; logic, moral theology, Italian, and Latin. Six exhibitions for the maintenance of as many scholars at the college of Propaganda were attached to this college. At the time of the first French occupation of Rome, the funds which provided for them were seized, and have never been restored, but the pupils still go to Rome, and many of them are to be met in the higher ranks of the Maronite clergy.

The blessings of education are widely and evenly diffused among the Maronites. Almost all are able to read and write ; and though few even of the clergy can be called

learned, they are all sufficiently instructed in the most necessary things, and especially in the practical knowledge of their faith. Offences are rare among them, crimes almost unknown. The number of the Maronites of Lebanon appears to be about 215,000. In 1180, William of Tyre estimated them at more than 40,000; in 1784, Volney placed them at 115,000; and Perrier, in 1840, at 220,000. Elsewhere they are hardly to be found; the largest number I know of is in Cyprus, where there are about 1,500; a few also are found at Aleppo and Damascus, and some at Cairo.

The Maronites maintain that they have never swerved from the Catholic faith, and love to assert that their patriarch is the only one whose spiritual lineage from S. Peter, in the see of Antioch, has been unbroken by the taint of heresy or schism. Their name is derived from that of S. Maro, or Maromi, a holy recluse who, in the fourth century, when the heresy of Eutyches and its cognate error of Monothelism, devastated the East, preserved the inhabitants of this mountainous district, in which he dwelt, from their contagion. His name is still profoundly venerated in the Lebanon, and his festival is appointed to be observed, both by the Greek hierarchy and the Roman martyrology, on the 9th of February. The ritual of the Maronites is more similar to that of western Christendom than any other oriental one I know. It is in Syriac, but the Holy See has of late years directed gospels and lessons to be read also in Arabic. By a special privilege of the Sovereign Pontiff, they use precisely the same vestments as the Latins. The order of the parts of the mass is also more similar to our own than other rites; but they use incense at low mass as well as at high mass. To enter into a history and analysis of this and the other rituals of the Church, would be equally beyond my powers, and beside my present purpose. The Maronites use the Roman calendar.

(B.) THE GREEK CATHOLICS.

The Melchites, or Greek Uniates, have three *Patriarchs*—Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem. *Bishops*—Aleppo, Beyruth and Gebail, Tyre, Saida, Acre, Zahle, Baalbek, Bozra, Horus and Adana, Tripoli, Damascus (held by the patriarch).

The patriarchates of Jerusalem and Alexandria are administered by the patriarch of Antioch, Monsignor Mazloûm. Their suffragan sees, and the ecclesiastical divisions of the Melchite rite in the jurisdiction of Constantinople, are mostly in abeyance. The clergy of this rite have the same discipline as the Maronites; but they are, I believe, all seculars. The number of Melchites in the patriarchate of Antioch is said to be 5,000; in the other patriarchates it is probably rather more. In Jerusalem itself there are not more than fifty, as the ill-will of the Greeks renders it advisable to send away such of them as submit to the Church, and are consequently aggregated to this rite. They have a church and a bishop and two priests there; and in most places of importance throughout the Holy Land they have churches and schools. At Tyre are nine hundred, at Acre several hundred. The clergy are chiefly brought up in the houses or under the direction of the prelates, but the present patriarch of Antioch has made a commencement of the establishment of regular diocesan seminaries, which his commanding talents and zeal will render very efficient. It appears highly improbable that many of the eastern Melchites have remained Catholic from the beginning. In the seventeenth century there was but one Catholic Greek bishop, and no record of his having been other than a convert is preserved. It is, however, certain that the few congregations of the Greek rite who migrated into Magna Grecia and Sicily, after the final retrogression of the Greeks from their subscription to the decrees of Florence

in 1481, were never, at least in will, severed from the obedience of the Holy See; and thus this venerable rite was not permitted to lapse altogether from its place in the Church of Christ. Similarly a few of the Rutenians still nobly maintain their union with the Church in spite of the Czar's persecutions. The Greek uniates of Italy and Sicily were largely augmented by those who fled from their native countries when the Turk invaded them in the sixteenth century, and most of these refugees appear to have been previously in the unity of the Church.

The name of Melchite, or Melek-ite, from the Arabic word *melek*, a king, is said to have been given to distinguish them from the Eutychian heretics, owing to the emperor Marcian's strenuous support of the Catholic cause. Others say it took its rise during the iconoclast persecutions, when they remained under imperial power while the others Syrians had thrown it off. However this may be, they eventually became schismatics. In the early part of the last century Cyril, one of their patriarchs, submitted to the Holy See, and their present succession of Catholic Greek bishops dates from that period.

The Melchite ritual is threefold. They have the rite of S. Basil, and that of S. John Chrysostom, and the Lenten rite called the *præ-sanctificatum*, from the practice of not consecrating on the ferial days in Lent, but reserving a sufficient number of hosts, consecrated on the Sunday, for the masses of the week ensuing. The Holy See has gradually translated the whole of these rituals from the original Greek into Arabic, for the use of these patriarchates. There being no such relation between Greek and Arabic as between Syriac and that tongue, or between Latin and most of our western tongues, the maintenance of the ancient ritual language of this rite would be very inexpedient among an Arab population, as is indeed exemplified by the practice of the Greek schismatics, who retain it (though the people are entirely ignorant of it), with the very worst

results. The Greek uniates still use their ancient calendar ; they consecrate in leavened bread, and communicate in both kinds.

Though the Greek Catholics of the East are few in number, the rite is widely extended in Europe. There are, in the southern and eastern provinces of the Austrian empire alone, upwards of three millions and a half of Greek Catholics (in 1840, they numbered 3,485,298) ; and in Turkey and the Greek islands, some are also to be found. In Russia, the Greek Catholics, of the Rutenian or Russian Church, numbered in 1835, 1,546,009 lay people, with a clergy, regular and secular, of 3,438. In 1839, the sun of their faith set in blood, after the endurance of the most revolting cruelties on the part of the imperial government. The Rutenian Catholics had remained firm in their adherence to the decrees of the Œcumenical Council of Florence, promulgated in Russia by the celebrated Isidore, metropolitan of Moscow, and cardinal legate, and by Ignatius, metropolitan of Kiew, till the middle of the sixteenth century. After some years of wavering allegiance, they again submitted, at the synod of Brzesk, in 1594 and 1595, to the Holy See. Isidore had been imprisoned by Basil, the *Great-prince* of the day, shortly after his return from Ravenna, and was appointed patriarch of Constantinople, where two patriarchs in succession, Metrophanes and Gregory, had received the decrees of Florence. The Mohammedan invasion again drove him from his see ; and it was on his return to Rome that a friend and disciple of his (Gregory) was nominated and consecrated metropolitan of Kiew. From him the present Catholic succession of that see descends. The Russian government have long looked with an evil eye on the Catholics of the empire ; and the late Emperor Alexander, though I believe at heart a Catholic, and a most humane sovereign, suffered his ministers to commence an attack on their liberty of conscience by the most insidious channel, that of educa-

tion. The Jesuits, in whose hands Catholic education had been, were banished the empire ; local Catholic seminaries were dissolved, or subjected to state interference in the appointment of professors and the course of study ; and the great Catholic university of Wilna was rendered a school of schism, immorality, and infidelity. An imperial edict of Feb. 9, 1826, forbade the sale of Catholic ritual and devotional books ; one of April 22, 1828, disturbed and maimed their hierarchy, on pretence of regulating and amending it ; that of October 27, of the same year, suppressed or alienated from their uses fifty-five of the seventy-nine Catholic convents of the Basilian rule, and alienated their revenues, to give effect to the previous edict of July 6, 1825, by which the Catholic ecclesiastical students were transferred to the absolute disposal and training of the governing synod of the Greek schismatic Church, in the college of Alexander Newski, at S. Petersburg. The way thus prepared, an appropriate excuse for persecution was next to be sought. The revolution of 1830 broke out : the Rutenians were accused of favouring it ; and persecution, exile to Siberia, death, and confiscation, on the one hand ; imperial favour, promises of wealth, distribution of honours, on the other, secured the result. The reports of Lieut.-General Protasow, superintendent and supreme procurator of the governing synod of the Russian Established Church for 1833 and the following years, enter into some details of the wholesale “ conversion ” of the Catholics, which he fails not to ascribe to divine influence, rather than to the distribution, which he himself records, of orders and money to the corrupted clergy. False petitions from remote places, imperial ukases, commanding the erection of schismatic churches by landed proprietors, and all the artillery of state “ religious ” influence, have been, and are still, brought to bear to exterminate the small remains of Catholicism. With Russian military accuracy, the “ ecclesiastical commis-

sioner", Protasow, sets down his "converts" at 625,000 more than they were; but the apostacy still remains fearfully great. Some of the clergy have sought, and found, a home among their brethren in Gallicia; some have laid down their lives for their sheep: but too many have fallen away. I believe a temporary amelioration ensued after the celebrated interview of the Emperor Nicholas with the late Pope Gregory XVI; but the remnant of Catholics is fearfully small. The treatment of the Catholics of the Latin rite was equally atrocious; but it would be beside and beyond my present purpose to treat of it at length. For an account of it, I refer the reader to the works of father Theiner (priest of the congregation of the Oratory), "*Vicende della Chiesa Catolica di amendere i riti nella Polonia e nella Russia*", and "*L'Eglise Russe, d'après les relations du prétendu Saint Synode*". The atrocity of the means employed seem not more than paralleled by the Elizabethan persecutions in our own country.

(C.) THE SYRIANS.

Patriarch—Antioch (residence, Aleppo). *Bishops*—Jerusalem, Nabk and Keriaticim, Tripoli, Diarbekir, Hones, Mossul, Damascus, Mardin, Aleppo, Cairo.

The Syrian clergy is not numerous, and till lately their education was irregularly and scantily provided for; but the great accessions to this rite in Mesopotamia during the last fifteen years, have both been the result and the cause of increased ecclesiastical training; so that now, on the testimony of various Protestant writers, I believe both they and their flocks are among the most intelligent Catholics of the East. The Syrians who embraced the heresy of Eutyches, in the early part of the sixth century, were, like other Monophysites, called Jacobites, from James Baradæus. Under his guidance, and that of Severus, they organized their schism, and maintained their succession of patriarchs till towards the end of the last century. In

1783, their patriarch, Giarve, made his submission to the Church, and, after due examination, was confirmed in his see by the sovereign pontiff. The present patriarch, who resides at Aleppo, is his nephew. Mossul is the residence of a metropolitan, and his province is said to contain about 30,000 of this rite. The schismatic Syrians are daily being added to the Church, mainly through the instrumentality of the schools, and the spread of knowledge by means of Arabic books, printed and distributed by our clergy. They are bound by no ecclesiastical law to celibacy, but, like the other Oriental Catholics, are free to marry (before orders) once: yet there is a growing feeling for the celibate, and many remain single. Their liturgy is in Syriac, which is also taught in all the schools and colleges; but the Holy See has ordered great portions of it to be translated into Arabic. I think I am right in saying that the breviary is still said in Syriac. In 1840 a Protestant writer, Southgate, was told by the schismatic Syrian patriarch at Mossul, that the Catholics of this rite in Mesopotamia numbered 7,000; but he admitted that he omitted many places in the list he gave, because he did not know their precise number. Mr. Southgate adds, that they equalled, *at least*, the schismatics, whom I have heard computed at 40,000. If we add 10,000, which I believe to be under the mark, for those of Syria, the total number of Syrian Catholics in the patriarchate will be about 50,000.

To complete the account of the rite, we must add a few words on that branch of it which exists in India. In Travancore and Cochin is found a colony of some 200,000 Syrians, of whom more than 150,000 are Catholics. Their reunion was largely effected by the Portuguese, in the sixteenth century; and, indeed, from the readiness with which they have returned, and are returning, to the unity of the Church, it appears that their lapse was partly the result of mere oblivion and isolation. Our King Alfred

certainly seems to have heard of them simply as isolated and oppressed Christians, when (in the year 880) he sent an ecclesiastical envoy to open intercourse with them. They retain the Syriac liturgy and discipline ; but, by the care of the Holy See, the greater part of the mass, and the New Testament and books of devotion and instruction, have been translated into their vernacular—the Malayalim language. This colony is said to have been led hither in the first or second age of our era, and to have been evangelized by S. Thomas, an Armenian missionary, from whom they are called San Thomé Christians. They appear to have been almost untainted by the heresies of the fourth and fifth centuries ; and a confession of faith made by the schismatic metropolitan of Malabar to the British resident at Travancore, in 1806, certainly *appears* free from Nestorian taint, of which they are, I believe, accused. One may hope, therefore, that the remnant of the divided colony will ere long submit altogether to apostolic authority. Travancore was the scene of S. Francis Xavier's apostolic labours, and from that time dates the accession of many native converts to the Church. He is said to have converted 14,000, in a very short space of time, by his preaching and miracles. There are now, I understand, as many as a quarter of the whole number of San Thomé Christians, native converts, or the children and descendants of such.

(D.) THE ARMENIAN CATHOLICS.

Patriarch—Cilicia (residence, Bezoumar). *Archbishop and Primate*—Constantinople. *His Suffragans*—Ancira, Artuin, Broussa, Erzerum, Trebizond. *Suffragans of the Patriarch*—*Archbishops* : Aleppo, Adana, Mardin, Tokat (held by the patriarch), Amaim, Diarbekir. *Bishop* : Is-pahan.

The patriarch has also four bishops "in partibus" under his jurisdiction. About sixty regulars and mis-

sionaries are also at his disposal, and are distributed among 12,000 lay people in Cilicia, Syria, and Mesopotamia. In his own residence, Bezoumar, in Lebanon, he has a seminary of upwards of thirty ecclesiastical students, under able professors. The Armenian vicariate of Constantinople was erected into an independent primatial see in 1760, by the Holy See. The primate is regarded by the Porte as head of the Catholic Armenians, and they therefore give him the title of patriarch. He has a flock of 40,000 or 50,000, scattered throughout Asia Minor; at Constantinople are about 17,000; and in Georgia and Russian Caucasus, a Russian historian states their number to have been 13,391 in 1836.* They have probably rather diminished than increased, under the tender rule of the czar, since that date. The clergy of the diocese under the primate are sixty in number. The clergy of this rite are generally highly educated, and have often been resident in Europe for some time. Celibacy is only necessary among the regular clergy; but so few of the seculars are married, owing to the condition to which they see the schismatic married clergy of their nation reduced in popular estimation, that, in 1848, the primate said he had only two married priests among his clergy. They owe their admirable training chiefly to their seminary at Venice. At the beginning of the last century, when the Armenian Catholics made great efforts to bring the whole of their nation back to Catholic unity, a certain zealous and holy man named Mechitar (the consoler) distinguished himself

* Capuchin missions were established among these Armenians in the seventeenth century, and remained for a long time at Tiflis, Akhaltsike and Cotaïs. The Jesuits and Theatines also had missions here, as well as in Circassia and Crim Tartary, whence they were not finally expelled till the middle of the last century. The Tiflis missions were put down, and the Capuchins banished by the Russians, only five years ago.

by the numerous conversions he effected among his countrymen. He established himself at Modon, then a Venetian colony. When the Morea fell into the hands of the Turks, the signory offered an asylum to Mechitar and his disciples at Venice, and gave him the island of S. Lazarus, situated between Venice and the Lidò. This convent remains to the present day in the hands of the learned Armenian fathers, to whom society owes such rich and varied contributions to Eastern literature.

Another establishment of Mechitarists, as they are called, was driven from Trieste by the French in 1807, and has been re-established under imperial protection at Vienna. The heads of both these houses are archbishops "in partibus". They number altogether, including the clergy at Rome and Leghorn, only a few hundreds, and are apostolical in their poverty, as well as in their lives and zeal as missionaries, for most return to the East as missionary priests. At Smyrna there is another Mechitarist seminary, at which thirty ecclesiastical students are trained for the priesthood, under the care of six fathers. The conversion of the Armenians as a nation dates from the beginning of the fourth century, when Tiridates their king accompanied S. Gregory the illuminator to Rome, to swear spiritual allegiance to pope S. Silvester, who then occupied the throne of S. Peter. They are, therefore, the first Christian *nation* we know of; and as a nation, they increased and flourished in virtue and in culture, till they embraced the errors of Eutyches, and refused to receive the decrees of Chalcedon; from that period, severed from the centre of spiritual life and civilization, they fell from their position, and became at last an easy prey to the Ottoman invader. Still a remnant appears always to have remained faithful and attached to the Holy See; and their patriarch, whose see was at first at Vagharshabad in Great Armenia, and then was transferred to Sis in Cilicia, appears frequently to have received his pallium from Rome. Authentic do-

cuments, in the possession of the patriarch of Lebanon, prove the pallium to have been given (and received by the patriarch) by Popes S. Gregory VII, Innocent III, and Gregory IX. The last Catholic patriarch who resided in Cilicia was Peter Bizacco; in 1710, he consecrated a confessor of the faith, named Abraham, to the archdiocese of Aleppo; his life was endangered by the heretics, and he fled into Persia. Meanwhile the Catholic bishops, anxious to secure so zealous and holy a man as successor to their patriarch, elected him for that office. In 1742, at the invitation of pope Benedict XIV, he went to Rome, and received from his own hands the pallium, "as a testimony of special friendship and paternal love to himself and the Armenian nation."* Before leaving Rome, the new patriarch, who then took the name of Peter for himself and his successors, in token of attachment and gratitude to the Holy See, heard that the heretics had intruded a rival patriarch into his see, and finding that the European powers, whom the pope besought to mediate with the Porte for his re-installment, were unwilling to aid him, he was finally obliged to retire to the Lebanon, where the present patriarch, his eighth successor, continues to reside. In the pontificate of Benedict XIV the Catholic Armenians numbered 130,000, but persecution and interest had reduced that number within sixty years to little more than half. Of late, however, increased means of education and knowledge have produced their usual effect, and no sect now affords more converts to the Catholic Church than the Armenians. Within twenty years, from twenty to twenty-five thousand Armenian schismatics have returned to the unity of the Church, and a movement analogous to that in our own country is widely felt among them in Turkey. The gain of more than 100,000 souls on a period of under

* Allocution of Pope Benedict XIV, in the secret consistory of November 26, 1742.

two hundred years, may appear small in comparison with the sweeping losses of a few years in Russia for instance; but while apostasy, from its usual causes, is precipitate and wholesale, conversion by its very nature is apt to be gradual in proportion as it is solid; though occasional exceptions occur, as in the conversion of 547 Armenians at Adena, in the archdiocese of Aleppo, during the year 1849-50. Here probably the way was long prepared by instruction, and by previous thought and inquiry. The orthodoxy of the liturgy and devotional works of the Armenians also prepared them for receiving the whole truth. Their hymns, for instance (and they have a very large and beautiful collection), are almost untouched since the time of their great apostle S. Gregory, and abound in refutations of their chief heresies, the rejection of the supremacy of S. Peter's successor, the single procession of the Holy Spirit, and the error of Eutyches, which they anathematize in name, while they retain the expression of it in their formularies. Hence a large body of their clergy and laity, in Turkey Proper especially, are on the verge of being Catholics; and seem to need but the impulse of Divine grace to cast off the ties of interest and blind prejudice, and embrace the truth.

The Armenian Catholic liturgy is in the ancient Armenian tongue, which is but slightly different from that now in use among them. They are by nature a quick and clever nation; and being well instructed by their clergy, are among the better informed Christians of the East.

(E.) THE CHALDEANS.

Patriarch—Mossul (residence, I believe, Bagdad).

Bishops—Diarbekir, Djezir, Mardin, Amadye, Adesbejan, Sirit, Kerkouk, Khosrova.

Till 1551 the Nestorians appear to have remained immersed in their heresy, but few and individual exceptions of persons returning to Catholic truth and unity occurring

from time to time. At that period, however, the patriarchate being vacant, and the natural successor, one Simeon Bar Mama, being in the opinion of the bishops of the sect unfit for the office, they refused to elect him, and chose another person. They assembled at Mossul, to consult on the means of obtaining for their candidate the requisite jurisdiction for his office. It does not appear whether they had doubts as to their doctrines, but at all events the result of this assembly was that they determined to submit to the Church, and send their new patriarch to Rome to obtain, on due recognition of his authority, the pope's confirmation. This was accordingly done; but the minority of the bishops meanwhile persisted in nominating Simeon to the patriarchate, and the third in succession from him succeeded at length in driving the Catholic patriarch into exile. Since their expulsion from Assyria the Catholic patriarchs have therefore resided at Bagdad. It does not appear, however, that the title of patriarch was bestowed on this bishop till 1631, when the style of patriarch of the Chaldean nation, and metropolitan jurisdiction over (the Chaldeans of) the whole of Mesopotamia, Persia, Armenia, and Kurdistan, was bestowed on him by pope Innocent XI; he also administered, as ordinary, the diocese of Diarbekir.

The affluence of the Nestorians to the Church since that time has been gradual, but steadily on the increase; and, in 1840, a Protestant writer, who visited Mossul and Bagdad, says the whole Chaldean nation may now be esteemed Catholics. Their liturgical books are all in *Straughelo*, a form of the ancient Chaldeans, now but little understood; and, by the care of the Holy See, they have been (of course) purged of the Nestorian taint, and for the most part translated into the Arabic, which is now their vernacular. The clergy are allowed to marry, but are gradually voluntarily embracing celibacy. By means of schools for native schoolmasters, and one or two printing

presses for works of devotion and elementary educational books, the clergy are gradually diffusing the blessings of education. In Bagdad, the Chaldeans numbered in 1830, 500; at Diarbekir, 400; at Mardin, the same; but they have more than doubled since. In Persia, the oldest missions are those at Ispahan and Khosrova. In Dilman and its neighbourhood is a large Chaldean population. In Persia they are said to number several thousand. In 1830, Southgate states them at 3,000. The whole Chaldean Church may perhaps be estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000, though some state it at more than double the latter number.

(F.) THE COPTIC CATHOLICS.

Vicariate Apostolic. The vicar-apostolic for the Copts, Mgr. Abukarim, is bishop of Halia *in partibus*; he resides at Cairo, and his jurisdiction embraces all Egypt for the Coptic rite. The better-informed Copts have been aggregated to the Church from very early times; but this being a limited class, the number has till lately not been great: moreover, the Coptic mode of conferring orders being so irregular, that many of their clergy who submit have to be re-ordained, under condition, a regular hierarchy has not yet been granted them. Another reason probably is, that I believe only a few of their bishops have yet submitted to the Church. There are six missions of the Franciscan order in Egypt, to which native clergy have been attached, however; and as they use their own ritual, the rite has a distinctly acknowledged existence, and such of the Copts as submit to the Church are of course aggregated to it. The mission of Girgeh is the largest; to it are attached two Coptic priests, and about 1,200 people. The other missions are Siout, Achmine, Negadeh, Farshout, and Tahta. I did not visit that at Siout, but I believe it is nearly as considerable. These six missions, and another at Cairo, are under an apostolic prefecture, so far

as the jurisdiction, etc., of the missionaries is concerned, and depend immediately on Propaganda. Of late years, the number of Coptic Catholics has greatly multiplied; and it is now estimated at one-third of the whole Christian population of Egypt, which is variously stated from 150,000 to 200,000; I should say from what I saw that the larger number is the more correct. The liturgical books of the Copts are in the Coptic language, which, it is universally agreed is, or represents, the ancient phonetic Egyptian. They are in part translated into Arabic for use, and being originally very heretical, have been largely expurged. The Coptic Catholic clergy have hitherto had no seminary in Egypt, but several are pupils of Propaganda, and their influence will doubtless produce good results.

(G.) THE ABYSSINIAN CATHOLICS.

Vicariate Apostolic. The vicariate apostolic of Abyssinia was bestowed on the learned and zealous father G. de Jacobis, of the congregation of the missions, in 1847. His jurisdiction extends over the whole Abyssinian empire, to which he has for many years devoted himself. The first considerable return of the Abyssinians to the faith took place in the sixteenth century, when, owing to the effectual aid afforded to them by the Portuguese against their Mahommedan invaders, Catholic missionaries were allowed to enter the empire. The zeal of the society of Jesus had prevailed so far in the early part of the seventeenth century, that the emperor Seltan Seghed, and a large number of his court and the upper classes, threw off the usurped authority of the Coptic patriarch of Alexandria, and embraced the Catholic faith. The emperor recognized father Alphonsus Mendez as patriarch, and applied to Rome for his confirmation. The monks and clergy, however, raised the people in open revolt, and in 1632 forced the emperor Seghed Basilides to banish the Catholic clergy, and se-

verely interdict all communication with Rome. The good seed sown, however, was not altogether lost; and on invitation from some who retained the tradition of the faith, the Lazarists and other missionary orders have of late years made great advances. It is said that the Catholics of Abyssinia now number nearly 2,000,000, about a sixth of the whole population of that empire. Ten bishops, and a large number of clergy, have submitted to the faith, and are under the jurisdiction of the apostolic vicar. The people are docile and intelligent, but utterly undisciplined, and profoundly heretical and demoralized. The liturgy is in Ethiopic, but I believe it is in course of translation into the vernacular, the Amharic, as few now understand the former language. The government is not hostile to our missionaries, but the dissolute and corrupt clergy are a great obstacle.

(H.) THE LATINS.

DIOCESES. *Patriarch*—Jerusalem. *Archbishops*—Smyrna, Naxos, Babylon. *Bishops*—Syra, Scio, Tino and Mico, Ispahan. VICARIATES AND DELEGACIES APOSTOLIC—Constantinople, V.A.; Greece, D.A.; Asia Minor, V.A.; Aleppo, V.A.; Syria, D.A.; Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, and Armenia, D.A.; Persia, D.A.; Egypt and Arabia, V.A.

There are besides ten vicars apostolic, and three prefects apostolic, of the Latin rite in Africa: central, western, and southern.

The first distinct records of the ecclesiastical divisions of the Holy Land, represent the whole of Palestine as dependant, under several suffragan sees, on the metropolis of Cæsarea Palestina. Under the fostering rule of the great Constantine, Jerusalem began again to raise its head after three centuries of oppression and desolation, and so early as the year 360, the bishop of Jerusalem, Cyril, was anxious to obtain exemption from the jurisdiction of Aca-cius, bishop of Cæsarea, and to establish for the holy city

metropolitan rights. Later, Juvenal, bishop of Jerusalem, absolutely appointed bishops for Palestine, and even claimed to do so in Phœnicia and Arabia as patriarch. The council of Chalcedon (A.D. 451) terminated the question thus raised, by appointing that the three Palestines should be assigned to the metropolitan jurisdiction of the patriarch of Jerusalem. William of Tyre and Vitriacus record a further enlargement of this jurisdiction in the next century, when the Council of Constantinople, held in 553, under the reign of Justinian, added to it several sees and many suffragan dioceses. The metropolises of Cæsarea and Scythopolis (Beth-shan) were detached from the patriarchate of Antioch; those of Rabbath, Moab, and Petra, from Alexandria. The patriarch of the holy city ruled, after this addition, over four metropolitan sees, containing sixty-eight dioceses; and besides had twenty-five suffragan sees subject to his immediate metropolitan control. The Mahomedan invasion and occupation of the Holy Land paralyzed and overwhelmed the whole machinery of the Church; and at the erection of the Latin kingdom, at the end of the eleventh century, these sees had long since fallen into abeyance. The last Greek patriarch of Jerusalem had died in the island of Cyprus, in the year 1099, that of the capture of Jerusalem by the great Godfrey of Bouillon, and the first care of this pious prince was to re-erect the patriarchate. Four metropolitan sees were appointed: for Palestina Prima, as before, Cæsarea, with Sebaste (Samaria) as a suffragan see; for Palestina Secunda, Nazareth, with the suffragan see of Tiberias; for Palestina Tertia, Kerek (Petra), with the bishopric of Sinai; Tyre, with four suffragan sees, was the metropolis of Phœnicia. The sees of Bethlehem, Hebron, and Lydda, were immediately dependant on the patriarch. Such was the arrangement of the patriarchate during the brief existence of the Latin kingdom. After the fall of that hardly-won supremacy, the patriarch was driven from

his see, and the title was bestowed "in partibus", the functions of the patriarch being performed by the Franciscan guardian of the Holy Sepulchre, under special authority conferred by the Holy See, and this state of things continued for more than six centuries. In the year 1846, however, the Holy See determined, after several years of deliberation, to fill up the patriarchate, then vacant, by a prelate who should reside as patriarch of the Latin rite, and to assign to his ordinary jurisdiction in that capacity the whole of Palestine and the island of Cyprus. Accordingly, in the secret consistory, held at the Quirinal, on October 4th, 1846, the pope named Monsignor Giuseppe Valerga to that office, and he made his solemn entry into the holy city on the 17th January 1847. This distinguished prelate, who was eminently qualified for this position by his intimate knowledge of oriental languages, had been for twenty years a missionary in the East, especially in Persia, and under his care the diocese committed to him is prospering, and daily receiving its fuller organisation. He has a seminary for native priests attached to his own residence at Jerusalem, and has twelve native ecclesiastics studying for holy orders at the college of Ghazir in Lebanon. The parishes remain under the care of the Franciscan fathers, with the exception of that of Mount Carmel and Caïpha, which are served by the Carmelites. In the absence of the patriarch, the father-guardian governs as his vicar, and he also names three candidates for each vacant cure, one of whom is selected by the patriarch. *Sede vacante*, the vicar-general governs as capitular vicar.

During the existence of the kingdom of Jerusalem, which was purchased for Christendom at the expense of such heroic devotion by our pious ancestors, the services of the various sanctuaries and the cure of souls were chiefly entrusted to regular clergy of various orders of the Latin and Oriental rites. The Benedictines, Augustinians, Basilians, and monks of S. Anthony, all had convents in the

holy city, and in other places in Palestine. After the fall of the kingdom, and expulsion of the Christians in 1291, a brief interval, during which there was no religious community in Jerusalem, occurs ; but already in 1299, we find that one order, inspired with a holy zeal to see and lament over the desecrated sanctuary of the Lord's Sepulchre, found means to approach it, and gradually to establish themselves there. These were the humble brethren of S. Francis, who for nearly six hundred years have not ceased to give themselves to that sacred ministry, and, like their saintly founder, to bear in the flesh the Passion of their Lord for His Body's sake. For five years the few monks who watched the Holy Sepulchre were subject to the indignities and sufferings which the heathen thought it meritorious to inflict on them ; but their piety and inoffensive lives gradually made an impression on their enemies, and in 1304 they obtained some sort of permission to be the sole guardians of the Holy Sepulchre ; in 1332, the pious Robert king of Sicily, and Sancha his queen, assisted them to obtain a firman, from the sultan of Egypt, sanctioning their rights ; and in 1342 those sovereigns bought and paid for the holy places which they had so long watched over. More than a century before (in 1238), their guardianship was confirmed by pope Gregory IX, and the same sanction was renewed by the bulls of pope Innocent IV in 1244, Alexander IV in 1257, and Clement VI in 1310 ; and now that a change of civil government rendered a distinct purchase of the holy places necessary, the pope ratified and confirmed their right again by his two bulls, "Nuper charissima", and "Gratias agimus", bearing date Nov. 21, 1342. In 1355 a pious Florentine lady founded a hospital for the fathers, and pope Innocent VI confirmed it to them, in their character of exclusive guardians of the Holy Sepulchre, by the brief "Piis fidelium studiis", dated Sept. 5, 1355. But as the alms of the faithful, and the protection of sovereigns and pontiffs, secured and

maintained the monks, and gave them, who had sought first the honour of God and the good of souls, such things as were necessary, so also they failed not to receive with these things persecutions also. The Turks became envious of their prosperity, and from time to time imprisoned or slew them. In 1368, they killed the whole of the twelve fathers, who then resided at Jerusalem; in 1391, four more were put to death, and the next two centuries passed in alternate vicissitudes of repose and persecution, as the whim of rulers, or the temptation of their property, might prompt to outrage and pillage. In the middle of the sixteenth century, the fathers were all imprisoned for a period of several years, and some put to death. During this and previous intervals, other Orders had tried to obtain possession of their glorious but dangerous post, but the order of S. Francis was unwilling that the custody should pass from their hands, endeared as it had now become, not only by its sacred obligations and high privileges, but also by the sufferings and martyrdom of so many of their predecessors. Pope Martin V, by a bull of the date Feb. 14, 1421, had finally decided that the minor observants of S. Francis were to be the exclusive guardians of the Holy Land, and in their hands it has so remained ever since. For though another branch of the order, called *Riformati*, are allowed to contribute fathers to the custody, they are during their residence obliged to conform in all things to the rule of the observants. The convent and hospital of Mount Sion, in which they lived, remained in their hands till the year 1559; but while they were now undisturbed by other Catholics in their residence and functions, a new source of annoyance arose from the gradual increase of sectarian Christians at Jerusalem, drawn thither by the protection afforded to our religion by means of the recognized existence of the Franciscans. The Georgians, then a wealthy nation, were the first to commence a system of bribery, by which the Moslem rulers were induced to

forego their engagements, and disregard their treaties with the Catholic sovereigns, and their protégés, the monks of S. Francis. In 1561 they were expelled from their convent; but the Moslems, instead of making it over to the Georgians, placed their own Santons in it, alleging it to be the tomb of David, and remain in possession of it till the present day. Shortly after, the Franciscans purchased their present convent of S. Salvator from the Georgians, and the purchase was ratified by a bull of pope Pius IV, who also transferred thither the indulgences previously attached to the sanctuaries on Zion. But that which caused the fathers most grief and distress, was the loss of the Holy Sepulchre itself. In the early part of the sixteenth century, their opponents, the Georgians, ceded most of their ill-acquired possessions of holy places to the Greek schismatics, who now first appear on the scene since the re-establishment of Moslem domination.

In 1571, certain Christians taken prisoners at the battle of Lepanto were brought to Damascus; and the Greeks seized on the favourable moment when the *prestige* of the Frank name was thus temporarily enfeebled, to pour into the willing ears of the pasha their claims to possess the sacred places, and to back them with the substantial arguments of bribes. Gradually, from that period, they wrested one after another of the sanctuaries from their owners: for such were the Franciscans, by right of purchase, by right of suffering, by right of pontifical appointment, and by that of the sultan's repeated firmans. In 1634 they succeeded in obtaining possession of the Holy Sepulchre itself. In 1664, however, the combined instances of the emperor (Leopold) and the kings of France and Poland, obtained its restoration to them. At this period also they rebuilt their mission convents in the other places of Palestine where they now exist, and in Egypt, at Cairo and Alexandria. At this time, too, the *custody* of the Holy Land, as it now is, was erected, instead of the

previous arrangement of a *province*. It contained the missions of Palestine, Syria, Egypt, and Cyprus, and is practically the same as a province; but out of respect to the Holy Sepulchre the father-guardian is not called provincial, but Guardian, and his authority, the Custody. As the whole of this custody, save the few houses of Syria and Egypt, lies locally within the limits of the Patriarchate of Jerusalem, and affords the great majority of parochial clergy to that diocese, I here briefly state its actual condition, drawn from the official return (for the year from July 1849) annually sent to the father general of the order at Rome.

The total number of religious under the most reverend father-guardian (father Bernardino of Montefranco) is two hundred, of whom a hundred and nineteen are priests, and seventy-one lay-brothers, employed on missions or in convents. They have under their care ten convents,* thirteen hospices or guest-houses, twenty-five churches, eighteen parishes, thirty-three sanctuaries, seventeen chapels, thirteen boys' schools, eight girls' schools, and two hundred and one houses for the poor. The eighteen parishes give a total of 21,421 Catholics, of whom 13,425 are of the Latin rite. In the schools, twenty-seven masters and fifteen mistresses are employed. Ten of these masters are religious, the rest secular persons. The male scholars are

* At Jerusalem, the Holy Sepulchre, founded in	. 1244
" S. Salvator 1559
At Bethlehem, S. Catherine 1244
At S. John in the Desert, S. John the Forerunner	. 1620
At Nazareth, the Annunciation 1628
At Aleppo, S. Mary of Jesus 1632
At Larnaca of Cyprus (with a college) Our Lady of	
Graces 1590
At Nicosia, S. Cross 1590
At Alexandria, S. Catherine 1689
At Cairo, the Assumption 1689

712 in number, the female 422. The number of schismatics, heretics, and Jews, reconciled during the year, was 634, of whom 547 were Armenians, reconciled to that rite at Adene, in the mission of Aleppo. Only nine of the whole number were baptized without condition. The number of poor entirely or partly supported by the convents is 1,432.

At Jerusalem itself there are, including the father-guardian, sixty-four religious, of whom ten are penitentiaries in the Arabic, Italian, Spanish, French, English, German, Hungarian, Polish, Greek, and Turkish languages, four curates, one vicar, two superintendents of the press, and one master of the upper school; thirty are lay-brothers, and one a Chaldean tertiary. The chambers of which we still keep possession at the Holy Sepulchre are so small and confined, that the family there is supplied in rotation from the large convent. The total Catholic population of Jerusalem is 963, of whom fifty only are of the Greek rite, and a few Copts; the remainder Latins, either of foreign birth or extraction, or descendants of old families settled here in the time of the Latin kingdom. The number of scholars in the boys' school is seventy-four, who are instructed in various classes, of which the highest learns Latin reading for the choir and mass, Arabic reading and writing, and Christian doctrine; the second, principles of Italian grammar, arithmetic, writing, catechism, etc.; and the third, principles of Christian doctrine, reading and writing (in Arabic), etc. In the girls' school, which is under four Sisters of Charity of the order of S. Joseph, the instruction embraces reading and writing in French, or Italian, and Arabic, arithmetic, geography, work of all kinds, catechisms, and Christian doctrine, etc. The number of scholars is ninety-nine.

In the hospice or guest-house, recently re-erected, 575 pilgrims were lodged—the poor gratuitously. In Jerusalem, more than 100,000 piastres (£1000) were given away

in alms or kind. The other hospices of the custody are at Rama, Giaffa, Acre, Tiberias, Saida, Beyruth, Arissa, in Lebanon (where is also a college to instruct new missionaries in Arabic, etc.), Tripoli, Latakia, Damascus, Miosia of Cyprus, Rosetta, Fayoum, and Constantinople.

The father-guardian himself directs the whole system of education, and appoints one of the fathers to lecture, at Jerusalem, on moral theology, and others to superintend the press, from which books of instruction and history, catechisms, works of devotion, and the Holy Scriptures, are issued in Arabic and in Italian. The religious are divided into *visitanti* (visitors) and *missionarii* (missionaries), of whom the former may be either "reformed" or observants: the latter must always be observants. The *visitanti* remain for six years, and may then return to Europe if they desire it. The *missionarii* remain at least twelve years, and are usually employed in cure of souls,—for which end they learn the vernacular of the country,—while the *visitanti* are generally occupied in the service of the sanctuary, education, the press, or conventual duties.

The general direction of the missions depends primarily on Propaganda, acting through the general of the minor observants, and the father-guardian and his council, called the *discretoris*, which again acts for the whole custody, through the several presidents of the convents. The appeal from this council lies to Propaganda, and from the heads of convents to the father-guardian (as quasi-provincial), as in other orders. After so many centuries of possession, it might be anticipated that the monks of S. Francis might wax negligent in the discharge of duties incident to their position; but, on the contrary, they never appear to have been more active and earnest, or more successful than they now are, in performing all the duties of their position. Whether one regards the due solemnity and decorum with which the rites of religion are performed in the Holy Sepulchre and other sanc-

tuaries ; or the zeal with which the cure of souls and education of the young, amidst the seductions of so many false creeds, are prosecuted ; or the self-devotion and holy lives, the hospitality and alms-giving, which distinguish the sons of S. Francis, no one can leave the Holy City without thankfulness that that faith, which is blasphemed among the heathen because of the unworthy conduct of the sects, is represented so truly at its birth-place by the Catholic monks of the Holy Land.

The houses of the custody situated out of the patriarchate of Jerusalem are, that at Cairo, with six priests and three lay-brothers, 1,200 Latin Catholics, and a large population of Christians on the verge of reunion to the Church, boys and girls' schools, etc. ; one at Alexandria, with five priests and three brothers, 4,000 Latin Catholics ; and two others, at Fayoum and Rosetta, where but very few Latin Catholics reside. At Constantinople is a house which is chiefly used as a depôt, and to watch over the interests of the custody at the porte. In Syria, there are houses at Beyruth, Tripoli, Aleppo, etc.

The means of supporting all these institutions are simply and solely the alms of the faithful. The Franciscan minor observants cannot possess any revenues whatsoever, whether arising from lands or funded property ; and sad it is to state, that the slender alms which reach them from Europe and America, often leave their personal wants unprovided for, and while they deal the Bread of life to others, they themselves almost lack daily food. The disturbances of 1848, especially, impoverished them very much, and involved them in great difficulties, from which it would be, indeed, a good work to assist in recovering them.

Besides those served by the monks of S. Francis, there is one parish in the patriarchate, that of Mount Carmel and Caïpha, served by the Carmelite fathers who live there ; and there are also a few secular clergy, native and Italian. At Jerusalem, the patriarch's secretary, and D.

Edward Rush, an English Benedictine father, who resides there for his health, are the only clergy of the Latin rite beside the Franciscans. At Bethlehem, D. Abdallah Commandari, a Bethlehemite of an ancient family established there since the Latin kingdom, and a pupil of Propaganda, exercises the duties of sub-curate, as a secular priest of the Latin rite, with equal zeal and ability. At Jerusalem are some, and at Bethlehem many, native families of the Latin rite; and converts are sometimes permitted to be aggregated to it at the latter place, on proving their descent from families who have remained of that rite since the Crusaders' kingdom; the same is the case, but very rarely, at Nazareth. At Bethlehem, 1,500 of the 3,000 inhabitants are Catholics, all of the Latin rite, 1000 Greek schismatics, and the remainder Mussulmans.

The archbishopric of Smyrna—for the Latins—was established as a bishopric in 1344, by Pope Clement VI, and was raised to an archbishopric by Pope Pius VII, in 1818. The archbishop governs as diocesan the Latin Catholics of the city and its environs, and as vicar-apostolic he administers the whole district from Satalia to Constantinople, exclusive of the latter city; and from Satalia inland to Kintaja, exclusively, and thence to Constantinople, excepting Bursa and Cesma. His jurisdiction also extends to Samos and Nicaria. The archdiocese contains a large number of regular clergy, and about twelve secular priests, who serve the parish and other churches. In the city there are two parish churches, that of the Capuchins, S. Polycarpe, named after the illustrious martyr and first bishop of this Church, and that of the Franciscans, *Récollets*; S. Mary, out of the city; at Burnabat, S. Mary; and at Budga, S. John Baptist. Besides these, there are six other churches and chapels open to the public: that of the convent of the Sacred Heart, served by the Lazarist fathers; that of the college of Propaganda, also in their

hands ; the chapel of the Sisters of Charity ; that of the French hospital, and two others. The boys' schools and colleges are : that of Propaganda, which has six Lazarist and eight other ecclesiastics as professors, and a hundred and sixty pupils, of whom seventy-five are boarders ; the school of the Christian Brothers, served by seven brothers, and educating three hundred scholars ; that of the Sacred Heart, which has five Lazarist fathers, and two brothers ; that of the Capuchins, who have for the parish and school eight priests and three brothers ; and that of the *Récollets*, (called Zoccolanti in Italian), with ten priests for the parish and school, three brothers, and forty scholars. A private school, kept by an ecclesiastic, with seven masters and eighty scholars, of whom sixty Catholics, and a small school for both sexes, numbering fifty scholars, kept by the members of the conference of St. Vincent of Paul, complete the list of boys' schools. The Sisters of Charity devote eighteen of their number to keep a school for four hundred and fifty scholars, of whom about a hundred are schismatics ; and there are five other schools, numbering more than a hundred scholars. At Burnabat are three *Récollet* fathers and one brother ; at Budga one secular priest.

The number of Catholics of the Latin rite at Smyrna is upwards of 14,000. There are a few Armenian Catholics. The remainder of the Christian population are almost all Greek schismatics. The great number of Greeks (I use the word here politically and nationally) among the Catholics, renders it necessary for the clergy to know that language ; and in it accordingly the Lazarists and secular clergy both preach and catechize : hymns and other popular devotions in Greek are also used in the parish churches and in the schools. The flock of the vicariate of Smyrna, or, to speak more correctly, of Asia Minor, administered by the archbishop, is dispersed thinly through the country. I have no means of forming an exact estimate ; but,

from what I heard at Smyrna, I should set it at about the same number as that of the Catholics in that town.

The see of Naxos, for the Latins, was raised to an archbishopric and metropolitan dignity in the thirteenth century. The suffragan sees are those of the islands of Syra, Scio, and Tino and Mico. The Bishop of Syra told me that the Catholics of Naxos were not so numerous as those of his own island, who number between four and five thousand. The missions there and at Santorin have been, for many years, served by the Lazarist fathers, who send some of their number from Constantinople.

The see of Syra dates from the period of the crusaders' kingdom. The old town of Syra is entirely inhabited by Latin-Catholic Greeks, many of whom are, as their names and physiognomies testify, of western descent. The cathedral and three parish churches in the old town, the church of St. Mary of Carmel and another, near the new town, are served by the Jesuits and secular clergy, who are either natives of the island or Smyrniotes. Monsignor Albertis, the distinguished and able bishop-coadjutor (with succession) to the venerable octogenarian who occupies the see, is a Smyrniote, but was educated at Rome, in the College of Propaganda. The schools are chiefly under the immediate direction of this prelate, and he hopes, ere long, to add to them a small seminary for his clergy. The island of Scio I did not visit, nor that of Tino; the two other suffragan sees of this metropolitan. They were both ancient sees. The Bishop of Scio was present at the general council of Chalcedon in 451. It probably received, about the same time as Tino (in 1400), a Latin as well as a Greek bishop. The Greek rite has, in both cases, lapsed altogether into schism, and the Latin remains, therefore, the only Catholic succession, as in the other islands.

At Scio there were many Catholics; but the Turkish invasion, and massacre, in 1840, of 40,000 of the unhappy Sciotes, involved them in the common ruin, from which

the island has not yet recovered. The delegacy apostolic of the kingdom of Greece is exercised by the Bishop of Syra. In this capacity his jurisdiction includes the whole *terra firma* and islands of the kingdom, with the exception of the metropolitan see of Naxos and its suffragan dioceses, including his own. The Catholics of this delegacy are all of the Latin rite, and are thinly scattered here and there through the kingdom. At Athens the mission, served by two secular priests, numbers about five hundred; that at Piræus, about two hundred. The king is a Catholic, and a very good one, and has his chaplain and chapel in the palace. Hence perhaps it is, that though many of the *corps diplomatique* might afford to do more towards building a more worthy church, the small and dilapidated chapel in the town is still considered good enough, and the site of a new church, already purchased, remains unoccupied. At Nauplia is a church and mission, and, as at Athens, schools, which are much frequented even by the Greek schismatics, who are neglected by an ignorant and incapable clergy.

Besides the above diocesan sees, there are, in the Ionian Islands, those of Corfu, and Zante, and Cephalonia: the former archiepiscopal and metropolitan, the latter suffragan to it, which I have not enumerated at the head of this section because of their local position, though they might perhaps be regarded as in the same category (of Latin dioceses in countries whose normal condition is Greek Catholic) as the others which I have there set down.

Babylon (Bagdad) was erected into a Latin diocese by Pope Urban VIII, in 1640, and raised to metropolitan rank in 1848, by the present pope. The see of Ispahan is suffragan to it. The Latin Catholics of Bagdad are chiefly the foreign consuls and their dependants. A mission and school for them and their children is under the direction of Franciscan minor observants, I believe. The archbishop is also delegate apostolic to the Catholics of all

rites in Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, and Armenia; as also to those of Persia, with the exception of the Latin Catholics of his own diocese, and that of Ispahan, where he governs as diocesan ordinary, and administrator apostolic, respectively. These Catholics number, exclusive of the Latin rite, upwards of 100,000, if the statements of Protestant missionary writers are correct.

The remaining Latin diocese which comes at all within the range of the present work, is that of Ispahan, in Persia. It was erected by Pope Innocent XII, in 1694, when the efforts of the Society of Jesus had made such an impression on the capital of Persia, that large and influential conversions to the faith were daily taking place. At present, I believe, the Latin Catholics are both few in number, and confined chiefly to the foreign residents and their dependants, in the city; the bulk of Persian Catholics being Syrians, Chaldeans, and a few Armenians. The diocese is administered by Monseigneur Tiroche, archbishop of Babylon, as administrator apostolic.

I have now to mention the remaining vicariates and delegacies, which not being connected by situation or administration with diocesans and their sees, I have not yet had occasion to speak of. These are, Constantinople, Aleppo, Syria, Egypt, and Arabia.

The apostolic vicar of Constantinople has a twofold office: as regards the Latin Catholics of his vicariate he is patriarchal vicar, the Latin patriarch being non-resident, but not bearing the title in partibus; as regards the other Catholics, he is vicar apostolic. His jurisdiction includes Romania, Macedonia, Anatolia, and the island of Metelino. As vicar apostolic and patriarchal of the Latin rite, he has 13,000 Latin Catholics, all in Constantinople and its immediate neighbourhood, under his jurisdiction; the number of those out of the city hardly amounts to 900. The missions are served by native clergy, assisted by foreign secular priests, and by regulars of different orders, sent as

missionaries apostolic by the college of Propaganda. These are the Conventual Minorites, founded here in 1219 by the blessed Benedict of Arezzo. The Dominicans, whose mission also dates from the thirteenth century, the Capuchins, the Franciscans (*Récollets*), established here in 1642, and the Minor Observants, who have a commissary and house in connexion with their missions of Terra Santa. The Lazarists succeeded in 1776 to the Jesuits, who had occupied the church and convent of S. Benedict at Galata from the year 1583 to their suppression in 1773. There is also another house of Capuchins, who were banished by the Russian government from the province of Tiflis, now in Russian Georgia. They have now founded houses at Trebizond, Sampsoun, and Sinope. There are eight churches of the Latin rite in Constantinople, one at Andrinople, one at Salonica, and one at Bujukdéré, besides various chapels. In Constantinople is a Lazarist college, and two free schools for boys, kept by the Christian brothers; each parish has also its boys' school. The sisters of Charity have three schools for girls, at Galata, Pera, and Bebek, and they attend the French hospital. Austria and Sardinia have also hospitals.

The vicariate apostolic of Aleppo, for the Latin rite, was erected in 1760. The jurisdiction embraces all Syria, exclusive of course of Palestine; and its functions are performed by Mgr. Villardel (archbishop of Philippi in partibus), who being also apostolic delegate to the Oriental Christians of Mount Lebanon, resides usually in the mountain. The clergy of this vicariate are chiefly regulars, viz., Jesuits, Lazarists, and Franciscan minor observants. The Jesuits have four missions: at Bigfayeh, they have a church and house, in which reside three fathers and one lay brother, and a native Maronite priest; at Beyruth, a church and house and large school, three fathers and one lay brother; at Ghazir and at Zahli, the same. At Zahli, they have very large schools, in which four hundred boys

and as many girls are instructed ; they pursue the system in use in some of our national schools, of making the elder children teach the younger, and are thus enabled to extend the benefits of education almost indefinitely. At Beyruth the instruction given to the upper classes is of a very superior order, as I had several opportunities of testing, and the results are most encouraging. The Christian youth of an Oriental sea-port town are exposed to every kind of temptation, and the education afforded by the Society of Jesus is admirably suited to enable them to meet the trials with which they have to contend. It was in 1651 that the Jesuits first came to the Lebanon, and their labours among the Maronites for more than a century have not been, and never will be, forgotten by the gratitude of that religious people. At the dissolution of the order, their missions were entrusted to the Lazarist fathers, who now share with them the work of education. Antoura, now a Lazarist mission, was their first abode ; and from thence they spread widely through the mountain. Isolation from the rest of the Church, and contact with their neighbours the Druses, had infected the Maronites with some local errors and many superstitions, and induced a laxity of discipline which the Jesuits set themselves to remedy ; and thus a new spirit was infused into the nation, and a spur given to education, which has produced excellent fruits. The Lazarists now occupy themselves with imparting the elements of science and instruction in languages, while the Jesuits at their college of Ghazir give courses of lectures in mathematics, philosophy, theology, and physics. They have about thirty pupils at Ghazir. The Lazarists have more than fifty pupils at Antoura and at their summer residence of Raifoun. They have also missions at Eden and elsewhere in the mountain. At Eden are two priests and a lay brother, and large schools. The parish church for the Latins at Beyruth is that of the Minor Observants ; beside it are those of the Jesuits,

Lazarists, and Sisters of Mercy, who have a large convent, hospital, and schools. One-third of the population of Beyruth is Catholic ; the number is 12,000, and of these more than half are Latin, the rest Maronite, Greek, and Syrian. The Minor Observants have a convent at Arissa in the mountain, in which seventeen pupils are preparing for ordination, or for exercise of missionary duties, in the patriarchate of Jerusalem, or the missions of the custody of Terra Santa. At Damascus, also in this vicariate, besides the Franciscan hospice, in which reside four fathers and a brother, are three Lazarist fathers. The schools are very numerous attended, not only by Catholics, but also by schismatics. Damascus was a Capuchin mission, but was given up by them after the murder of father Thomas in 1840. I believe the number of Latin Catholics in this vicariate out of the towns to be but small. At Acre the Franciscans (Minor Observants) have a church and house and schools. They are four fathers and two brothers, and I think the schools number about one hundred children. There are at Acre also Greek and Syrian Catholics, but in all they amount to perhaps 1,000. Trahlé numbers perhaps as many. The whole Latin rite of the vicariate I should think scarcely amounts to 20,000.

The apostolic delegacy to the Oriental Catholics of Mount Lebanon is also exercised by Mgr. di Villardel, a most amiable and unassuming Spanish Franciscan. In this capacity he acts as in the west a papal nuncio or legate would, and represents the Holy See in its relations to the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of the Maronite and other rites. This delegacy extends therefore not only to the mountain, but to the other Oriental Catholics of Syria, and hence I have called it by the wider name of Syrian delegacy, though familiarly it is called the delegacy of Mount Lebanon. It was erected at the same time as the vicariate of Aleppo, and Mgr. Villardel was nominated delegate in 1839.

The vicariate apostolic of Egypt and Arabia is exercised by the right rev. father Guasco, bishop of Zessa in partibus, a minor observant resident in their convent at Cairo. His jurisdiction extends, for the Latins, over Upper and Lower Egypt and Arabia. The greater number of Latins in Egypt live at Alexandria, where are many Italian and other European merchants. The vicariate is chiefly served by the two convents at Alexandria and Cairo, and by the two missions at Rosetta and Fayoum of the minor observants, which I have mentioned above as forming part of the custody of Terra Santa. At Alexandria there are also, I think, some Lazarist fathers and sisters of S. Vincent, and a convent of sisters of the Good Shepherd, who have large schools. The Minor Observants are rebuilding their church, and enlarging their convent and schools there. The Latins number 4,000 in the Delta, and perhaps 2,000 more in Cairo and the upper country and Arabia. As I have observed (under the head of the Copts) the Franciscan Coptic missions are under an independent prefecture, and the Coptic Catholics themselves under an apostolic vicariate.

No. II.

THE SEPARATIST, OR SCHISMATIC CHRISTIANS OF THE EAST.

I PURPOSE under this head to give a brief account of the various Christian bodies of the East who have unhappily, at one period or another, lapsed from Catholic unity and doctrine. As the unity of Christ's Church, which is a visible organized body, consists in a threefold agreement, that is to say, in unity of doctrine, worship, and government; so those communions which are separate from the

Church, depart from that unity in one or more of those points. Departure from the unity of doctrine is called heresy ; that from the unity of worship or government is named schism. Hence these separatists will be found to belong to either, or both, of the two classes of heretics or schismatics : but though in abstract phraseology they may thus be divided, practically the unity of the Church is so intimate, that they who divide from it on one point, are almost invariably divided on the others also ; for, since the government of the Church is no less divine than her doctrine or her worship in its origin and authority, they who reject her government, *ipso facto* deny her doctrine ; and so, on the contrary, they who reject her doctrine, perforce must deny the authority of her government. Similarly her worship being the result of her doctrine, and the appointment of her government, is involved in both, and stands or falls with them. Hence it is that I have headed the statement I am about to make concerning the separated communions of the East as I have done ; considering that the one name of separate, or schismatic communions, describes all sufficiently, while at the same time it merely states a fact which is patent, and admits of no controversy : for that these communions are separate from the Catholic Church (and mostly from each other also) is notorious ; but that they are heretical, is denied by many non-Catholics. They are, the Greeks, the Armenians, the Jacobites, or Syrian Monophysites, the Copts and Abyssinians, or Egyptian and African Monophysites, and the Nestorians. The leading heresy of the Greeks is the denial of the twofold procession of the Holy Spirit, and of the pope's divinely-appointed supremacy. It has also been maintained, by Dr. Covell and other Anglican writers of the last century, that the Russian Greeks differ from the Church on the doctrine of transubstantiation ; but this the learned De Maistre declares unfounded (*Du Pape*, p. 403), so far as his experience and knowledge, after many years'

residence in Russia, enabled him to judge. He admits, however, that the educated clergy in Russia are, with very few exceptions, deeply imbued with Calvinism. He quotes Methodius, archbishop of Twer, in support of the position that that comparatively small, but influential portion of the Russian clergy, are daily receding more and more from Roman theology, and approaching that of Wittenberg. In his work (printed by the "Holy Governing Synod" at Moscow, 1805) this prelate lauds Calvin *and his doctrines*, after a few words formally condemnatory of the excessive love for them which he declares prevalent, in a strain which reminds us of other prelates of the West. The truth appears to be, that the formularies of the Russian Church are not unambiguous, on this and other equally essential points, and that tradition is not more univocal there than elsewhere out of the Church.

The chief error of the Nestorians is the denial of the substantial and inseparable union of the two natures of God and Man in our Blessed Lord, and consequently the rejection of the title Mother of God, as applied by the Church to our Lady. That of the other sects, the denial that the same two natures, though inseparably united in the person of our Blessed Lord, yet remain distinct and not confounded as two natures in Him. These errors, it is hardly necessary to say, have never for a moment been accepted by the Church; but they have also been distinctly and by name condemned by her, duly assembled under her Head in general council, at Florence in 1441, at Ephesus in 431, and at Chalcedon in 451, respectively.

Besides these sects, there is to be found here and there, combining now with one and now with another of them, a sect so various, so undefined, so multiplex, that it defies anything like a brief analysis: I mean the Protestant. Their leading heresy is the denial of all authority in matters spiritual, and hence, in consistency, they adhere to no fixed doctrine, but, as the phrase is, "agree to differ" upon

all ; for some even deny the principle on which the majority agree, and ascribe authority to such different persons or things as they choose.

(A.) THE GREEK COMMUNION.

The Greeks are divided into three distinct bodies or Churches, between which entire intercommunion prevails :

I. The subjects of the Sultan. II. The subjects of the Czar. III. The subjects of the King of Greece.

I. The Turkish or Oriental Greeks have four patriarchs :

1. Constantinople, whose patriarchate extends over all Turkey in Europe, and great part of Asia Minor.

2. Alexandria, which includes all Egypt, Nubia, and part of Arabia.

3. Antioch, the jurisdiction of which extends over Syria, Mesopotamia, and Cilicia.

4. Jerusalem, including Palestine, the district beyond Jordan, and Idumæa.

The patriarch of Constantinople exercises a sort of honorary supremacy (which is only obeyed when the popular will so directs) over the other patriarchs, whom he also is supposed to nominate, on the recommendation of the clergy and people, to vacant patriarchates. He himself is elected by the synod of suffragan bishops and lay optimates of the patriarchate, and nominated by the sultan. The appointment, however, being lucrative, is the subject of much bribery, and the highest bidder usually obtains the confirmation of his election by the porte. Fifty or sixty thousand piastres are sometimes given to the vizier to secure his interest. The patriarchs receive money also for the appointment of bishops, and they again for the ordination of priests, which, combined with the gross ignorance of the clergy and the absence of all seminaries or colleges, reduces their public estimation to a deplorably low ebb. In the year 1849, a candidate for a bishopric was to be ordained at Jerusalem, but the cere-

mony was at the last moment deferred for a fortnight. The reason was, that the bishop elect was found not to know his creed, and he was therefore remanded till he had reached that pitch of erudition. It may be supposed that where such things are possible, to attempt to state the condition of clerical and lay education would be vain. The bishops are always chosen from the regular clergy, and are therefore unmarried; the parochial clergy must be married; which also points to a lamentable state of morality. Discipline seems at a very low ebb: for instance, confession is usually performed as a mere routine, in which a certain set form of words, resembling the *confiteor*, being said, absolution is given as a matter of course. Nor does it appear that the necessity of contrition, and reparation to obtain absolution, is understood by the people. Preaching and catechizing seem almost unknown; and I never heard either in a Greek church. So again with regard to prayer. I never saw a Greek engaged in quiet mental prayer in their churches. At the mass they attend with a staid and rigid, rather than a devout air, standing the whole time, and repeatedly crossing themselves, with the repetition of *kyrie eleison* a hundred or a thousand times, without cessation; but the frequentation of churches at other times, and the appearance of fervent and prolonged devotion, I never witnessed among the Greeks. The patriarchate of Constantinople is said to contain 2,700,000 Greeks, subject to the Emperor of Austria, besides the 12,000,000, who are Turkish subjects. That of Alexandria is estimated by the same authority (Mouravieff, the historian of the Russian establishment) to contain 5,000, which is, I think, under the real number. That of Antioch contains about 300,000, according to Mouravieff.* He gives none at all to the patri-

* I know not on what authority the *Scientific Miscellany* gives the total number of Greek schismatics as 56,360,000. The same

archate of Jerusalem; and indeed, exclusive of clergy, there are but few. There are fourteen sees in this patriarchate; but only two, Ptolemais (Acre) and Bethlehem, have resident bishops. At the latter place are four hundred Greek schismatics; at Jerusalem, six hundred, including the clergy, who are mostly regulars, and live in three large convents. They have also a large convent at S. Saba, near the Dead Sea, and one at Mount Sinai, and a small one at Giaffa. At all these places they are very wealthy, owing to the great sums they reap from pilgrims to the sanctuaries, and especially from the wealthy Russians and the imperial government. Indeed, the rapacity of their clergy at Jerusalem is so notorious, that the Russian consul at Giaffa is directed to cause the poorer pilgrims who land at that port before Easter in thousands, to deposit with him a sufficient sum to secure them a passage home, that they may not be entirely pillaged. The clergy in these parts are usually from the Greek islands; and after a stay of sufficient duration to satisfy their needs as well as their devotion, they return thither wealthier, if not better men. The venality of the Greek character appears in the readiness with which all kinds of dispensations are granted for money. Schiavini (vol. iii, *ad fin.*) gives an account of the scandalous discipline with regard to divorce, which prevails among them.

It would be both tedious and unnecessary here to detail the history of the Greek schism. That the see of Constantinople remained till the fifth century a mere suffragan bishopric to the metropolis of Heraclea; that it was raised

work estimates all the Protestant sects at 48,985,000; and the Church at 254,655,000. All these figures seem somewhat below the mark. Catholics are not wont to lay great stress upon our superior numbers; but they certainly ought to excite the attention, and awaken the convictions of sectarians, of whatever denomination.

then by the consent of the Holy See to a merely honorary precedency before the three other patriarchates of the East; that a canon was introduced, after the breaking up of the council at Chalcedon, grounding its claim to a deuteroprecedency to Rome, on the fact of its being likewise the imperial city, are facts known to all.

That pride, which loved pre-eminence in the Church, even at the expense of truth, and at the sacrifice of things spiritual to temporal advantage, found an able representative in the patriarch Photius, and the schism he inaugurated in the ninth century found its completion in the fifteenth. It may perhaps be permitted me, however, to point out once more the remarkable self-condemnation which characterized Photius and his successors, who are, as De Maistre has well observed, their own most emphatic accusers. Before his rupture with the Holy See, Photius himself acknowledged its divine prerogatives, by asking Pope Nicholas I, in 859, to confirm his election. The Emperor Michael besought the same pontiff on behalf of the Church of Constantinople, to send his legates to reform it; and Photius again made efforts to obtain the confirmation of his uncanonical election from Pope John VIII. Nor was this recognition of that authority which he was about to cast off, other than the standing tradition, as of the Church Catholic, so also of his own see. In 886, the whole body of the clergy of Constantinople solemnly recognized Pope Stephen's authority, and, conjointly with the Emperor Leo, petitioned that pontiff to grant a dispensation, to enable that prince's brother Stephen, who had been ordained by a schismatic, to accept the patriarchate to which he had nominated him. Rather more than a century later, the Roman emperor who had nominated his son Theophylact to that see, again applies for leave for him, being under age, to accept it; and at the same time asks, that the pallium should be sent to Constantinople once for all, instead of being, as heretofore,

sent to each patriarch at his accession. In 1019, the Emperor Basil sends ambassadors to Rome to Pope John XX, to solicit for the patriarch the title of œcumenic patriarch of the east, "as he (the pope) bears that title throughout the world." Thus the Greeks have borne witness themselves to the existence of that authority which they reject. Scarcely had they consummated their schism, by retrogression from the solemn engagements which they (represented by their four patriarchs and their emperor, and a vast delegacy of clergy) had taken on them at Florence in 1439, when their chief see and most of its dependancies were invaded by the Turk, and under his rule have they remained sinking from one degradation to another ever since. Frequent but vain efforts have been made by the sovereign pontiffs to recal them to the fold. The present illustrious head of the Church himself made an effort for that end, and sent to Constantinople overtures for their reunion,—the gentleness and charity of which seemed but to elicit more virulent expressions of dislike and opposition on the part of those to whom they were addressed. The beginning and end of the Greek schism is pride; and it seems with them, as with individuals, that Providence punishes their sin condignly by humiliation; for they who reject the authority of heaven are now crushed by that of the world, and humbled not more by the oppression of the Turk than by the protection of the Czar.

II. The Russian Greeks have, since the introduction of Christianity into Russia (from 866 to 1015), passed through several forms of Church government. After the nation had been Christianized, a hierarchy of diocesan bishops was established under a metropolitan, dependant on the Patriarch of Constantinople, whose see was fixed successively at Kiew, at Vladimir, and at Moscow. In 1582, the Czar Theodore Ivanovich obtained the erection of the metropolitan see into a patriarchate, and under that form

the Russians remained till the reformation effected by Peter the Great in 1723, when he abolished the patriarchate and all but the name of metropolitan, and erected a committee or board of bishops and others, styled the Holy Governing Synod, to whom he intrusted the direction of his Church—under his own control. The hierarchy therefore at the present moment presents sixty-one diocesan bishops and vicars, including those of the Georgian Church, all equally and entirely subject to the supreme control of the emperor and the direction of the board of bishops. Four bishops are still called metropolitans; and one of the Georgian bishops, whose entire communion was annexed to that of the Russian Church by imperial decree in 1801, bears the title of archbishop, but the distinction is merely honorary, as they have no jurisdiction beyond that of ordinary diocesans. These bishops are all chosen from the regular clergy, and are never married. The secular clergy, priests, and deacons, are obliged to marry before orders, but may not marry again in case of the decease of their wives. The whole number of clergy in 1838, was 108,486,—of whom 33,591 are priests, 15,423 deacons, and the rest inferior clergy.

The population of Russia in 1839 was 61,874,798, of whom 47,000,000 were reckoned to the national establishment. I do not affect to give an account of the state of education, etc., among the clergy. Russians themselves usually assure us that they are lamentably ignorant, and that the standard of morality is very low among them. I have seen tables of statistics of clerical delinquencies, which present the most astounding view of that class. The present emperor, and the emperor Alexander, have done much towards bettering these crying evils; but, from all accounts, not much success has crowned these efforts at present. The laity have a profound reverence for the priestly character, which these clergy undoubtedly possess; and it is to be believed that very many lead blame-

less lives, and receive most of the means of grace. The history of the Russian Establishment is as complete an illustration of Erastianism as can well be found; and to this I attribute the attraction towards it manifested by the national Establishment of England from time to time.* “Its history,” says the translator of Mouravieff’s *History of the Russian Church*, “exhibits the interesting picture of a national Church, which has preserved throughout a filial respect for its mother in the faith, without at any time becoming *unduly dependant* on foreign rule. She acknowledged, indeed, for several centuries, a certain subordination to the see of Constantinople, whose patriarch had the privilege of consecrating and confirming her metropolitans, chosen generally by the Great Prince and by the bishops; and, *when referred to* [the italics are the writer’s own], he was the final arbitrator in all ecclesiastical questions; but the Russian Church admitted no ordinary right of interference with her internal jurisdiction and self-government. On the other hand, when political circumstances had influenced the Great Princes to set aside the privileges of the Church of Constantinople, and cause the metropolitans to be elected by the synod of their own bishops, we do not find that either the patriarchs of Constantinople, though they probably considered themselves wronged, broke off communion on this account, or that the Russian metropolitans, now become independant, made any boast of having returned, at the command of the civil power, or by any pretended indication of their own rights, to the letter of the œcumenical canons. On the contrary, after a full century of independence, the conscience both

* I allude especially to the correspondence between archbishop Abbott, titular of Canterbury, and the celebrated Cyril Lukar, whose attempt to Calvinize his communion, in the seventeenth century, and tragic end, are doubtless familiar to most persons.

of the Church and of the state, dictated a public acknowledgment that something was still wanting to legitimize the independance which had been acquired, while the patriarch of Constantinople not only made good by his consent what had been done, but concurred with his brethren of the East to raise the very see, which he might have said had rebelled against him, to a dignity equal with his own, and that too at the instance of a successor of those same princes by the interference of whose temporal authority his own privileges had been diminished."

The same writer, an Anglican clergyman, proceeds to say further on, that "The Church of Russia began her course with a well-defined system derived from Constantinople, and based on the decrees of the councils, as contained in the Nomocanon, in which her rights, as well as those of the state, were clearly defined and limited, so that the one could never interfere with the other. We therefore find but little mention in the history before us of those struggles and contests between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, which have been so common in the west. During her long career, she has constantly and with untiring zeal and loyalty, supported and preserved the state," etc. That admirable arrangement, by which this ingenious writer assures us the Russian Church and State are enabled entirely to avoid interference with one another, is well described in the above extracts; the judicious restriction of her interference to those occasions when it was solicited, and the meekness with which the Church of Constantinople surrenders her claims to the spiritual allegiance of her daughter church (claims which we should be the last to say were at all just) at the bidding of the czar, are likely to produce the end so much admired by this writer. So long as the state merely assumes power, and the Church simply concedes it to her, concord is not sooner desired than secured by both parties. Such has been the beginning, continuation, and end of the

mutual blandishments bestowed by the Greek communion and the Russian Czar on each other. The patriarch of Constantinople was as liberal in ceding privileges which he had not the right to bestow, as the Great Prince in rewarding his instrumentality by benefits not less substantial than those he acquired by domineering over the communion to which he belonged. In 1582, after a century of entire oblivion of the claims of Constantinople, the Czar Theodore Ivanovich desiring to have a patriarch of his national communion, and to secure some sort of ecclesiastical sanction for the new office, addresses himself with a rather sudden deference to the long-flouted patriarch Jeremiah. Rich presents and extravagant compliments find no better market than Constantinople; and Jeremiah not only remembers that he has jurisdiction over the metropolitan of Moscow, but determines (doubtless in gratitude for the luxury of forgiving his century of disobedience which is now afforded him by the Czar) that he can and will "raise him to a dignity equal with his own": that dignity being, in the words of Theodore, "the great throne of the Church of Constantinople, the mother of all the Churches in the universe, of the one orthodox faith"! Accordingly, the patriarch repairs to Moscow, in the plenitude of an authority only revived in order the more fully to destroy it by bestowal on another. Truly, after this exhibition, it must have appeared impossible to the autocrats of Russia that the authority of the state should "ever interfere" with that of the Church. Hence little more than a century intervenes before another Czar, the great Peter, undertakes to mould that loyal and zealous body in accordance with the advances he had made towards a more perfect development of imperial power in the state.

Now and then, in spite of the amicable relations of Church and state, the patriarch, it appears, would give trouble to the Czar, by an excess either of energy or of torpor in the management of his department; and the mind of

the vigorous Czar was led to conceive that it would give greater unity and facility to his government, if the regulation of the ecclesiastical department were entrusted, like that of the civil and military services, to a board or council, of which he himself would be the president or chairman. This time the question therefore was, not how to augment, but how to diminish, the spiritual dignity of the patriarch; a question, in Peter's mind, presenting no difficulty of solution. The plenitude and apex of universal authority bestowed by Constantinople on Moscow had, perchance, worn out or decayed in that rigorous climate; or perhaps the warmth of state friendship had thawed it down and melted it away; certain it is that that lofty spiritual power somehow disappeared, without leave to do so, from the co-equal potentate of Constantinople and "his brethren of the East". The process adopted was simple and effective, like most of Peter's measures. I narrate it in the words of Mouravieff. "Peter," says the historian, "victorious over all his enemies, with the titles which he had acquired of emperor and father of his country, to use his own expression, 'felt no groundless fear in his conscience lest he should show himself ungrateful to the Most High, if, after having been so blessed by Him with success in the improvement of the military and civil departments, he were to neglect the better regulation of the Church'. This was indeed a business which it was impossible to defer much longer," etc. Here we find Peter already in possession of the plenitude of spiritual authority, according to his own estimation; and so the patriarch is styled "the aged metropolitan Stephen". How this trick of imperial prestidigitation, by which Peter and his patriarch changed places, was accomplished, the historian does not record. We take his word, therefore, that it *was* done; and this granted, the subsequent moves become beautifully easy and simple. The new imperial patriarch merely issues "an ecclesiastical regulation", by which he pre-

scribes the composition of a board or council of bishops, to be called the Holy Governing Synod, and to take the place of the patriarch as head of the Russian Church. The nomination of the members of this board rests with the Czar, and he is represented in it by the over procurator, or vice-president. The bishops assembled in obedience to imperial command at S. Petersburg, in 1721, and, having agreed on the composition of the synod, their report received the Czar's confirmation and sanction. This delicate business thus quietly arranged between the sovereign and the bishops, and the patriarchal authority, by another coup of legerdemain, shifted again by an exercise of the much-lauded mutual good-will of Church and state, to their joint administration, Peter conceives that the moment has arrived for one of those rare invitations to "interference" which are so judiciously received by the see of Constantinople. Another Jeremiah fills the seat of supreme authority; and to him the Czar addresses a letter, dated Sep. 30, 1721, inviting his acceptance of what has been done, and assuring him, with most filial courtesy, that he has "*ordered* the synod not to depart from the doctrines of the Church, and considers himself responsible to God that they should observe that command. Once more the world is edified by the meek behaviour of the patriarch; and the friendliness of that loving intercourse between S. Petersburg and Constantinople, which doubtless was then re-established with additional fervor, is cemented by a new tie. What degradations have been accepted on the one side, and what contumelies bestowed on the other, since that final adjustment of the Russian Establishment, I suppose few either know or care to learn. At the present moment, the Russian Establishment affords the best illustration of pure Erastianism which the world can shew; for by the "Reformation" of 1721, on which basis it is now fixed, "the legislature" (that is, in this case, the emperor), to quote the words of an Anglican writer, arch-

deacon Wilberforce, "vested in the sovereign the whole appellate jurisdiction of which a patriarch could be possessed", and hence the prince "exercises in the highest instance, that authority which the Church (the bishops and clergy) exercise in inferior processes".

III. THE GREEK NATIONAL CHURCH. From the moment of the erection of the Greek kingdom, a movement towards nationalizing the Greek communion within its limits commenced. This, however, was inaugurated by the laity; and there is no reason for believing that the clergy, with few exceptions, are otherwise than averse to the consummation of this desire, which they last year witnessed. The hierarchy of the kingdom of Greece consists of a bishop of Athens, called the *primus*, and, I think, twelve or fourteen diocesan bishops, who, with him as president, form a governing synod, who act in subordination to the minister of worship. The patriarch of Constantinople, with his usual amiability, conceded, in Sept. 1850, the entire independence of this national Church. By the document he then put forth (a singular mixture of high-sounding words and confessions of the inanity of his own pretensions), that prelate renounces his right to hear appeals, which thenceforth he declares are not to be carried out of the kingdom, but to be decided by the governing synod in ultimate appeal (subject always to the approval of the civil government, a qualification to which he does not allude); so that they are thenceforth to be regarded as exercising all that authority which a patriarch usually wields. By this act the Greek national Church is placed in the same relation to Constantinople as the Russian. Dr. Waddington (an Anglican writer), who visited Greece in 1829, states his hope that this result would ensue, from the measures which he believed would be taken by the new government, and from the known character of the Church of Constantinople. "We should

remark," he says, in his work on the Greek Church, "that the spiritual head of the Greek Church has, in every country, and at every period, acknowledged the pre-eminence of the temporal authority; and thus the rule which prevailed under the Christian, as well as under the Turkish sovereigns of Constantinople, under the arch-dukes (Great Princes), as well as under the emperors of Russia, will naturally extend itself to the kingdom of Greece: the constitution and history of the Church equally prove that the right to originate a reform in it is possessed by the civil government." . . . "For the accomplishment of this object, one instrument only is necessary—the establishment of a judicious scheme of education." Dr. Waddington is a true prophet. The Church of Constantinople has not erred from the principles on which it has acted ever since it became a centre of schism and heresy: it has conceded to the civil power the rights which it certainly has over schismatic Churches; and, on the other hand, the government has established "a judicious scheme of education", on the model of the university system of France, by which clergy and laity are trained in those principles, of infidelity or rationalism, which are considered most useful by the civil power. Hitherto, however, the judicious scheme has not been crowned with eminent success, because the great majority of those who entered the university with a view to the ecclesiastical state, become so "enlightened", that they refuse to take orders in a communion still decidedly Christian in its liturgy and formularies, and devote their energies to politics or literature. The clergy remain, therefore, as before, for the most part immersed in ignorance and bigotry, and by no means inclined to adopt the modern views, or second the educational efforts, of government.

Such a state of things must end either in another formal division, or in the triumph of a "tacit reformation", such as has been gradually effected by public opinion in the

English establishment. For the Erastianism of Greece, being the result of the national will instead of the act of the sovereign, as it was, originally, in England, and is still in Russia, has not even the conservative element of an autocratic government to fall back on; and the same impatience of control which leads the Greeks to reduce regal authority to a mere shadow, rebels also against the principle of authority in matters spiritual. Hence the national creed, as with us in England, is merely the result of national will, and will vary with that. The propagation of French philosophy, so called, and literature, and ideas, is rapid and successful; and the tone of "young Greece" is precisely that of the French press. The national establishment is now, and will be more and more every year, merely the expression of the national mind, the index, not the standard of popular belief; its "independance" is the license of individual judgment, and its new life the multiplied existence of corruption instead of the renewed vigour of its own vitality.

The clergy are regular and secular; the former, however, are a diminishing minority. The number of the secular clergy may be between four and five thousand. Even in the capital they appear to little advantage, and exercise no kind or degree of influence among the middle and higher classes of society; in the country they are only less ignorant than their flocks. The population of Greece is from 600,000 to 620,000, of whom all but a few thousands are members of the national establishment.

All these three branches of the Greek schismatic communion agree in their main errors, which are the denial of the eternal procession of the Holy Spirit from the second as well as from the first Person of the most Holy Trinity; the denial of the supremacy of the Pope, and his powers, as successor of the prince of the Apostles, S. Peter; the denial of the true doctrine concerning Purgatory, and certain consequences thence flowing, and the denial that

it is lawful to consecrate the body of our Lord in unleavened bread. Their practice is further heretical on many points, some of which they have themselves condemned since their separation from the Church ; such, for instance, as the re-baptizing heretics and schismatics, an error they have solemnly condemned but still practise where they deem it advisable, as one of their prelates in Syria told a Protestant writer (Mr. Williams), to inspire converts with a hatred of their rivals. On the other hand, they practise some things, in themselves good, which, nevertheless, their formularies pledge them to reject : thus they receive money and offerings to say mass for the dead, though they profess to disbelieve in purgatory. In short, in this as in all other schismatic communions, there is not only error but confusion and self-contradiction of the most flagrant kind. Those who would satisfy themselves on this head, and especially with regard to the subject of the Greek rejection of the Papal supremacy, I refer to a selection of their own documents collected by a Russian Greek, and attesting most strongly the very doctrine in dispute. The book is called *Historica Russiæ Monumenta, ex antiquis exterarum gentium archivis et bibliothecis deprompta. Auctore Tourguenoff* : published at S. Petersburg, in 1841, by Pratz.

Of all the sects I came in contact with, I thought the Greeks the least attractive ; a proud self-confidence, and an appearance of insincerity in what they professed to hold, as if they regarded it less as the truth, than as necessary to their position, characterized those whom I saw ; qualities which ally themselves readily with the habits of ease, and acquirement of wealth and worldly prosperity which are characteristic of the oriental Greeks, and especially those of the Levant. Among the frank and loyal Turks their character also stands very low ; “ Græca fides”, and another proverb, expressing the power of money over them, are current sayings among the Moslems.

(B.) THE ARMENIANS.

Till within a few years the hierarchy of this sect were under one head, the Catholicus,* as he was called, or patriarch of Etchmiazin, who, with the patriarchs of Sis, of Aghtamar (in Lake Vau), and of the Caspian Albanians, who were called Aghorans, form the supreme hierarchy. The titular patriarchs of Constantinople and Jerusalem were, in fact, merely suffragans of the see of Sis, or Cilicia, who assumed the name respectively in 1461 and 1310. On the Russian acquisition of the two Persian provinces of Nakhchevan and Erivan, which the Armenians chiefly inhabited, Etchmiazin (about three miles from Erivan), became a Russian see, and while the Turkish Armenians were consequently withdrawn from its jurisdiction, the Catholicus of Aghoran was reduced to the position of a suffragan of Etchmiazin. Under that patriarch the Russians further placed ten Russian sees, and three in Persia and Hindostan. He is nominated by the emperor, and will doubtless ere long be aggregated with his communion in Russia to the national establishment: they will thus, it is said, add twelve dioceses, containing nearly 500,000 people, and a large staff of clergy, to the Russian Church. The Turkish Armenians have been nominally aggregated to the patriarchate of Cilicia; but,

* The name Catholicus did not originally denote a bishop having metropolitan or primatial jurisdiction, but was given to one who presided over a whole region external to the existing ecclesiastical arrangement. By the sects it has become distorted in application, through the inadequacy of their several systems to modify existing arrangements, to meet new contingencies, by re-adjusting jurisdictions no longer applicable. An analogous case to that of the Armenian bishop of a remote see being called Catholicus, in the sense of patriarch or supreme head of his sect, appears to exist in the Anglican Establishment in Hindostan, where a "bishop" of Calcutta is called "primate" of that vast empire.

in fact, the see of Constantinople, which is supposed to be suffragan to it, is the more important, as the Sultan addresses his firmans to his Armenian subjects through the functionary who fills that office. He has twenty-three diocesan bishops under him, who have spiritual rule over a million of people. In the patriarchate of Jerusalem, I believe there are not more than a few hundred schismatic Armenians: at Jerusalem itself they number about one hundred and fifty, besides the clergy. The patriarch has diocesan suffragans in Palestine and Cyprus. I believe, however, they do not reside. They have two convents at Jerusalem,—that of S. James, and one on Zion, both of which they purchased from the Georgians.

It was not till towards the end of the fifth century that the Armenians, whose national spirit had rejected the heresies of Arius and Nestorius, embraced the error of Eutyches. With the confusion of thought which is so noticeable with all the eastern heretics, they condemned Eutyches in the same national synod in which they rejected the decrees of Chalcedon. Under the influence of Barsumar they assembled at Vaghershabad in 491, and by the mouth of their Catholicus (hitherto a suffragan of the Syrian patriarchate under the primate of Pontine Cæsarea), and his colleagues in the episcopate, pronounced in favour of the Monophysite doctrine, or perhaps one should rather say, the Monophysite phraseology; for it appears they were led to suppose that in so doing they were taking a *via media* between the extremes of Nestorius on the one hand, and Eutyches (whom they anathematized) on the other. Political events seem to have hardened them in the phraseology, and, by degrees, in the doctrine of Monophysism. As the Persian empire advanced, and that of Byzantium receded, Armenia was absorbed and isolated in the dominion of the former, and the retreat which they had delayed became almost impossible. When the Mahometan invasion took place, their condition was not much

improved ; and when a period of political prosperity arrived, the new Armenian kingdom which sprang up in the thirteenth century, and, after extending itself from Mount Taurus to the southern coast and including great part of Cilicia, was finally overthrown by the Memlooks of Egypt, the desire and tradition of an external centre to which they might look for guidance were alike extinct. Since that time the Armenians have been dispersed throughout the Turkish empire, plying the arts of commerce, and obtaining wealth and consideration as the bureaucratic element among a people whose creed and character render them averse to that kind of exertion. Wherever I had occasion to see Armenians, they appeared respectable, well-informed and liberal-minded, not dead to self-interest by any means, but also not forgetful of self-respect. Besides their error of Monophysism, which they disclaim, as the Nestorians do theirs, the Armenians adhere to the Greek formula concerning the procession of the Holy Spirit. I believe instruction would go far towards diminishing or dispelling both : but by this I do not mean the kind of instruction for which Protestant missionaries find a ready hearing among them ; viz., instruction how to attach no value at all to dogmatic truth.

Like most of the other sects, the Armenians practise confession, but it appears usually to be a set form, and to be repeated without the requisite dispositions. The priest sits on the ground, and the penitent kneels before him. The Armenian churches appear more like Catholic churches than those of any other sect, and the people seem not only grave and decorous in their conduct, but even devout. In short, they seem divided from the Church more by inveterate habit and prejudice than on any principle, or from adherence to any distinctive doctrine. Their hymnology remains as in the time of S. Gregory ; it is very copious, and enters largely into their services ; and hence, in their devotions, though not in their formularies,

they are for the most part orthodox. It is strange to hear them on S. Peter's day, singing in the words and tongue of fourteen centuries ago the praises of the chief of the apostles as the rock of the Church, the foundation of the faith, and choregus of the apostolic college. The liturgy being in the old Armenian, is understood by the people as easily as the Latin by our western Catholics; and the air of intelligent attention which I noticed among the people at one or two ceremonies which I chanced to witness, contrasted most favourably with the entire absence of it among the Greeks. It is not surprising that the Armenians are continually becoming reconciled to the Church; now especially that their allegiance to the see of Etchmiazin has been dissolved, the old traditional bond which held the Turkish Armenians together in their schism being withdrawn, many will have no difficulty in transferring their obedience to the true centre. The primate at Constantinople, and many of his clergy, are known to be most favourable to that course, nor will the civil power oppose the reunion of a communion which might otherwise not improbably fall under the protection of that great power of the north, whose toils are so widely spread throughout the failing empire of the sultan. At Jerusalem and in Syria, the tendency of the Armenians is decidedly anti-Catholic, and intercommunion with the Protestants has been all but established on several occasions. That such an event would not altogether be unacceptable to Russian statesmen, seems to indicate both that the "philosophic" and liberal part of the Armenian communion refuses to amalgamate with the Greek fixedness of traditional belief, and also that to the czar the one object of apprehension in the East is not English, but French and Catholic influence. This is certain, that the days of the Armenian schism are numbered, and that the great powers of the earth are anxious to make the best of its dismemberment.

(C.) THE JACOBITES, OR SYRIAN MONOPHYSITES.

Early in the sixth century the emperor Justin subjected the Syrians, who had embraced and obstinately maintained the heresy of Eutyches, to a cruel and prolonged persecution. Like most persecutions, this only effected half its work; and towards the middle of that century the survivors and descendants of the Monophysites began to revive, and under the guidance of the celebrated James Baradæus, bishop of Edessa, to reconstitute their hierarchy, and fix the terms of an independant communion. From their leader, they were named Jacobites; and though, like all sects, they profess to reject that distinctive appellation, and call themselves orthodox Syrians, they retain the name to this day. They have the succession of bishops, and their hierarchy consists of some eight diocesans under a patriarch, of Antioch, who resides at Merdin, and some more in Mesopotamia and Persia under a primate, called *Maphrian* of the East, who lives at Mossul. In Travancore there are also a considerable number of Jacobites under bishops, but they have, I believe, no dependance on the Syrian patriarch; I understand that they are under a metropolitan, who has final appellate jurisdiction over them. The patriarch told a Protestant missionary that his subjects numbered 12,755 families, equivalent to between 60,000 and 70,000 souls. Those in Travancore may perhaps number 50,000 more. I did not come in contact with many of this sect, but the account given of them by Protestant missionaries (Messrs. Smith and Dwight, and Mr. Southgate) is that they are more ignorant and degraded than the other sects of the East. It would be difficult to state what are their other errors besides Monophysism, as from all accounts they have but little fixed teaching, but they seem to result more from ignorance and confusion of thought than from pertinacity in definite heresy.

(D.) THE COPTS AND ABYSSINIANS, OR AFRICAN
MONOPHYSITES.

The Copts, descendants of the ancient inhabitants of Egypt, are widely spread throughout that land. Maltebrun estimates them at more than 200,000, and to judge from the dense population in their frequent villages, this is not an exaggerated estimate. They are governed by a patriarch, who resides at Alexandria, and a great number of diocesan bishops. The patriarch has under his jurisdiction a titular patriarch of Jerusalem, who resides at Cairo, and he also consecrates and nominates the *Abuna* or supreme head of the Abyssinians, with whom the Copts are in communion. The clergy are regular and secular; the former being of three orders—S. Anthony, S. Paul the Hermit, and S. Macarius—but both regulars and seculars are married, and the Coptic convents are consequently merely villages (usually enclosed in walls) of married clergy living under a *Goumos* (*Agoumenos*, leader or head), who exercises a civil authority, equivalent to that of a sheikh in an Arab village, as well as a spiritual control. The Copts share with the Jews the internal trade of Egypt, as brokers, agents, and farmers of the customs; and centuries of the kind of subserviency which such a position entails has degraded them to a moral position lower even than that of their Mohammedan conquerors. They have, indeed, assimilated themselves to that degree to the Mohammedans, that scarcely a vestige of Christianity remains. Licence of manners has enervated them, and laxity of discipline renders their religion a by-word among the heathen. A Coptic marriage is a proverb among the Turks, divorce being obtainable for money a few days or weeks after it has been contracted. The clergy are profoundly ignorant, and few comprehend the language in which their liturgy is written. They maintain their orthodoxy, on the score of accepting the three first general councils of the Church; and reject

that of Chalcedon as irregular. The Copts are the only eastern sect of whose orders the Church doubts ; and it is remarkable, that whereas among the other sects the priesthood is highly revered, and the sacraments (especially the Holy Eucharist) regarded with awe, the Copts seem to have hardly any such feeling. Their churches are evidently regarded by them as the Protestants regard their places of worship, merely as relatively sanctified by the presence of worshippers. Thus, on being about to remove my shoes to enter a Coptic sanctuary (according to the eastern manner), the priests and others seemed surprised, and would not permit me to do so, but rushed in themselves before me, to show that this was unnecessary. Like the Abyssinians, the Copts practise circumcision,—a custom they have learnt, with many more, from the Arabs.

The Abyssinians, who are said to number 10,000,000, are in communion with the Copts, and are under an *Abuna*, usually a Copt chosen from some convent in Egypt, and consequently totally unacquainted with either the liturgic (Ethiopic) or vernacular (the Umharic) tongue of his spiritual subjects. He has a vast number of clergy under him (as many as 100,000 it is said), a large proportion of whom are regulars, living in large convents, and hermits. Their tenets are the same as those of the Copts, but while ignorant and immoral, they have a certain simplicity and teachableness of character which promises well for their eventual recall to the Church. They have a great attachment to the Bible, especially to the Old Testament, and the very poorest Abyssinians are not unfrequently seen reading the Psalms or other parts of Holy Scripture ; this forms part of a very interesting feature in their religious character, viz., a remarkable Jewish leaven, which shews itself also in the observance of the Sabbath, as well as Sunday, the practice of circumcision, etc. This last custom is certainly not, as with the

Copts, taken from the Mohammedans, who never penetrated to their empire, and whom they have ever regarded with aversion. There have been some who maintain that these Jewish customs are derived from the band of 200,000 emigrants mentioned by Herodotus in the second book of his history, whom they conjecture to have been Jewish exiles. Whatever the truth may be, these traces of Jewish customs are not uninteresting, when we consider that this is the same nation whose conversion to the Christian faith is attributed in Holy Writ and by the other traditions of the Church to a Jewish proselyte in high office at the court of their sovereign, who was reading as he went down through the desert the promises of that same inspired volume, which is to this day the favourite and accustomed study of the Abyssinians. But this propensity, so laudable in its use, is unhappily misused in Abyssinia as it is elsewhere, and opinions on the interpretation of texts divide the clergy and people into opposite parties. The favourite subject of dispute is the descent of the Holy Spirit on our Lord. Reverence for the priestly office and the tradition of their belief is great, and they consequently offer little encouragement to any but the Catholic missionary.

(E.) THE NESTORIANS.

The patriarch of the Nestorians resides at Mossul, and his jurisdiction over some twenty dioceses extends over the greater part of Asia, comprehending the Arabian Nestorians. The patriarchal office is hereditary, and is conferred by an election of the whole episcopal body. The Nestorians assert that their present designation in the East (that of Nûsrani), means simply "of Nazareth", and repudiate the name of Nestorians, alleging, of course, that their doctrine is not sectarian, but Catholic. Their sect owes its distinct existence mainly to Barsumas, bishop of Nisibis in the fifth century. Towards the end of that age

they had acquired sufficient strength to appoint a Nestorian patriarch to Seleucia, a see principally dependant on the patriarchate of Antioch. He assumed the title of Catholicus of Babylon, as head of the whole sect. The ensuing century of isolation debased their belief to a degree which rendered them more acceptable than other Christians to their Arab conquerors, and under their rule they spread their spurious Christianity widely in Western Asia, and even penetrated to Tartary and China. Their hierarchy numbered twenty-five metropolitans, and the number of their subjects was said to equal or exceed that of the whole Catholic Church. But the sapless branch of such a rapid growth has long since withered and perished, and now the whole Nestorian body scarcely numbers more than 100,000.*

The seat of their patriarch was successively fixed at Ctesiphon, and at Bagdad, where it became the capital of the Caliphate. In 1258, when the court of the Abbasidæ was broken up, he again removed, and finally fixed at Mossul in 1559. The liturgy of the Nestorians is in Syriac, of which their vernacular is a dialect, and is written in a peculiar character which resembles the Stranghelo, an ancient Syrian orthography, but is not quite the same.

They seem to have little or no fixed theological teaching now; and those who know them best maintain that the small remains of orthodox belief among them are daily diminishing. Hence they are much cultivated by Protestant missionaries, whose ample stock of negations runs well with the national tendency to disbelief, while those who are devout and earnest are daily added to the Chal-

* In Persia the Nestorians chiefly inhabit the plain of Ourmiah; and the mountains of Kurdistan also contain a considerable body, among whom, at a place called Salmerik, their patriarch resides. This was the great seat of Nestorian learning, and retains its name among them as such.

dean Catholic Church. According to Asseman, the liturgical and doctrinal books of the Nestorians shew that they once acknowledged and used the whole of the seven sacraments, but two at least, penance and confirmation, appear practically dropped by them. It is even said that the form of their mass renders that of the Holy Eucharist invalid, but I believe this to be incorrect, and the almost unailing test of reverence to the Blessed Sacrament is strongly against the assertion. They consecrate in leavened bread, the leaven being made annually on Thursday in holy week. A fatal facility of divorce and general laxity of discipline prevail among them, and thus marriage is also practically degraded from the dignity of a sacrament. They are, I believe, the only Eastern sect who, as a body, maintain open communion. The clergy are married, and are allowed to re-marry (after the death of a first wife) even after orders. They are, I believe, very ignorant, and are perhaps more to be pitied than blamed for many of their errors. One of their bishops told two American missionaries, that whatever amount of education they had was owing to the Catholic bishop Shevris, and that those who were most enlightened spoke with reverence of the Catholic Church, into whose fold a majority of their nation are now happily gathered.

On the review of the Eastern sects which I have here attempted, I cannot but remark, that while their very existence must to every feeling heart be a subject of profound sorrow and regret, still there are topics of consolation and thankfulness involved in the sight of so many divisions, which it is well to call to mind. For as, on the one hand, those deplorable schisms—the offspring of pride and wilfulness—are a scandal to the heathen and to those sects themselves, yet, on the other, they yield an involuntary testimony to that truth of which they deny so much. At variance among themselves, they mutually reprobate their own errors ; and as all evil is but the nega-

tion of that which is good, so their heresies, being in every instance negations of one or other of the Catholic doctrines held by other sects whom they oppose, are manifest as the denial of the truth. In whatsoever they teach affirmatively they approximate to the Church, whose office is not to deny, but to "bear witness to the truth"; it is only when they negative that they become distinctive. Hence the work of the Catholic Church among them is, as it is in all the world, a constructive work; it is the teaching of additional truth. For as any system of belief which was totally without truth would, from the nature of things, collapse and cease to exist, so in each of these sects some degree and amount of truth is imbedded, to which the Church adds that which is wanting. The one great principle, on which especially all belief is built—that of authority—is common to all the sects of the East, and so long as this is so, the work of recalling them to the true and one fold of Christ seems more possible; for the question between the Church and the sects remains still a question of fact comparatively easy of proof, and not one of principle, so long as we have but to teach that they err as to the fact of that authority being a prerogative of the Catholic Church, which they attribute to their several supreme heads and governors, civil or ecclesiastical. It remains now briefly to mention one more element in the religious state of the East, one of recent introduction, and which strives to remove the basis whereon alone rests (humanly speaking) the possible reunion of divided Christianity,—I mean the Protestant religion.

(F.) THE PROTESTANTS.

The Protestant sects of the West are represented in the East by missions of several denominations; but since they all represent but one principle, namely, the denegation of spiritual authority as the basis of belief, it is unnecessary to distinguish them here. At first sight, it might appear

that the episcopalians, or representatives of the Anglican Establishment, should command a distinct notice, since they have one point (that of episcopal superintendence) in common with the Eastern sects ; but when it is considered, not merely that the fact of their having real bishops is denied by all the sects of the East, as well as by the Catholic Church, but that they themselves entirely repudiate any claims which might be founded on their supposed possession of an apostolic commission and authority through the episcopate ; and when, moreover, it is remembered that the few persons who think differently on these points are wholly unrepresented in the East, it seems evident that the distinction would be unreal. Further, the Protestant missions of the East are mainly supplied by ministers in the communion of the Establishment in England, but often not episcopally appointed or ordained ; and in all cases a perfect equality is admitted between such as are so appointed, and those who are not. Hence the Anglo-Lutheran "episcopalians", the independants, the American congregationalists, etc., act in unison, and on one principle. They teach that the belief they advocate in certain doctrines is to be acquired by each individual through a perusal of certain writings, and must be held by him as the result of convictions proceeding from his own investigation of those writings, which they assert to be the inspired word of God. This procedure they call "the right of private judgment".

But the very terms of the Protestant principle, thus represented, involve, not merely a disregard of existing authorities, but also of that which presents this system for the acceptance of Eastern Christians. Those, however, who advocate its claims, are not usually to be bound by the laws of consistency or logic. Though they will have every man to read the sacred Scriptures* (that is, *their*

* The Protestants accept (and impose) belief in the authen-

edition of them), and to judge for himself, they have also a few doctrines built on them, as they suppose, to which they attach an importance equal to that ascribed by Catholics to the dogmas of the faith. Of these, the chief is what they term "justification by faith only"—a doctrine which teaches that man is accounted (but not made) fit for eternal life in the Divine Presence, by a *subjective* act or sentiment of the mind, called by them "faith". This "faith" is not the "faith" of theological writers, but a persuasion or enthusiastic feeling, on the part of the individual, that he is saved from eternal death by the sacrifice of the Cross. Laying such stress as this view does on a persuasion or feeling of the mind, it might be expected that other acts of the mind would be regarded by these teachers as of cognate importance. With singular inconsistency, however, they regard all such acts, whether of love, of hope, or fear, or the like, as not only unimportant or indifferent, but even sinful, in fact or tendency. The one operation of the soul to which they attach salvation is, that of persuasion that itself is saved. To account for so arbitrary a distinction, they allege that this persuasion is not a natural gift, but a divine grace—or, rather, *the* divine grace; for in it are contained, and from it flow, all those good results which Catholic writers call "graces", such as humility, charity, hope, etc. This extraordinary and almost inexplicable doctrine, they consider not only conveyed in Holy Scripture, but the whole sum and substance of its teaching; and they allege portions of the epistles of S. Paul, in which he declares that man is not justified by works, done irrespectively of the divine sacrifice of the Cross, to prove that all works or acts of the mind (saving always the one act of persuasion which they call "faith")

ticity and inspiration of the Scriptures, on grounds virtually subversive of their own position, whether as toward the Church, or as toward the infidel and "philosopher".

are valueless, and ineffectual to work out salvation. The teachers of this view among us are often pious persons, who act morally from natural good feelings; but the Eastern mind is too consistent, and too voluptuous, to imitate them. If it is possible, they say, to attain salvation by means of a sentiment so pleasant, we regard it as quite unnecessary to add to it supererogatory performances, disagreeable to our inclinations. Hence it might be anticipated that the proselytes of this notion in the East would usually be found among the least respectable of mankind. I wish I could deny the charge *in toto*: unhappily, it is notorious that the term "Ingliz" (English) by which such proselytes are designated in the East is one of opprobrium and censure. But still there are doubtless some persons of irreproachable conduct among these proselytes; and their existence points to that peculiarity in the Eastern character, which is brought out so strongly in the prevalent heresies; namely, its speculative consistency.

Such persons as I am alluding to have really embraced the principle on which Protestantism rests. They have thrown off the authority of their own belief, not to accept the formulæ of another, but to reject all authority. They are like the German "philosophic" Protestants, or the French universitaires of the West: their conduct is often irreproachable, but their belief is a blank, and their principles distinctly Antinomian, even where they themselves do not put them in practice. I maintain, from observation, that to one class or other of these, all the proselytes made to Protestantism in the East belong. They are either worthless persons, who are happy to substitute an easily simulated sentiment for whatever amount of discipline their communion imposed, or they are "philosophers", sceptics, and infidels. The reports of the missionary societies themselves exhibit the truth of these allegations; and the existing state of religious and political parties in the East gives scope for these results.

In every religion, and in every state, there is now going forward the strife between authority and lawlessness. The Greek, the Armenian, the Nestorian, the Jacobite, and the Coptic communions; the bodies politic of Turkey, of Syria and Egypt, and of the kingdom of Greece, are divided into parties divergent more and more from year to year. Even the anomalous and abnormal civil and religious polity of the Jews labours with the same internal malady. The Talmudism, and atheism or rationalism, which divide the Jewish communities of Europe, are represented also in the East—nay, in Jerusalem itself: and they are types of the parties which divide every other community, whether civil or religious. A perusal of the reports of the London Jews' Society, of the Church Missionary Society, and the Religious Tract Society, will convince any one with which of these parties it is that the Protestant missionaries, consciously or unconsciously, range themselves. Most true is it that, though large sums are expended yearly by Protestants for their missions, the result is nevertheless small indeed:* but yet a great work is being done (I sincerely think unintentionally) by these establishments. The faith of hundreds and thousands in their own religion is being shaken, without any other faith being substituted for it. The missionaries' reports are full of expressions to the effect that many persons came to them, declaring their readiness to hear what they had to say, and their disbelief of their own national or common faith; and yet the "converts" registered by themselves may be told in units, or at most in tens. Accordingly, I never came in contact with "liberals" in politics or religion, whether Jew, Christian, or

* For example, the Report of the Jews' Society for the present year, gives as the result of the missions in Palestine, two converts baptized, and five or six "inquirers", in return for an outlay of nearly £4,500.

Gentile, who did not commence the conversation (on the supposition that I was a Protestant) by declaring their disbelief of this or that current dogma of their faith ; and in all such cases, I found I was expected, *as a Protestant*, to applaud and admire their lamentable condition of mind. I repeat, most emphatically, that I never saw a single person of this description, who had one doctrine to *affirm*. The work of the Protestant missions is simply destructive. In Turkey it is detaching Mohammedan subjects from their allegiance to their spiritual and temporal head ; in Greece it is introducing the mind of youth to the conceit of private judgment ; in Egypt it does the same for the Copts ; and in Mesopotamia for the Nestorians. The missionaries report that, among the Jews, they prefer to have to do with the rationalists, rather than with the Talmudists ; and, acting on that principle everywhere, they first make a *tabula rasa* of minds, on which they never afterwards succeed in inscribing the laws of a sincere faith or consistent practice.

One word more on the subject of the more distinctly "Established Church" Missions. If there is a differential element to be discovered in some missions which are more immediately "Church of England", such as that at Jerusalem, it is the political or Erastian element. Thus, if it is asked why a special alliance and fraternization has been attempted with the Nestorians in Asia, the Copts in Egypt, with the Armenians and with the Jews in Syria and Turkey, the reason, apparently, is not a religious but a political one. It is because those several nations represent in their respective countries or under their respective governments, political interests, elements of power, or wealth, or influence, that the pliant creed of the Establishment is taught to associate itself to contradictory heresies in various countries. That peculiarity in their belief to which I have alluded, viz., their substitution of a sentiment for a system of doctrine and discipline, excuses the

missioners themselves from the odious charge of prostituting the name of religion to the working of State policy. The indifference to religious truth which characterizes certain statesmen, does not clash with the temperate zeal of those who regard dogmas as unprofitable and sacraments as mere forms, and allow their "converts" to remain outwardly what they were, while the inward change has made them "Ingliz", politically as well as religiously.

A Catholic, whose religion alone can meet the rising storm, and protect its children from the blight which will smite every other except that heaven-born plant, may be deemed Quixotic for sounding an alarm about an evil which concerns him least of all men. But, first, it may chance that these pages will fall into the hands of many who, though Protestants, are not desirous of seeing the supposed* political advantage of their country advanced by such questionable means: and moreover, a system which is essentially Antinomian in its tendency, is, as it were, a common enemy, which all who value not merely religion itself, but that social and political order and law which depends upon it, are bound to denounce and oppose. The South African Colonial war in which we are now involved, is most indubitably owing in a great measure to the principles instilled by Protestant missionaries (now under closer government surveillance) into the half-savage colonists of the frontier and their neighbours; who, having learnt to oppose authority, have ere now made use of the bible-types of their instructors as bullets, and of their

* For my part, not only do I feel sure that our true interest in the East is to maintain the integrity of the Turkish empire against Russia, and repair the error of the quadruple alliance, but, were this a fit occasion, I believe I could state reasons for deprecating the policy of the present government in those dominions, which would meet with very general acceptance and approval.

impressions as cartridges, against the government forces. I have myself seen the Bibles and tracts so profusely spread among the eastern nations, used for purposes not less foreign to their intended use, if not so criminal as these, for the very principle on which these writings are scattered involves the almost certainty that they will be abused and contemned. Thus we recklessly turn against others a weapon which we proscribe as soon as it is applied to our own disadvantage. I shall not enter into any statistics on the subject of the Protestant missions here, for it would serve no good end to repeat what is to be found recorded in so many books. Their influence, too, is not to be called a religious, but a political and social one, as reckless in its operations as it is problematical in its results.

No. III.

THE HOLY PLACES OF PALESTINE.

PERHAPS few persons in England are aware of the gross injustice and frauds, which at different times have been and still are employed to wrest from the Catholics that possession of the holy places of Palestine, for which they have so freely expended their treasure and their lives.

It is clearly shown in an able *brochure* by M. Eugène Boré (Paris, 1850), that the Catholic clergy of the Holy Land are the victims of a system of continued, increasing, but well-disguised usurpations; and that while they wish to dispossess no one, but simply desire for themselves, as for all the world, the liberty of honouring the most holy and venerable spots on earth, their persecutors have succeeded but too well in gaining, by misrepresentations and calumnies, the support of the Turkish government in their encroachments.

The documents still exist in the monastery of S. Saviour at Jerusalem, by which successive possessors of the territory have decreed the right of the "Frank" clergy to the holy places. Even before the Crusades, we find the Sultan Mouzaffer, in the year of the Hegira 414 (A.D. 1023), ordering that the "Frank" religious were not to be molested.

When the Ottoman sultans became masters of Syria, by the conquest of Selim I, in 1515, they found, as it has been mentioned above, the Latin clergy already menaced by the claims of the Greek monks; wishing, therefore, to pronounce as to the rightful ownership of the holy places, they investigated the existing documents and decrees of their predecessors. These were, the one above mentioned of sultan Mouzaffer (1023), others of sultans Ahmed Shah (1212), Omar (1213), Ahmed-Barcut (1310), the contract of king Robert of Sicily (1342), the permission to repair the Holy Sepulchre given by sultan Daher in 1397, a permission to repair the church and convent of Bethlehem by sultan Ahmed Nacer 1446, and the judgments given in 1504 by sultan Djaber, and by his successor Adel.

The decision of the Ottoman sultans from these documents was conclusively in favour of the rights of the "Franks"; and in the following century, the sultan Osman II, in the Hati-shef given in 1620 to M. de Harlay Sancy, the French ambassador, expresses himself most clearly to the effect that "the above-named contested places shall be *as heretofore* the property and possession of the Frank clergy, who shall not be molested therein by the Armenians or other nations."

One might suppose that such an explicit imperial order would now have left the pious Franciscans in quiet possession of their rights; but amid the wars and confusion of the seventeenth century, the avidity of the provincial governors of Damascus and Jerusalem, and the intrigues of their dragomans, caused new troubles to the clergy. In

the struggle which followed, we find the Armenians supported at first, but finally outstripped by the Greeks; the dragomans of the Turkish officials were generally of this nation, and we now find them mixing in public affairs, and scheming to resuscitate a spirit of nationality, and to establish their Church. To ingratiate themselves with the Porte, their great endeavour is to prejudice that government against the Franks, and they are not slow to accuse them of alienated allegiance, and to raise against them the subtle accusation, "Thou art not Cæsar's friend". Further, they insist that if the Franks have titles of possession going back to the Arab dynasties, they themselves have a prior claim as the ancient subjects of the emperor Constantine and empress S. Helena, who built the church of the Holy Sepulchre. This historical sophism, for Constantine was by faith, by race, and by language, much more western than eastern, was not unlikely to weigh with Moslems, unable to judge of the orthodoxy of Christians, and perhaps ignorant that the Greeks of the Lower Empire had nothing whatever in common with the Syro-Romaic race, which then occupied Palestine. But the Greeks did not stop here. Well knowing the disadvantage of having no real historical title to what they claimed, they had recourse to falsifications to supply the deficiency. In 1630, the Greeks, combining for the nonce with the Armenians, obtained permission from the governor of Jerusalem, by a bribe, to bless bread on the altar of the Nativity in the sanctuary of Bethlehem; the year following the Armenians bring false witnesses to prove that a garden to the east of the church, and the key of a door, belong to the Greeks. Happily the *cadi* had the complaisance to warn the fathers of the sanctuary that 18,000 pesas had been offered to him, and that *as they were in the right*, he would decide in their favour for half the money. But this transaction is a specimen of the mode of proceeding of the schismatics in the East down to the present day. The

least concession gives a pretext for founding a claim : thus, a nail has been driven into a wall, shortly afterwards a picture hung upon it, and finally a piece of tapestry put up ; the latter being the conventional sign of possession. Thus from almost incredibly small beginnings, a right to at least co-partnership has been insidiously established. Of a similar nature are the claims founded upon permission obtained from the government to make trifling repairs, which have been noticed before in the case of the cupola of the Holy Sepulchre.

There is, however, a yet more flagrant instance of the aptitude of the Greeks to follow the example of the originator of their schism,* in the forged firman of Omar-Ben Khatab, which they still have the assurance to produce, although its falsity has been several times proved both judicially and scientifically, and confessed by its author, the archdeacon Gregory. The intercession of the French ambassadors at length obtained the restitution of what the Greeks had fraudulently usurped to the Catholic clergy, and the sultan Mourad IV, revoking a former edict in favour of the Greeks, gave out a firman (1045 hegira), by which the Franks were secured the unmolested possession of the two cupolas of the Holy Sepulchre, the stone of unction, the seven sanctuaries of the blessed Virgin, the church of Bethlehem, and the grotto of the Nativity, with its three keys, and the garden attached to the church.

Two years afterwards, the Greeks, taking advantage of the ignorance of a new vizir, and smoothing the way by bribes, obtained a new edict which authorised them again to take possession of the contested places. They retained them until 1673, when M. de Nointel succeeded once more in effecting their restitution by fresh capitulations. What may truly be termed the “ insidious aggressions ” of

* Photius, who fabricated the entire acts of an œcumenical council.

the unscrupulous schismatics, however, were not of long intermission, for in 1676 we find the ambassador of Louis XIV, M. de la Vergne de Guilleragues, and his successor, M. de Girardin, reopening negotiations on this subject. An imperial divan was summoned, and the French ambassador and the Greek patriarch appeared before it. The judgment given by Kupruli (April 20, 1690) rests on the firman of sultan Mourad IV, and restores to the "Franks" all the sites of which that document had guaranteed their possession, while it unequivocally brands with imposture the firman attributed to Omar.

Further claims on the part of the Greeks, and further support from the French envoys to the Porte, resulted in the successful vindication of their rights by the Catholic clergy until 1757. On the 2nd April in this year, several thousand Greek pilgrims made a sacrilegious attack upon the altar which is annually erected at the very door of the Holy Sepulchre ; having overthrown and pillaged it, they rush with a complaint to the *cadi* that the Catholics were the originators of the broil, the *cadi* decides in favour of the clamorous and wrongful claimants, and on the matter being pressed on the consideration of the Porte by the French Ambassador, the vizir Rhagib Pasha answers : " These places belong to the sultan, my master, who concedes them to whomever he thinks proper ; it may be that they have always been in the hands of the Franks, but at present his majesty desires that the Greeks shall have them."

On this arbitrary and capricious decision, as subversive of the tenor of all former capitulations as it is contrary to justice, rests the title of occupancy of the Greeks to this day. The wars and revolutions which have since then absorbed the attention of both Turkey and most European states, seem to have obliterated the question from the minds of their governments ; but it will be seen, that what is now claimed by the Catholic clergy in Palestine, is in

strict accordance with the political rights which have been recognized by numerous capitulations.

The last effort of the Greeks surpasses in iniquity all their former misdeeds. There is but little doubt that the fire which in 1808 destroyed a part of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, was the result of a wilful act of these schismatics. Contrary to the tenor of all the ancient firmans, they obtained permission to restore the cupola and other ruins, and in virtue of the barbarous structures which they then raised, have ever since claimed and retained exclusive possession of those parts of the church.

It is never too late, however, to render justice, and it is perhaps not too much to hope that the negotiation which the French government is now carrying on with the Porte, may terminate in the restitution of the holy places of Palestine to their legitimate guardians, the pious and zealous Franciscan fathers.

It were indeed an act worthy of a government which, however one may view its internal policy, has at least shown itself the friend and defender of religion, which has already reinstated on his temporal throne the Vicar of Christ, and in these last days has restored to His service a building which wicked men had perverted to the glorification of their false principles and false gods.

No. IV.

A LIST OF INDULGENCES.

THERE are many places in the Holy Land to which indulgences are attached. Of these, some are plenary (and such are indicated in the following list by a †), the rest of seven years and seven quadragenæ, and they are gained by honouring the holy places and saying there

one "Pater noster" and an "Ave Maria". Quaresmius divides them into twenty-five pilgrimages, as follows :—

I. FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

- † The town of Jaffa.*
- The town of Ramla.
- The church of S. John.
- The church of the Forty Martyrs.
- Lydda, the church of S. George.
- The town of the Repentant Thief.
- The church of the holy Maccabees.
- The church of the holy prophet Jeremias.
- The valley of Terebinthum.
- † The holy city of Jerusalem.

II. IN THE HOLY CITY.

- The church of S. Saviour, and in this church—†
- † The altar of the Holy Ghost.†
- † The altar of the institution of the Eucharist.†
- † The altar of the apparition of our Lord to S. Thomas.
- The place where our Lord appeared to the women after His resurrection, and said to them : " All hail."
- † The church of S. Thomas Apostle.
- The church of S. James Major.
- † The temple of the presentation of the Blessed Virgin.
- The prison of S. Peter, Apostle.
- The church of S. John Evangelist, also called the house of S. John and Zebedee.
- The church or house of Mary, mother of John.
- † The house of the Pharisee, also called that of S. Mary Magdalen, who here received pardon of her sins.
- The pond " Probatica" (Bethsaida).

* This indulgence is also attached to any other port at which pilgrims may land in Palestine.

† These three indulgences have been transferred from Mount Sion to the church of S. Saviour.

- † The church of S. Anne, and the place of the conception and nativity of the blessed Virgin.
- † The temple of our Lord, commonly called Solomon's temple.

III. MOUNT SION.

The church of the Holy Apostles, in which are :

The cenaculum.

The spot where our Lord washed the feet of his disciples.

_____ the Holy Ghost descended on the apostles.

_____ was the tomb of David.

_____ the lot fell on Matthias.

_____ the apostles separated.

The tomb of S. Stephen, first martyr.

- † The house in which, after the ascension of our Lord, the blessed Virgin lived and died.

The chapel of S. John Evangelist, in which he celebrated the divine mysteries in presence of our Lady.

- The place where the Jews wished to destroy the body of our Lady when it was being carried to the tomb.

The grotto where S. Peter wept bitterly.

IV. ROAD OF THE CAPTIVITY WITHOUT THE HOLY CITY.

Valley of Josaphat.

The brook Cedron.

The garden of Gethsemane.

The spot where our Lord sent back the eight apostles.

The spot where He left the three apostles when He went to pray to the Father.

- † The spot where He prayed and sweated blood.
- † The spot where He was betrayed with a kiss, taken by the Jews, abandoned by His disciples, etc.
- † Footsteps of our Saviour imprinted in the rock.
- † The house of Annas, high-priest of the Jews.
- † The olive-tree in the house of Annas to which our Lord was bound.
- † The house of the high-priest Caiphas, and, in it, The prison of our Lord.

V. THE WAY OF THE CROSS, OR VIA DOLOROSA, WITHIN
THE CITY.

- † The palace of Pilate the governor, and other holy places.
- † The church and place of the scourging of Christ.
- † The palace of Herod, tetrarch of Galilee.
- † The arch where Pilate shewed Christ to the people, saying :
“ Ecce homo.”

The temple of our Lady of Dolours.

The cross ways where Simon of Cyrene was compelled to
carry the cross.

The house of S. Veronica.

The gate of Judgment.

VI. WITHOUT THE HOLY CITY, TO THE EASTWARD.

The church of the Blessed Virgin, in the valley of Josaphat,
in which are

- † The tomb of the ever-blessed virgin Mother of God, the tomb
of S. Joseph, spouse of Mary, the tomb of SS. Joachim
and Anne, parents of the Blessed Virgin.

The tomb of Josaphat.

The grotto of S. James the Less.

The tomb of the prophet Zachary, whom the Jews killed
between the temple and the altar.

The valley of Siloam.

The well of Nehemias, or well of fire.

Places where the apostles hid themselves after having aban-
doned Christ.

Haceldama, or the field of blood.

The fountain of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

VII. MOUNT OF OLIVES.

The place where S. Stephen was stoned.

The place where the body of S. Stephen lay, before it was
buried.

Bridge over the brook Cedron.

The mount of Olives.

The place where the Blessed Virgin rested and prayed.

The spot where the apostle S. Thomas found the girdle of
the Blessed Virgin after her assumption.

The place where Christ wept over the city.

VIII. CONTINUATION OF MOUNT OF OLIVES.

The place where the apostles composed the Creed.

The place where Christ prayed and taught us how to pray.

The tomb of the prophets.

The place in which Christ foretold the destruction of Jerusalem and the end of the world.

The grotto of S. Pelagia, a penitent.

† The place of the Ascension.

The place called "Men of Galilee."

The place where the Blessed Virgin, when on the point of death, received a palm from an angel.

IX. FROM JERUSALEM TO BETHANY AND BETHPHAGE.

The field where Christ cursed a fig-tree and caused it to dry up.

The house of Simon the Leper.

The house of Lazarus, brother of Mary Magdalene and Martha.

The town of Bethany.

† The tomb of Lazarus.

The house of S. Mary Magdalene.

The house of S. Martha.

The tank of S. Martha.

† The stone of Bethany on which Christ sat.

Bethphage.

The castle called *contra vos*, or the she-ass' castle.

† The gate of the Holy City by which Jesus entered on the day of Palms, called the *Golden Gate*.

X. THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

† The chapel of the apparition of Christ to the Blessed Virgin.

† The pillar of the flagellation.

The prison of our Lord.

The chapel of S. Longinus, or of holy cross.

The chapel of the parting of the garments.

† The place of the finding of the holy cross.

† The chapel of S. Helena.

The chapel of the mockings of Christ.

† The sacred mount Calvary, where Jesus Christ was crucified.

† The place where He was raised up on the cross, and where He gave up the Ghost; the rent of the rock.

The chapel of Adam.

- † The stone of unction of our Saviour.
The place where His kinsmen kept afar from him, and where
the women were while His body was being anointed.
- † The holy sepulchre.
The place where Christ appeared to S. Mary Magdalene in
the likeness of the gardener.
The tomb of Joseph of Arimathea.

XI. PLACE OF THE TEMPLE OF THE RESURRECTION.

The chapel of the blessed Virgin and S. John the Evangelist,
in which is the stair which formerly led to Calvary.
(The other chapels are destroyed.)

XII. FROM JERUSALEM TO BETHLEHEM.

The town of the holy Simeon.
The well of the blessed Virgin Mary.
The pool of the three kings.
S. Elias the prophet.
The prophet Habacuc—*i. e.*, the place of his translation.
The house or tower of Jacob.
The tomb of Rachel, wife of Jacob.
Bethlehem, the city of David.

XIII. THE BIRTH-PLACE OF OUR SAVIOUR.

- The school of S. Jerome.
- The church of the blessed Virgin.
- † The church of S. Catharine, virgin and martyr.
- † The grotto of the Nativity, in which is the spot where our
Saviour Jesus Christ was born.
- † The place where He lay in His cradle.
- † The place where he was adored by the Magi.
The chapel of S. Joseph, spouse of the mother of God.
The tomb of the Holy Innocents.
The oratory of S. Jerome.
The tomb of S. Jerome.
The tomb of S. Paula, and S. Eustochia, her daughter.
The tomb of S. Eusebius, abbot of Cremona.

XIV. NEIGHBOURHOOD OF BETHLEHEM.

The grotto of the blessed Virgin, or the church of S. Nicholas.

The monastery of S. Paula.
 The house of S. Joseph.
 The house of the Shepherds.
 The town of Thecua.
 The desert of Engaddi, where David was hidden.
 The monastery of S. Sabas, abbot.

**XV. FROM BETHLEHEM TO THE MOUNTAINS OF JUDEA AND
 JERUSALEM.**

The fountain of S. Phillip.
 The mountains of Judea.
 The desert and the grotto of S. John Baptist.
 The house of Zacharias, into which the blessed Virgin entered
 when she saluted Elizabeth.
 † The church and the birth-place of S. John Baptist.
 The church of the Holy Cross.

XVI. FROM JERUSALEM TO THE TOWN OF EMMAUS.

The place where our Lord joined the two disciples who were
 going to Emmaus.
 † The town of Emmaus, and the house of Cleophas, in which
 Jesus was known at the breaking of bread.
 The tomb of S. Samuel on Mount Ephraim.
 The fountain of S. Samuel.
 The tomb of the judges of Israel.
 The tomb of the kings of Israel.

XVII. FROM JERUSALEM TO THE JORDAN.

The fountain of the holy Apostles.
 † The river Jordan.
 The church of S. John Baptist.
 The monastery of S. Jerome, in a vast solitude.
 The house of Zacheus the publican.
 The city of Jericho.
 The fountain of the prophet Eliseus.
 † The holy mountain of the forty days.

XVIII. FROM JERUSALEM TO HEBRON.

The house of the blessed Virgin Mary.
 The valley of Mamre.

The place where Abraham shewed hospitality to angels.
 The town of Hebron.
 The double cavern of the field of Damascus.
 The church of the Forty Martyrs.

XIX. FROM JUDEA IN GALILEE TO NAZARETH.

El-Bir, where there was a church of the blessed Virgin.
 The well of the Samaritan woman, and the heritage of Jacob.
 The town of Sichem or Nablous.
 Sebaste, where there is a church of St. John Baptist.
 Jemni or Ginni, a town of Samaria.
 † The town of Naïm.
 † Mount Tabor.
 † The city of Nazareth, and the church of the Annunciation.
 The house of S. Joseph, spouse of the mother of God.
 The fountain of Jesus and Mary, or the church of S. Gabriel.
 The church commonly called *Santa Maria del Timor*.
 The table of Christ.
 The precipice.
 The little town of Sapha, birth-place of Zebedee and his sons.
 Sephoris, native town of SS. Joachim and Anne, parents of
 the holy Mother of God.

XX. FROM NAZARETH TO THE FORD OF JACOB, AND TO THE BRIDGE OF THE JORDAN.

† The town of Cana in Galilee.
 The mountain where the miracle of the loaves and fishes satisfying 4,000 and 5,000 men was performed.
 The town of Tiberias.
 Magdalon, residence of S. Mary Magdalene.
 The town of Bethsaida, S. Peter's native place.
 The town of Capharnäüm.
 The sea of Galilee.
 The well into which Joseph was thrown.
 The ford of Jacob, and the bridge of the Jordan.

XXI. DAMASCUS.

The place of the conversion of S. Paul in the city of Damascus.
 The house of Ananias, who baptized S. Paul.

- The house of Jude, where S. Paul remained three days.
- The church in which is the fountain where S. Paul was baptized.
- The window by which the brethren let down S. Paul.

XXII. FROM JAFFA TO MOUNT LIBANUS.

- Cesarea in Palestine.
- The pilgrim's castle.
- Mount Carmel.
- Sarepta.
- The town of Sidon, commonly called Saida.
- The town of Ptolemais.
- The town and the churches of Beyrouth.
- Mount Lebanon, and the church on it.
- Tripoli.
- Antioch.

XXIII. EGYPT.

There are several Christian churches at Cairo, of which the most remarkable are :

- The church of S. Mary of the Column, in which is buried the body of S. Barba.
- The church of the Jacobites, in which it is said that the ever blessed Virgin Mary lived with the infant Jesus.
- The fountain of the blessed Virgin near Matarea.

XXIV. MOUNT SINAI.

- Mount Horeb.
- † Mount Sinai or S. Catherine's.
- The rock of Horeb, which was struck by Moses' rod.
- The place where the Lord appeared to Moses in the bush.

XXV. ALEXANDRIA.

- The church of S. Catherine, and, in this church, the place of her martyrdom.
- The church of S. Mark, in which this saint preached, and also received the crown of martyrdom.

QUARESMIUS, *Elucidatio Terræ Sanctæ*, tom. i.

(B.) LIST OF DIOCESES IN THE FOURTH CENTURY.

	Dioeceses.		Dioeceses.
Africa (S. Austin)	466	Egypt . . .	100
Thrace . . .	39	Palestine . . .	47
Macedon . . .	25	Antioch . . .	143
Achaia . . .	26	Asia Minor . . .	349
Epirus . . .	18		<hr/>
Crete . . .	11		639
Italy . . .	300		
France . . .	122		
Spain . . .	74		
England . . .	14		
	<hr/>		
	1095		

(BINGHAM, bk. ix.)

(C.)

It may not be uninteresting to some readers to see how legitimate in its origin and use is the present practice of the Church, in regard to having two or more bishops, of different rites, in one city or diocese. The following extracts are from Bingham and Thomassinus.

Bingham says (the ordination of Alexander as coadjutor to Narcissus, bishop of Jerusalem, then nearly a hundred and twenty years old, and other instances which he adduces) "are evident proofs that it was not thought contrary to the true sense of the canon, in case of infirmity or old age, to have coadjutors in the Church. S. Austin thought otherwise; but all men did not understand the canon in that rigorous sense in which he did, as absolutely forbidding two bishops to be in at the same time, in all cases whatsoever, but only when there was no just reason, and the necessities of the Church did not require it. But if there was a reasonable cause to have more bishops than one, as when a bishop was unable to execute his office, or in any the like case, the canon did not oblige, as appears from the instances that have been mentioned, and many that might be added to them."

Thomassinus says (*Vetus et Nova Eccles. Descript. De Beneficiis*, pars. 1, lib. i, cap. xxix): "Ann. 1215. Pope Innocent III decreed in the fourth Lateran council, that

to obviate the difficulties which had arisen by the conquests of certain oriental cities by the Latins, so that part of their population was Greek and part Latin, there should be in such cities a bishop of each language and race. Yet to avoid danger of schism, the bishop of the place should appoint the other bishop *as his vicar* (obedient and subject in all things) for the superintendence of such population.

"In Crete, however, the Greek archbishop and bishops were subjected by a decree of pope Alexander IV to the Latin archbishops and bishops respectively, as metropolitan and diocesans, in the manner of vicars or coadjutors, for the Greek population. Two centuries later, we have an instance of an Armenian bishop of Capha, in the Tauric Chersonese, supported by pope Eugenius IV against the claim of the Latin bishop of that diocese to exercise ordinary authority over him. Under the same pope, we find the two metropolitans of Rhodes subscribing the council of Florence, evidently without mutual dependence. This equality giving rise to discord between them, pope Sixtus IV appointed the Latin metropolitan (as was natural) apostolic delegate; but he exercised simply a delegated authority. As metropolitans they remained equal, in ordinary functions, for their respective flocks."

(D.) CERTIFICATE OF PILGRIMAGE.

In Dei nomine. Amen.

Omnibus et singulis præsentēs litteras inspecturis, lecturis, vel legi audituris, fidem notumque facimus nos Terræ Sanctæ custos, N. N., Jerusalem feliciter pervenisse die — mensis — ann. —. Inde subsequentis diebus præcipua sanctuaria, in quibus Mundi Salvator dilectum populum suum, imo et totius humani generis perditam congeriem ab inferi servitute misericorditer liberavit, utpote Calvarium, ubi, cruce affixus, devicta morte, cœli januas nobis aperuit; SS. Sepulchrum, ubi sacrosanctum ejus corpus reconditum, triduo ante suam gloriosissimam resurrectionem quievit, ac tandem ea omnia sacra Palestinæ

loca gressibus Domini, ac beatissimæ ejus matris Mariæ consecrata, a religiosis nostris, et peregrinis visitari solita, visitasse, et magna cum devotione in eis missam audivisse (SSmum. missæ sacrificium in ipsis SS. locis celebrasse).

In quorum fidem has scripturas officii nostri sigillo munitas per secretarium expediri mandavimus.

Datas apud S. civitatem Jerusalem ex venerabili nostro conventu SS. Salvatoris.

De Mandato Reverendiss. in Christo Patris,

Die * * *

Fr. Antonius à Transfiguratione,
Terræ Sanctæ Pro. Sec.

(E.) SPEECH OF MARSHAL DE LA TOUR IN THE SENATE
OF TURIN, MAY 1851.

This speech, which has not been published, appears to me so clearly to define those relations between Church and State which have been frequently alluded to in the foregoing pages, that I do not scruple to give an abstract of it here.

Assuming as his first principle that there are two supreme and independent authorities, Church, and State, he does not touch on questions concerning the exercise of Church power in states, but proceeds to recall the series of events which during the last three centuries have obscured the mutual relations of these two powers. And first he enters upon the consideration of the question, whether the *Church is in the State*, or the *State in the Church*?

Now the Church is a great unity of two hundred and fifty millions of men, having in spirituals, for it is a spiritual society, one supreme head, the Pope. The state (of Sardinia) figures for about four and a half millions of these. But the whole being greater than a part, it follows that this state is part of the Church, and not *vice versâ*. The Church was founded (in the intention of a *prolonged* and *universal* existence) eighteen centuries ago; Savoy has had an independant, and of course local, existence for

about eight. In like manner the most ancient of existing *states grew up in and of the Church; and when Clovis* founded a kingdom on the ruins of the Roman empire, he found the Gauls Christian, and himself became a Christian. One more, and a far higher reason is there, why the Church has a wider and more exalted range of dominion than any state—it is founded by God. All legitimate governments are indeed ordained or allowed by God, but none save the Church is founded by Him.

The series of events by which these plain truths have been obscured in the minds of many men, may be thus enumerated. First, in the establishment of Protestantism, a principle antagonist to that above stated was enunciated; the Church was to be *in* the state, not the state in the Church. In England, for instance, Henry VIII altered the faith of the Church on eight points (and his successors on thirty-nine), and the parliament accepted this alteration; a part of the clergy submitted, and a new Church was founded by the state, in which the sovereign takes the place of S. Peter, and the parliament, of councils, in which questions of dogma are decided by lay tribunals, and discipline is enforced by the will of the majority of voters. And all this is very logical, for the tribunals are delegates, and the will of the majority is the setter-up of the head of the Church, and he (or she) is a lay person.

In Germany, Luther established Protestantism on the same basis, pretending to regard the temporal rulers as the successors of S. Peter, in order to gain their patronage for his religion. Among Presbyterians, and in republics, it is a synod of pastors who decide these questions, but always in submission to the state, and so in all Protestant states the *Church is a part of the state, not the state of the Church*. Of course none of these can point out either the historical epoch, nor the divine manifestation by which the power with which God invested S. Peter was transferred to themselves or their temporal rulers; and this evident want of divine sanction, and the use of private judgment,

are the chief causes of the division of Protestants into so many discordant sects.

Secondly, Catholic sovereigns were led, by seeing Protestant rulers head over their own Churches, to desire the same thing. Louis XIV was the first to regard himself degraded by obedience to God's Church; and he published in 1630 the four famous articles of the (so called) Gallican liberties, which consisted in the Church being in great measure withdrawn from the obedience of the Holy See, to be submitted to that of the king. Though he afterwards wrote an autograph letter to the Pope (on his remonstrance), promising not to carry out the whole principle which they enunciated, the vanity of this acute but much flattered monarch led him to keep his recantation secret, and thus an European impulse was given to the encroachment on the just rights of the Holy See, which soon produced its effect. In Sardinia, Victor Amadeus II almost broke Catholic unity, and in the reign of Charles Emmanuel III a concordat was ratified, in which there remained some leaven of the maxims thus inculcated on princes. The reign of Louis XV and of Voltaire's teaching, was also the period when Gallican doctrines were most spread and applied by the Sorbonne and the Parliament of Paris. Spain, Naples, Parma, and, in short, all the provinces of the house of Bourbon, followed in various degrees the steps of France; Portugal, and at last the Emperor Joseph II, took the same course, and thus the greater part of Europe almost annulled the authority of the Holy See, or forbade its exercise, without venturing on complete or formal schism, like the Protestants. The "philosophers" hailed this epoch as forerunner of the speedy downfall of the Church, and statesmen as so much gain to their faltering governments; but the storm soon burst upon France, which hurled them from their places, and for a moment seemed to have overwhelmed both religion and its oppressors. Napoleon re-established religion in France by the concordat of 1801, but he forth-

with disfigured this act by the organic laws which reduced the Church to nearly its condition under the four articles. In other states, religion remained similarly oppressed. Napoleon made war on them, the kings of Naples, Spain, Sardinia, and Portugal, were driven from their thrones, the Pope himself, the saintly Pius VII, was made prisoner, and he who had conquered so many states, in an evil hour threatened the Church of God in her earthly head. That act seemed to fill his measure, and he fell—to rise no more.

Yet the lessons of adversity had not been rightly understood; and in France, as elsewhere, fresh changes brought no relief to the oppression of the Church. In 1848, a simultaneous movement broke out in Paris, Naples, Vienna, Berlin, and in Rome itself; a tumultuous diet meets in Germany, the Pope flies, and everything seems to threaten a wide and fearful catastrophe. But instead of giving way to excesses, France gives the example of firmness and moderation, enforces order on all, and while she gives freedom to the Church in her dominions, she places her august head again on his temporal throne. Frankfort also pronounces the freedom of the Church, and all the Catholic powers vie with each other in supporting her cause. Spain and Naples reestablish to the full their old friendly relations with the Holy See, and the young emperor of Austria hastens to annul the unjust restrictions on the Church which Joseph II himself had even desired to see repealed. On all sides now you see the authority of the Holy See restored to its pristine power in Catholic countries,—whatever revolutions may have done for individual states, they have done for the Church a great work, and caused those who were untoward for so long, to recognize her divine power.

“If it is asked,” concludes the marshal, “what is the definition I would give of the relation between Church and State, I answer: ‘Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar’s, and to God the things which are God’s.’”

Now Cæsar is every state, every government. It has its functions in which it is supreme, but the Church is equally supreme in those things which concern it. The relations between Church and State are defined by canon law, and on that basis any changes in them which are thought desirable may be grounded; but it is always to be remembered, that while states have no absolutely immutable laws, the Church has many, which she *neither can nor will modify*, because they are given her by her divine Founder, in perpetual inalienable trust, to be defined by her head and councils."

(F.) ON GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

The date of the mosque of E' Tayloon, and of many others, amazed me, as it would any one accustomed to regard Gothic architecture as the original and proper growth of the Christian Church in the middle ages: for in these Saracen buildings, of the eighth, ninth, tenth, and succeeding centuries, we see not only an occasional or casual resemblance of form in details, but the complete and sustained application of certain principles, which we were wont to regard as of exclusively Christian origin. The primary distinctive principle of Gothic architecture (as compared with Egyptian and other primitive styles, or with Grecian or Roman construction) was supposed to be what is called the vertical principle—that *upward* tendency which distinguishes every Gothic edifice, in its whole and in its parts, from those of every other style familiar to us, led us to suppose that this style of architecture was the pure growth of the Christian Church.

The Church had adopted and modified for her needs, the Egyptian and Grecian temples, and the halls and basilicas of pagan Rome; but when new realms were conquered to the faith, and their rulers did homage to the Cross, as she inaugurated an entirely new phase in the social-moral history of the human race, she brought forth from her treasures a new garment of her majesty, and

clothed herself in forms as unprecedented as were the fresh functions of her office. In these she shadowed forth primarily the heaven-directed end of all her agency : nor was this the only great principle exhibited in her new temples, for if the influx of the world and its greatness and wealth into her bosom, called for ever-increasing assertions of the all-importance of those heavenward aspirations which are the only check sufficient to keep us from abusing the good things of this world, not less certain is it that those aspirations themselves, being not so natural to man as the oblivion of them, require to be perpetually nourished by the sacred dogmas of revelation : and hence the mediæval style more and more (as it developed) inculcated the material symbolism of the astounding doctrines of Christianity, on which alone human salvation depends. The sacred dogmas of the Divine Nature and the Incarnation, and the necessary consequences of those truths, are therefore plainly symbolized in Gothic buildings. From all this (which I think any observer must admit) it was concluded that the new style of the middle ages was an original growth, and not, like the previous forms of Christian architecture, an adaptation of existing styles.

After seeing the Saracenic buildings of the East, I must avow that this claim of originality for Gothic architecture is quite unfounded. I think no one could see them without perceiving that they bear the same relation to the style of Western Christian architecture, which sprung up four or five centuries later, as the Roman basilica (immediately, and the Greek and other buildings mediately through it) bears to the various Christian styles of Byzantium and Lombardy. That the Gothic style lends itself with a wonderful facility to symbolic teaching is most true ; but its original source possesses no mean merit of that kind. To look for symbolism of distinctively Christian dogmas in the temples of Islam is of course vain ; but the stolen doctrines which the apostate false prophet chose as the basis of his teaching—the unity of God and the immortality of

the soul—are shadowed in the Saracenic mosques distinctly enough. That these are not to be discovered in the temples of the Materialist and Pantheistic creeds is the reason why the Church has created almost a *superfétation* on these buildings, instead of a development from them : and in this point of view S. Peter's at Rome, and S. Sophia at Constantinople, or the Norman (*more Romano*) churches of the north, are *more original* than the Gothic developments of Saracenic buildings.

But when history comes to the aid of theory, and assures us that this (Saracenic) style was absolutely borrowed and introduced by the crusaders, centuries after it had existed in the east, and when we see every step and gradation of that introduction before our eyes, in the existing monuments of Sicily and Spain and Normandy and England, I must be allowed to entertain a decided opinion that the views put forth by modern advocates of the Gothic style, as to its originality and exclusive claims, are plainly exaggerated, gratuitous, and undue. The germ of the style and its primary symbolic teaching was *made to hand* by the great Saracen race, and when Europe was saved by the inspired magnanimity of the Roman pontiffs and hierarchy from the horrors of their invasion, the warriors of the cross brought back as *spolia opima* the style on which our northern architecture is founded.

G. REFERENCES TO THE PLAN OF THE CHURCH OF
THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Principal Divisions.

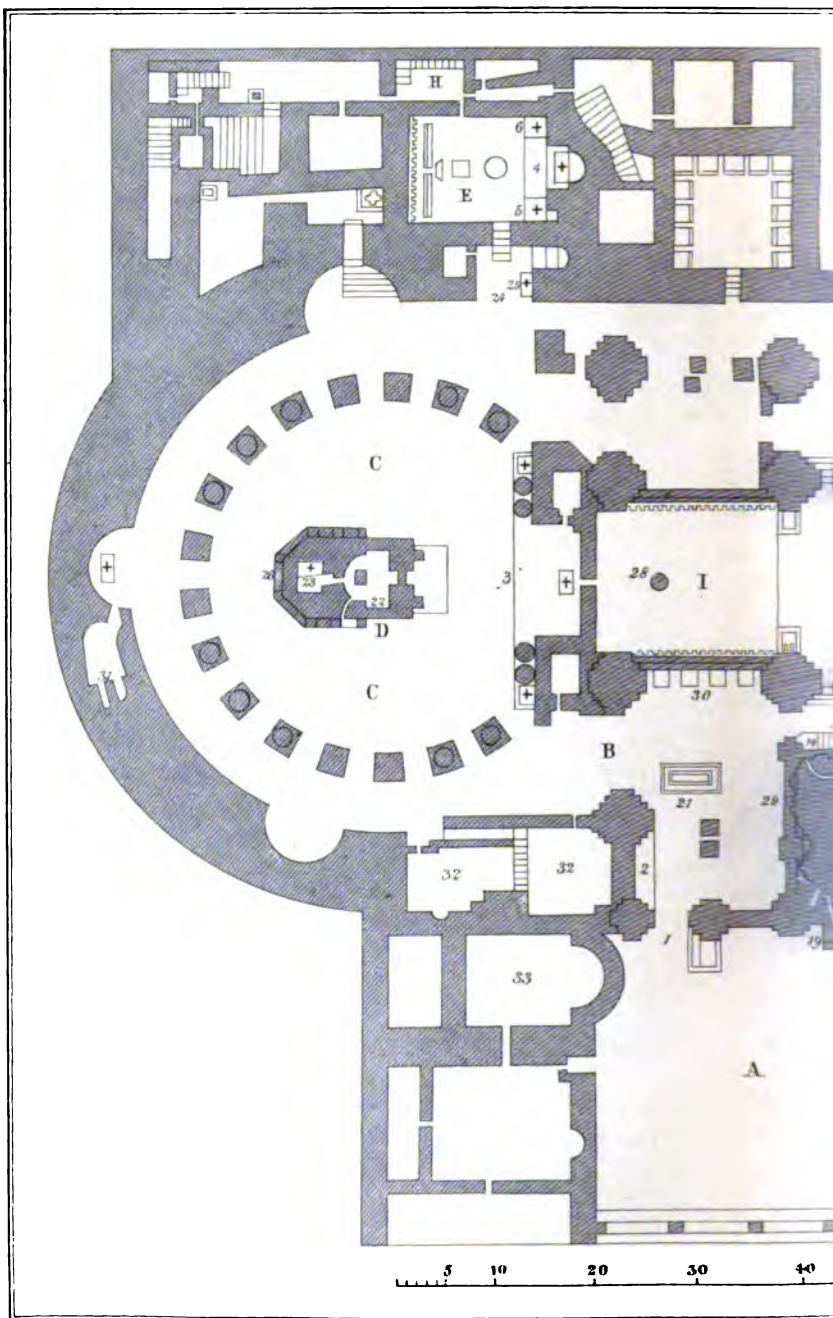
- A. Court.
- B. Southern nave.
- C C. Circuit of the great cupola.
- D. Monument which encloses the Holy Sepulchre.
- E. Chapel of the blessed Virgin (called chapel of the *Apparition*), which is the church of the Latins.
- F. Chapel of S. Helena.
- G. Calvary.
- H. Convent of the Franciscans.
- I. Choir of the Greeks.

Details.

1. Entrance—a double door. One only (the southernmost) is open.
2. Turkish guards.
3. Choir of the Latins for the offices of the Holy Sepulchre.
4. Altar of the apparition.
5. Altar in which is the pillar of the flagellation.
6. Altar of the holy cross.
7. Prison of our Saviour.
8. Chapel of S. Longinus.
9. Chapel of the parting of the vestments.
10. Stair leading to the lower chapels.
11. Altar of S. Helena (twenty-five feet below the pavement of the church).
12. Chapel of the finding of the holy cross (ten feet below the chapel of S. Helena).
13. The column "of the mocking".
14. Stairs to Calvary (Calvary is fourteen feet above the pavement of the church).
15. Chapel of the crucifixion.
16. Chapel of the planting of the cross.
17. Spot where the cross was erected.
18. Rent of the Rock at the summit of Calvary.
19. External stairs.
20. Chapel of our Lady of dolours.
21. Stone of unction.
22. Chapel of the angel.
23. The Holy Sepulchre.
24. Place where our Saviour appeared to S. Mary Magdalene.
25. Altar dedicated to S. Mary Magdalene.
26. Chapel of the Copts.
27. High altar of the Greeks.
28. Choir of the Greeks.
29. Site of the tombs of Godfrey of Bouillon and of Baldwin I.
30. Tombs of the other kings.
31. Tombs of Joseph of Arimathea.
32. Convent of the Armenians.
33. Ancient belfry, half demolished.

FINIS.





PLAN OF THE
CHURCH
OF THE
HOLY SEPULCHRE.

